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游戏

墨乡 | 作品



by Mo Xiang

Advent of the Archmage



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Advent of the Archmage

– Descent of the God of Magic –

- Volume 6 -

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Chapter 301

Shadow of the Night

Pine Leaf Village, Bluestone Road, Number 92.

This was an abandoned villa made from stone. The garden at the door was weed infested and in ruins. The outer walls of the villa were crawling with vines and moss. When Link, dressed as a messenger, arrived at this place, a few stray dogs stuck their heads out from the courtyard and barked ferociously.

The only peculiar thing was the mailbox at the door in perfect condition.

Link did not stay for long. He took out a leather envelope and stuffed it into the mailbox before leaving.

He continued walking for three blocks before turning abruptly into an alleyway. Nana stood motionless to wait for him as he cast a Traceless spell.

"Is there anyone following me?" Link asked. He did not feel the presence of a person tracking behind him, although he had to ask Nana just in case.

"Nana did not spot anyone as well," Nana said.

"Hm, let's go back and wait then," Link then slowly walked back to the abandoned villa from the alleyway. He then hid in a corner with a good view of the surroundings and waited patiently.

The person coming to retrieve the letter might be a high-ranking dragon Warrior. A Level-4 Traceless spell might not be enough to conceal their presence. After Link decided on the location, he then started changing the surrounding space bit by bit, causing the space around him to distort in a peculiar manner. The faint glow emanating from Link's body would be refracted in a complex but neat formation to the outside world.

This way, even if the opponent discovered Link and attempted an ambush attack, he would not be able to hit his physical body.

The principle behind this defensive barrier was akin to looking at a fish from the surface of the water. The fish that one would see was only an illusion from the refraction of light, but not the exact position of the fish.

After this complicated setup, Link then told Nana, "Be vigilant."

"I understand."

Link felt a lot more settled with Nana by his side. He then took out a travel leather mat and sat down on the roadside before taking out a magic book. He was still reading the two magic books of fire, namely The Essence of Flame and Flame and Purification.

He had already mastered the basics of Demon Slayer spells. However, the spellcasting speed of this Level-8 spell was simply too slow. It needed at least three seconds to take form. In the midst of a heated battle, using this spell was akin to suicide.

If he wanted to use this spell in a battle, he had to enhance it with a Supreme Magic Skill.

As he read, Link was suddenly reminded of something. The in-game system still owed him a Level-7 Glyph of Soul. After giving him the Omni Points, the in-game system seemed to have gone silent.

Hey system, where is my Glyph of Soul? Link asked.

The Glyph of Soul was broken. Repairing it will take a lot of energy. Current completion status is at 95%. It will be completed in three days.

Three days? Link thought for a moment. Three days was a short time. He could totally mimic what he did with the Titan's Hand and construct a magic resonance structure tailored for this Level-7 Glyph of Soul, allowing him to cast the Level-8 Demon Slayer spell instantly.

As Link thought about this idea, he immediately began working on it.

Previously, when he was learning the Titan's Hand, Link felt that a Level-6 spell was already extremely complicated. He could not even begin to imagine how a Level-7 or Level-8 spell would be like.

However, the situation was different now.

He realized that a Level-7 spell was actually pretty simple, and a Level-8 spell was merely a little bit on the challenging side. As long as he willing to spend time on it, mastering or even altering the spell would not be a problem.

This was not a change in the difficulty of the spell, but due to Link's accumulation of experience and knowledge in magic. He had now advanced to a level where he could master a Level-8 spell with ease.

However, The Essence of Flame was still a magic book that was way ahead of Link's level. He could only understand around a third of the book. He had decided to take his time with the rest. On the other hand, Flame and Purification seemed to fit his level just right. This was the magic book Link was focusing on.

Despite the fact that he was chasing after the mastermind, Link completely let down his guard as he had Nana's protection. Before long, he was completely immersed in his own magical world.

He lost track of time again.

He read his magic book in the morning to conserve his energy. As it was not bright enough at night, he would then read it using the in-game system. When he was sleeping, he would be thinking about it in his mind while letting Nana stay on high alert.

People strolled the streets of Pine Leaf Village as usual, though no one noticed the peculiarities in this corner.

The second day, Link had completed the magic resonance structure. He then conducted simulations for it with the help of the in-game system.

The third day, this Supreme Magic Skill was already completed. At noon, the in-game system finally displayed the message Link had been waiting for.

Level-7 Glyph of Soul is complete; do you wish to use it?

Yes! Condense a foundational Level-7 magic resonance structure, Link confirmed.

Clang! The sound of metallic clash sounded in Link's mind. Following which, Link realized that something had appeared in his field of vision. It was a complex magic structure which started vibrating and generating magic resonance. In an instant, a

level-8 Demon Slayer spell had appeared.

The whole process took less than a tenth of a second!

This was extremely fast and definitely usable in a battle.

As he was trying to keep his location a secret, Link quickly canceled this spell. The in-game system then displayed a message.

Level-8 Supreme Magic Skill complete. Please name the altered spell.

After thinking for a moment, Link said, "Let's keep the name as Demon Slayer. It sounds good."

A message then appeared.

Demon Slayer

Level-8 Spell

Supreme Magic Skill: Increased spellcasting speed.

Effect: This spell is a basic fire-elemental principle spell. It does not need any fire elementals or charging time. After the magic structure is complete, it will be ready to cast in 0.1 seconds.

(Note: Link's Demon Slayer whip)

Upon seeing this description, Link was elated. If the magic structure only required 0.1 seconds to complete, and his spell would only take 0.1 seconds to cast, then that would mean that the Level-8 spell would only take a total of 0.2 seconds to cast!

Link heaved a sigh of relief. This Supreme Magic Skill would allow him to be unaffected by the Elemental Rejection status. He had once again obtained decent combat strength.

He should be considered a Level-8 Magician by now.

He felt slightly proud of himself. However, he had only mastered one Level-8 spell. Compared to those Master Magicians who had attained that rank a long time ago, such

as the Chancellor of the Silver Moon Alliance, Romand, he still had a long way to long. He could only continue delving into magic research to make up for the difference in power.

Link had finally turned his attention back to the mailbox. Strangely, the leather letter was still sitting in the mailbox. It had already been three days, but the messenger seemed to have disappeared.

Did he realize what I was doing? Link was slightly hesitant. He then turned to Nana and asked, "Did any peculiar individual appear on the streets these three days?"

Nana's eyes had been glued to the streets all this time. She was on high alert and immediately shook her head. "There were no peculiarities. No one came within a six-foot-radius of the mailbox."

That was strange.

Is this the end of the road? Link frowned as he thought. After a moment, he decided to wait for one more day. If the letter was still unclaimed, he could only find another way.

Since he had to wait for another day, he took out another magic book. In order to prevent him from slipping into his fanatical mode, he took out the Talisman Magic book. Although the theories discussed in it were groundbreaking, it was not a difficult book. He did not have to concentrate fully on the book.

Time passed slowly. By nightfall, Link put away the magic book and was just about to rest when Nana whispered, "Master, someone is coming!"

Link regained his spirits as he gasped, "Did he finally arrive?"

Link took a deep breath and stared at the mailbox around 90 feet in front of him intently. He waited nearly two minutes before a figure appeared on the street.

As it was already midnight, the oil lamps on the streets of Pine Leaf Village were already extinguished. The moon could not be seen today as well, with only a few scattered stars illuminated the night sky. A vague and blurry figure was seen sneaking around the mailbox.

This figure was extremely tall, close to 6'5". In the Dragon Valley, a Dragon Warrior of this height could only be a high-ranking dragon. He was extremely fast and agile as

well. He leaped gently across the street and arrived in front of the mailbox without making so much as a whisper of noise.

Click! The metallic sound of the clasp being opened could be heard. The figure then took out the leather letter and quickly left the location, trying to make his escape.

This was the guy they were looking for!

Link whispered to Nana, "Follow him closely. Once he leaves the village, find a good time to strike. I will catch up soon."

"I understand."

Nana dashed forward. Her speed was her greatest advantage, and she completely displayed this flair of hers at that moment. She was a lot faster than that figure and was a lot more secretive as well. She was like a cloud of smoke lurking behind the figure, unnoticed and easily neglected.

Link then cast a Cheetah's Agility spell on himself and tried to keep up with their pace.

Two human figures and a magic puppet left Pine Leaf Village under the illumination of a few stars.

However, both Nana and the figure were extremely fast. Less than half a minute into the chase, Link could no longer see them.

He could only continue giving chase based on the magic connection between Nana and himself.

This continued for three minutes before he heard the clashing sound of metals in front of him. This sound was extremely crisp and impactful. It obviously contained great power. When this sound passed through his ears, he actually felt a shiver down his spine.

Nana has engaged the enemy! It seems like she has met her match!

Nana was a Warrior-type magic puppet. As she was extremely fast, she had a great advantage against opponents with little battle experience such as Auselia. That Dark Elf did not possess talent in the first place and got all her strength from the Divine Gear. When she met Nana, who had more than a hundred years of battle experience,

she was completely annihilated.

However, if her opponent was someone who had also gone through countless battles and gained strength from these experiences, they should be able to defend against Nana's attacks.

Link could already validate this thought in his battle against Wavier in the Necropolis. At that time, both Misamier and Taroko could fight on par with Nana when they first encountered her. Their combined efforts even forced Nana to go on the defensive.

They were now in the Dragon Valley. Although there were not many Level-8 individuals, there were definitely more of them here than in the human world. Link suddenly feared that Nana might be in trouble. He quickened his steps and dashed forward with all his might.

Chapter 302

How to Block this Whip?

The night was dark—starless and moonless.

Grove was covered in red firelight. He focused entirely on the defensive pose.

Suddenly, another black shadow flashed across his vision. At the same time, he felt surges of numbness in his heart area. He knew immediately that the opponent wanted to attack his heart. He swung his sword and covered his vulnerable area.

Cling! There was a sharp sound, and sparks flew in all directions, illuminating the surrounding sight. Grove saw a human girl with a ponytail flash across him. Then, he heard the wind. Shocked, he struck to the right without thinking. There was another cling; he had accurately hit the opponent's sword.

Even though he'd blocked the attack, the opponent's speed still shocked him. Who exactly is this? How can she be so fast?

He didn't have time to think any further because another attack had come. It was as fast as a gale of wind; he didn't even have the chance to catch his breath.

Ding! Dang! Cling! Clang! A flurry of sparks flew away. Three seconds later, Grove's left arm was stabbed. The blade buried straight into the bone, and pain besieged his heart.

Ha, I was waiting for that! Grove was happy rather than shocked. The opponent was too fast, so he'd always been passively defending. But this didn't mean he was destined to lose. As an experienced fighter, he immediately decided to use a baiting technique.

He turned his injured arm, ignoring the pain of the blade twisting in his muscles and bone. Dragons were strong physically, and this pain was nothing.

He only had one goal—restrict the sword's movement. At the same time, he swung the sword in his right hand down at the opponent's head. He'd prepared a long time for this move and did it seemingly without warning. The angle was close to perfect as well. Battle Aura burst on the blade, about to be released.

Clang! This move was blocked by the opponent's second sword, but it wasn't strong enough. Grove added pressure to his strike. The opponent's hand moved to the side, and Grove felt something give. He knew that the opponent had no more strength and couldn't block his attack.

"Die!" Grove roared, his Battle Aura exploding.

Buzz. His Level-8 Dragon Battle Aura burst gathered into a crystal-like substance and burst from his sword. It struck the opponent's body sideways. A burst of Battle Aura at this close distance basically sealed off all escape routes of the opponent.

You're dead meat now, right? Grove thought. No matter how fast one was, it was impossible to be faster than the Battle Aura Cut.

Boom! There was an explosion in the air. In the last moment, Nana suddenly let go of her sword, the Last Nightmare, and sped backward. She used all her power, even activating the force fields under her feet. This made her even faster; she surprisingly was just as fast as when she charged at full speed.

Something ridiculous happened.

This fatal Battle Aura Cut was fast, but it just couldn't catch up to the speed of Nana's retreat. It was always around two feet behind.

One-tenth of a second later, Nana had retreated almost 300 feet. She'd dragged things out until the Battle Aura had faded!

Grove's heart pounded. This speed was unbeatable. The fatal move he'd prepared for so long had unexpectedly been avoided by the opponent just like that. It was a blow to his ego.

However, he still had the upper hand because he'd forced the opponent to let go of her weapon. A fighter without a weapon was like a tiger without its sharp teeth. Their destructive power would decrease by at least 90%.

Blech. He yanked the sword out of his left arm. Dragon power instantly poured into the arm, and the wound recovered speedily. In the blink of an eye, he could move it at ease. After around ten minutes, the bone would probably be completely healed as well.

It was the left arm anyway. He mostly used it to maintain his balance; a little wound

wouldn't affect his fighting much.

As for the sword, it looked nice. Grove decided to put it into his dimensional bracelet... But after a few tries, the sword was still in his hand. Strangely, he couldn't put it in.

It really is a good sword, but it's inconvenient to keep it on me. Grove was conflicted. He eyed the opponent. She had stopped charging and stood around 150 feet away, staring at him.

It was dark, but Grove could feel that her eyes were still on the sword in his hand.

"Haha, you want this? Don't even think about it. It's mine!" Grove laughed loudly. He put the sword in his belt and grasped his own sword, attacking again.

Nana didn't have her weapons anymore. Seeing the opponent advance, she neither met him nor escaped. She just dodged left and right.

She was fast, and now that she was focused on protecting herself, she was impossibly fast. She floated around like a weightless leaf. Grove put in all his effort but couldn't danger her one bit. He couldn't even restrict her movements.

Five seconds later, Grove knew that he'd never be able to hit his opponent like this. He might even use up all his energy and die.

I must think of a way to end this! Grove stepped back, the gears in his mind whirring.

He actually did this because he had no other way. The opponent was honestly too fast, and he couldn't escape from her. In this battle, he would either lose and die or kill the other. These were the only two choices.

Seeing that he'd retreated, the girl didn't bother with him. She sped backward 100 feet, her eyes still trained on the sword. It was obvious that she valued it highly.

Got it, haha. A light bulb flashed in Grove's mind, and he had an idea. He grasped the short sword again. To be honest, the sword was truly beautiful. There were even rings of airwaves around the sword. It was obviously an extraordinary object.

"You want it back, right? In your dreams!" Grove raised his battle sword and moved to strike down at the short sword. It was a good blade, but he was aiming at the weakest part. He could definitely destroy it!

As expected, Nana was tricked. She immediately charged and stabbed her other sword, Whispers of the Forest, forward to stop Grove's action.

"I was waiting for that!" Grove's sword stopped in mid-movement and turned around toward Nana. At a glance, it was as if Nana was voluntarily slamming her vital parts onto Grove's sword.

Cling! At the last moment, Nana blocked the attack with her other sword. However, it wasn't strong enough and couldn't completely block the attack.

This time, Grove didn't release his Battle Aura. He unexpectedly kicked Nana's calf. The idea behind this was simple. You're fast, aren't you? Then I'll maim you!

Thud! Grove's foot kicked something, and he was immediately in intense pain. In the corner of his vision, he saw that the opponent had used her extreme speed to kick at the last moment. Their feet met in the middle.

Grove was well-prepared, so he was much more powerful than Nana who'd acted hurriedly. Her foot was forced backward, and she practically lost her balance. However, Grove paid a great cost as well.

He had no clue what the opponent was made out of. She was extremely hard, and the kick had resulted in a bloody hole in his foot. It was like he'd been stabbed.

Whatever. This is a rare chance! Bearing the pain, Grove still didn't use his Battle Aura. He lifted his left fist and activated his dragon power. His entire fist was covered in red light. It slammed down towards Nana's neck like a cannon.

In his eyes, the opponent was slim and slender. His clenched fist was thicker than her neck, so this punch could definitely snap it!

This was another unexpected move. Nana had always relied on her speed and weapons to fight. With her speed, most opponents were defeated instantly. She'd practically never experienced a fist fight before.

Now, she used her left hand to block the opponent's battle sword and had lost her balance from the kick. Helpless, she raised her thin right arm, clenched her small fist, and stubbornly met Grove's fist halfway!

Boom! Nana's fist was forced back, and her arm swung backward too, slightly

distorting. She almost completely lost her balance again. In return, there was another deep and bloody hole on the surface of Grove's fist.

"Damn!" Grove clenched his fist, enduring it. He knew this was the best time for a fatal attack.

"Die!" Dragon power burst from Grove's sword again. It was another Battle Aura Cut!

This was a true fatal attack. Nana had nowhere to dodge at all.

However, she wasn't alone!

Link had finally caught up. When he arrived, he saw Nana fighting the opponent with her fist. Seeing this, Link knew that Nana would lose because she'd never had experience in this. There wasn't much time. He focused his gaze, and the entire world slowed down!

A second later, the Demon Slayer Whip appeared.

A string appeared in the air. It was the same width as an arm and looked like a fiery-red crystal. The string curled toward the towering black shadow like a snake.

On the other side, Grove had naturally seen Link. In reality, he sensed Link the moment he appeared. Paying attention to the big picture was a required quality for all powerful Warriors. However, he was busy with the opponent in front of him when Link appeared. He was about to kill his opponent, so he didn't respond to Link.

His mindset was simple. Even if you're a powerful Magician, I'm so close to your companion. Will you still use a destructive spell and risk accidentally hurting your friend?

Feeling secure with that knowledge, he focused entirely on killing the strange girl. He would deal with the man later.

When his Battle Aura Cut was released, the Demon Slayer Whip had also arrived.

The whip's front portion was highly curled and shone with blinding light. It was a perfect eruption point. When the Battle Aura Cut flew out ten millimeters, it collided with the whip's eruption point.

Boom! The Level-8 powers crashed. It was not that large of a scale, but it still caused a big commotion. A snow-white light erupted in the dark night. Like lightning, it illuminated the night sky. Simultaneously, a shock wave was set off, forcing Nana and Grove back.

Nana was safe instantly, while Grove had sunk into danger.

His left fist and foot had deep bloody holes and couldn't move easily. Before his eyes, the red crystal whip swept over like a shadow.

The whip was very strange. It was unbelievably agile. The first moment, he thought it would hit his chest, and so he swung his sword to block it. The next moment, the whip twisted sharply, releasing a blinding light and then hit his side.

Crack! His arm was whipped. As if he was struck by lightning, the flesh on his arm split open, and the side of his body went numb.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The air continuously popped and cracked. The whip danced like a snake and three more blinding spots lit up on it. Every light spot hit Grove with accuracy, completely dazing him.

He'd never seen an attack like this. It was shockingly fast, and its attack angles were unbelievable. If his body wasn't injured, he could block it once or twice. However, his hands and feet had holes, and he couldn't make any effective responses at all.

Boom! The last attack came, throwing Grove into the air. One second later, he crashed onto the ground and fell unconscious.

Before passing out, his last thought was, I finally get it. The little girl is a magic puppet!

He'd battled with a magic puppet for so long and used countless tricks but ended up being wounded all over. Finally, he was picked off by the magic puppet's owner... It was honestly depressing.

Chapter 303

The Blooming Lilac and the Duke

This place was around ten miles away from Pine Leaf Village. However, that battle caused a ruckus and was extremely attention-grabbing. This place was no longer safe.

"Nana, drag him along. We will leave now," Link said.

"I understand."

Naan walked forward and first used her dagger to poke around his body carefully checking for any hidden weapons. After making sure that there were no problems, she then lifted this Dragon Warrior in one hand.

Following which, Link led the way as Nana trailed behind him. They dashed forward, covering a distance of ten miles in a short time and ran into a lush forest. This forest was covered in dense overgrowth. Even if this Dragon Warrior were to scream his lungs out, no one would be able to hear his cries.

The two of them then stopped at a tree the width of three full-bodied men as Link said, "Break the tendons of his hands and legs."

This guy was a high-ranking dragon and was at least Level-8 in strength. If he ever recovered his strength and decided to launch an ambush attack, Link and Nana could very well lose the battle.

They had to be extra careful.

Nana naturally followed Link's instructions. She swiftly brandished her dagger and directly severed half the limbs of this Dragon Warrior, cutting away all the flesh together with the tendons. Garoff merely whimpered in pain as Nana executed Link's orders. His wounds were simply too serious for him to do any retaliation.

Link was in no hurry as well. He pointed at the area under the tree and told Nana, "Remove his armor and lay him down."

Nana had engaged in close combat with this Dragon Warrior during the battle. Although she had successfully made some serious wounds on his body, the strength of a Level-8 Warrior was not to be understated. Nana's limbs had begun to show signs of distortion and required immediate adjustments.

Nana was merely a magic puppet and had no concept of shame. She quickly removed the Dragon Warrior's armor and lay him down on the bed of leaves under the tree. Link then walked forward to inspect her right arm.

This right arm was the most durable part of Nana's body. After a battle with a Dragon Warrior, this arm had clear signs of deformation, and the joints seemed slightly out of place. Although Nana had been enhanced to possess the self-recovery function, this function was still very limited. The damage done to the limbs now was clearly something Nana could not repair using her innate abilities.

Link then grabbed Nana's wrist joint with his hands and released a transformation spell. He then slowly repaired the damaged magic runes along the joints and arms.

Nana lay there motionlessly as she stared at Link with a pair of clear eyes. Link could not help but laugh at her innocent expression. Although she was merely a magic puppet, she was a loyal and powerful companion. She had been a great help to Link along his journey.

Link was also getting better and more meticulous with his technique.

The deformation of the arm was not serious and could quickly be restored. Link then moved on to the right leg. Dragon Warriors tended to have more strength in their legs than their arms. Furthermore, Nana lifted her leg as a form of instinctive defense and not a calculated one, causing the deformation to be a lot more serious. One could clearly see the unnatural curvature of her knee joint, hip and even the spine.

Link then increased the strength of his transformation spell and started working on those areas.

As he was working, Nana asked, "Master, is Nana hurt?"

"Yes, but it's not a big deal. You will be fine in a minute," Link answered.

"This target has a weird fighting style. Nana has never met anyone like that," Nana pointed to the Dragon Warrior as she said.

He was clearly carrying a sword but was bent on using punches and kicks as his main weapon. He also played all kinds of tricks, tempting her with feints and threatening her with other tactics. She nearly could not keep up with this high-level battle technique. If not for her speed advantage, she would have definitely been defeated.

"You have to get used to it. You will meet more of such opponents in the future," Link said.

This was the difference between a battle master and an ordinary Warrior. The former not only possessed terrifying battle capabilities but was also well-versed in scheming tactics. It might seem immoral and even undignified at times, though it would often garner good results. Nana seemed to lack experience in fighting such opponents.

Nana is still not strong enough. Close quarters combat is still her absolute weakness. How can I change this? Link thought.

In such battles, Nana's advantage in speed would be greatly weakened. If the opponent charged at her headlong, she might be able to deal with it the first time. However, after that battle, her body would suffer serious deformations and would be powerless against a second opponent.

After some thought, Link cast his glance on the Breakpoint dagger, which was tied to his thigh. If Nana was holding the Breakpoint dagger in her left hand instead of Whispers of the Forest, the Dragon Warrior would have already been defeated. More importantly, the Breakpoint dagger was a lot easier to wield and suitable for close quarters combat.

Upon this thought, Link handed the Breakpoint dagger over to Nana and said, "Stop using Whispers of the Forest from now on. Use this! If they start using punches and kicks again, pierce them with this dagger!"

Nana continued lying motionless on the ground and merely lifted her hand to receive the dagger. She played around with it for a while before returning the dagger to Link as she said, "This is too ugly; Nana refuses to use it."

Link fell speechless. This was not the first time Nana threw a tantrum. She seemed to have this feeling of attachment to things of the past. For example, she used to insist on wearing a battle dress in the past. However, after wearing leather armor for a while, she stopped complaining about it.

Though this reminded Link of something important. If such a powerful magic puppet was equipped with such an ordinary looking dagger—well, it was simply a matter of changing the appearance.

At that moment, Link had already completely restored Nana's body to perfection. He then received the dagger and took out a small piece of Mysteria Gold. This was the remnant of the materials that were used to create the Huge Fire Gun for Celine. He then melted the Mysteria Gold with magic and lay it onto the Breakpoint dagger before decorating it with intricate patterns, leaving only the original blade exposed.

After the adjustments, the ordinary looking dagger became pretty good looking.

"Is this fine?" Link handed the dagger back over to Nana.

Nana's lips curled in satisfaction as she received the dagger. She then emulated what Link did and tied the Breakpoint dagger to the side of her thighs. She was still unwilling to let go of the Whispers of the Forest in her left hand.

At the same time, a painful groan sounded. The Dragon Warrior had awakened. He had discovered what was done to him as he stared at Link with a ferocious glance. He then hissed, "Who are you?"

Without Link's command, Nana had already unsheathed her dagger and rushed forward with breakneck speed. She pointed the blade of her dagger at the Warrior's heart. The moment she sensed any peculiarities, she would take action without hesitation.

Link then walked forward with a faint smile on his face. He said, "It does not matter who I am. What's important is who are you guys? And what do you plan to achieve? I am extremely interested, and I think Her Majesty will be as well."

In the beginning, this Warrior seemed calm and composed. However, the moment Link mentioned Her Majesty, the Dragon Warrior shivered, and his pupils dilated.

"I have no idea what you are talking about!" He answered in a manner that exposed his guilty conscience.

Link laughed as he retrieved the leather letter from the Dragon Warrior's armor, "Stop pretending. Why do you think this letter appeared in the mailbox on Bluestone Road Number 92? I was the one who placed it inside."

Garoff stared at Link with widened eyes. He was already extremely careful this time around. In fact, he had already discovered the presence of the letter two days before. However, he was afraid of any peculiarities and stopped himself from retrieving it. It was only until two days later when he decided that it was safe enough to take action. Little did he know that this person was even more patient than him, waiting for him to take the bait.

He was akin to a fish swimming in the water, circling around a grain of food for a long time and finally deciding to go in for the kill, only to realize that it was a poisonous bait.

After several moments of silence, he spoke in a raspy voice, "I was left with no choice. You do not have to ask me anything. I won't and cannot tell you. I can only choose death..."

At the end of the sentence, the Dragon Warrior started spouting large amounts of blood from his mouth. This blood was black in color and was sizzling when it poured out from his mouth, causing smoke to rise into the air.

This Warrior actually decided to commit suicide. The poison must have been in his mouth this whole time.

He chuckled as he said his final words, "May the Queen be safe."

He breathed his last.

How much resolution must it take?

Link frowned as he stared at the Dragon Warrior. His opponent acted too fast. He simply had no time to stop it from happening. This way, the clue that he had just gotten was severed.

However, although this Dragon Warrior did not provide him with any information, Link could determine his next course of action from something on his body.

Link sniffed the warm leather letter that was in the Dragon Warrior's armor. There was no lilac smell on it. This meant that the person who had tasked ordinary dragon Polot with a mission that day was not this Dragon Warrior, but someone else.

Link then inspected his weapon.

This was a high-quality dragon blade crafted with good workmanship. However, the other party was extremely careful and had eradicated all markings of the weapon. There was thus no way to trace its origin.

That was not all.

Link then began to inspect his boots. More specifically, he was checking the soil stains on the soles.

This Warrior had clearly traveled a long way. There were many layers of dirt stuck to his soles with very minute differences between the different layers. Ordinary people would not have been able to tell the difference, though this was a simple task for a Magician.

Link inspected them carefully and used a Detection spell in the end to obtain more information.

Link even cast a Guiding spell.

This was an extremely simple Level-2 Secret Spell. Link learned this spell to track down his enemies. As this was a Low-level spell, it would not be effective when used against a High-level Magician or Warrior. However, it was extremely effective when used simply to track the origin of a soil sample on the sole of a Dragon Warrior.

After casting the spell, Link felt himself go into a trance. Following which, a faint misty trace appeared in his field of vision, leading him to the place where this Dragon Warrior came from.

"Nana, pierce his heart, and we will leave."

"I understand," Nana swiftly made another attack through the Dragon Warrior's heart to eliminate any further threats and trailed behind Link.

Link walked a distance of 18 miles before he finally reached a forest. The trail seemed to have dissipated at this point. However, Link did not panic and carefully observed his surroundings.

This forest was situated on high ground. Looking out from this point, one could clearly see a magnificent stone castle on a field some distance away.

There was a stone tablet in front of that castle. Link then cast an Eagle's Eye spell to improve his vision. The words written on the stone tablet read "Territory of Duke Osiris."

There were many fields around the stone castle as many dragon race farmers were hard at work. The entire territory seemed calm, peaceful and ordinary enough.

However, a sighting confirmed Link's suspicion that this place was the beginning of a heinous plan!

On the two sides of the road leading to the stone castle, and also within the gardens of the stone castle were lilacs. Thousands of them filled the area in full bloom.

Upon this sight, an in-game message filled Link's field of vision.

Mission: Mastermind Completed

Player Omni Points +100

Activated Second Step: Investigate

Content: Enter the territory of Duke Osiris and investigate his true motive, obtaining the key evidence of the Duke's betrayal. Note, you must not be discovered by the Duke!

Reward: 200 Omni Points

Link already had 660 Omni Points. Furthermore, this mission's text was blood-red color, signifying the extreme danger and difficulty.

After all, this Duke Osiris might be a Legendary individual and have at least Level-9 strength. He must also have many underlings. If Link made even a single mistake, he might not escape this castle alive.

After some consideration, Link still decided to accept the mission, though he needed some time to plan his course of action.

Chapter 304

Suicidal Infiltration

Creekwood Village, Night of the Dragon Inn.

Elin welcomed in the unexpected visitor.

"Where's Link?" the person asked as soon as they entered.

It was a female Red Dragon Warrior. She wore regular dragon clothing and makeup. Having hid her dragon power waves, she seemed just like a regular dragon. However, this couldn't fool Elin.

She circled the female Dragon Warrior and smirked. "So, are you the Felina that Link speaks of?"

"Yes. Where's he? How come I don't see him?" Felina looked from side to side. Something had happened to the queen, but the news wasn't allowed to be spread. The Dragon Temple needed guards, so she was forced to stay there. She'd snuck out to visit during her break.

As for the two foreign geniuses brought here,... they were like little dolls to the dragon elders. It was fine to leave them hanging for a while.

Elin did not like these high-level dragons at all. She jumped onto the chair and sat down again with a scoff and pouted. "You brought Link here, but it's already been half a month. All of you ignored him, and he was impatient, so he left."

Felina believed her. "Ah, he left? Left to where? How did he get through the wall of fog?"

Seeing that her anxiousness was genuine, Elin softened. "Fine, I lied. Link's not here. He's doing something really important right now. It pertains to your queen's safety!"

Felina was frightened. This Yabba girl's words were too exaggerated, and she spoke too dramatically. She kept scaring Felina.

The dragon knew Elin and also knew that leaving her in this inn and neglecting her for so long was rude. She could only plead now. "Elin, I'm here to take you two away from the Dragon Valley. You must know, there's been a terrifying change. You can't stay here anymore. Can you please tell me where Link is?"

Her words were effective.

"Hmph, I guess you still have a conscious and know to take us away. Link didn't trust you for nothing."

With that, Elin jumped off from the chair. She jogged over to the window, closed the curtain, and then ran back. Solemnly, she activated the Soundproof Barrier before she continued, "Link is pursuing the hidden culprit who framed the queen. Two days ago, he sent a message that there's been big progress."

Felina shuddered again. "How do you know something happened to the queen?"

"Hey, do you think we're idiots?" Elin side-eyed Felina with her big eyes. "You think I won't know if you hide everything in the Soul Realm? I know the Secret spells!"

Since they already knew, Felina didn't have to waste time explaining. Now, she was very curious about Link's actions. "You said that Link might have found the guy who hurt the queen already?"

Elin nodded lightly. "It's very possible, but I'm not sure about the details. We have very broken communication. You know, this is the Dragon Valley. We don't have any helpers and have to be cautious... Wait, there's something wrong?"

She yelped suddenly.

Felina was already used to how the Yabba girl spoke, so she just asked, "What now?"

"No, no, something happened to that guy. Oh, oh my god, his aura disappeared! He was killed!" Elin shot up. Without caring about Felina's thoughts, she grabbed Felina's hand and asked in panic, "Did you bring your weapon?"

"Of course. I'm a Warrior, and my weapon never leaves me!" Felina could sense the graveness of the question.

"Then follow me. I'll explain on the way." Elin rushed toward the inn's exit.

Felina was utterly confused, but all she could do was follow.

The two sped out of the inn and ran in the direction of the circus. After around 65 feet, Elin couldn't keep going. "I'm exhausted," she said to Felina. "I can't run quickly. Carry me."

In Felina's eyes, Elin was like a little girl. Hearing this, she reached out and set Elin on her shoulder. "Okay, sit tight. Point out the direction, and I'll take you there."

"No problem... Oh, you don't run as smoothly as Nana. This isn't comfortable... Ah, go that way. Yes, not in the direction of the circus. It's a forest on the side. Be careful. The killer might still be near."

Clink. Felina took out her two dragon claws. "Now, can you tell me what exactly happened?"

So Elin started explaining. "It's like this. You never showed up, right? So we thought it was weird and started to look and look... just like that."

She rambled on and said a bunch of things. It was kind of messy, but Felina understood. Stunned, she sped up.

Five minutes later, they were out of Creekwood. In the forest about one mile away, they found the corpse of a regular dragon. He'd been stabbed through the heart from the back. His face was in shock, clearly not expecting this.

Elin jumped down from Felina's shoulder and circled the body. "He was killed in the circus and then brought here," she asserted. "Look, this is the killer's footprint. Ah, this guy must be really powerful. Look, he traveled more than 130 feet with one step."

Felina saw this too. She was a Warrior and found more precise information from the footprint. "This is a Warrior at the pinnacle of Level-6. From the print, it's a female."

By this time, Felina had already completed a tracking spell. Pointing in a direction, she said, "She went that way and was really fast. Should we follow?"

Felina had wanted to take Link away from Dragon Valley, but now that this happened, her original intent had flown out of her mind. At this time, all that was in her mind was to find the truth. Putting Elin back on her shoulder, she started sprinting.

"Of course, and we have to know who she is! And what she wants!"

By the time of her last word, Felina's voice had become icy cold, the Red Dragon armor appearing on her body.

...

Duke Osiris' territory.

Link was currently sneaking into the castle.

It wasn't that he wanted to die, so he was playing hide and seek with a powerful Red Dragon. This was a mission that he'd decided on after careful planning and ensuring that it was safe.

The dragon duke wasn't at the castle at the moment.

One day ago, Link had had someone send a letter to the castle. He had forged some information regarding the Dragon Temple in that letter. Half a day later, the dragon duke was tricked into leaving.

Link estimated that he had two hours of relative safety. If he couldn't find any information within those two hours, this mission would completely fail. He'd have to retreat and run to the Dragon Temple for refuge.

The dragon duke would definitely know that someone had broken into his castle and could find Link quickly. Only the Dragon Temple could protect Link from being killed.

Two hours was not a lot; time was tight.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was hanging high in the sky. It was very bright and difficult to sneak in. Thankfully, Link was skilled in the Invisibility spell. The security around the castle wasn't very high either. Five minutes later, he and Nana successfully slipped into the castle's garden.

The garden was filled with lilacs. No one could discover them bent over in the flowers. Here, Link whispered to Nana, "I'll go in to investigate. You stay here and come to me immediately if I'm discovered."

Two people were too big of a target and too dangerous. Link was also worried that

Nana couldn't complete such a difficult infiltration mission.

"Understood."

Link nodded. Bending over, he walked along the small path in the garden, sticking to the blooming flowers. After around 300 feet, he was by the castle's outer walls.

There was a ring of bushes around the castle. Link dove into it and used the bushes as cover. He crawled around 60 feet in the grass and reached a door.

To ensure the success of the infiltration, Link had circled the castle many times from afar and had analyzed the castle's structure in detail. He might be a bit off about the inner structure, but there would be no problem with the outside.

For example, he knew that this door was the back door. Entering from here, he would reach the castle's kitchen. He'd seen servers move groceries into here. At mealtimes, smoke would come out from a nearby window.

It was already past lunch now, so entering from here should be safe. However, the door was closed. He couldn't just open it for no reason, but he also didn't have time to wait for it to open.

Link squeezed some leaves, and there was a faint magical flash. The leaves turned into a cat with a silver swordfish in its mouth.

The silver swordfish was a precious ingredient. It was definitely a waste if a cat got it.

Then Link flicked his finger. The "cat" jumped onto the kitchen windowsill and started meowing.

A few seconds later, angry yells came from the kitchen. "You damn beast. I'm gonna kill you!"

A fat middle-aged man ran out of the kitchen, yelling. Link immediately made the cat jump down and run into the garden. The man wielded a stick and ran after it.

Using the Invisibility spell, Link ran in through the opened kitchen door. The infiltration's first step had succeeded!

The castle's kitchen was spacious. There were chefs working inside, but Link easily

followed the aisle out. Behind the kitchen was the dining room. It was furnished with black carved wooden tables and wall paintings. There was no one present.

This was even safer.

Link stuck to a wall and walked out the kitchen. There was a long hall after that and a staircase in the middle. Across from the stairs was the lobby of the first floor.

He hid in the dining room's doorway and stuck out his head, carefully investigating the hallway. He could see two fully-armored guards at the base of the stairs. From their auras, he could sense that they were two Level-7 Red Dragon Warriors. They'd blocked off the passage to the second floor.

Huh, it'll be hard to bypass them! Link thought.

His goal was the library on the second floor. If he wanted to find evidence, the library would definitely be the first destination. But how could he get to the second floor?

Just as he was racking his mind, another problem occurred.

A black-haired woman in a long dress walked down the stairs. "Guards," she said. "A rat has infiltrated the castle. Find him!"

Seeing the woman's face, Link's heart shuddered. He felt heart palpitations and shrank back like lightning, but it was too late. He'd been discovered.

Immediately after, he heard the woman's voice come from the stairs. "Huh? Guards, look over there. There's something amiss!"

Chapter 305

Against the Clock!

Stone Castle of Duke Osiris.

Link wanted to leave the moment he saw that black-haired woman.

The reason was simple. In the game, this woman was not a simple character. She was called Olisa, an Elemental Magician from the Dragon race and Isendilan's most valued commander.

Link was not afraid of her identity as an Elemental Magician. This was because the magic fluctuation around her revealed that she was merely Level-7 in strength. He was afraid of her intellect.

If they were going to engage in a one-on-one battle, Link could easily defeat her using his Demon Slayer whip spell. However, he was now deep within the stone castle where many powerful Warriors dwelled. He could point out any two guards, and they would be Level-7 in strength. Link even felt the presence of two Level-8 Warriors.

This magnificent force coupled with an outstanding commander had turned the stone castle into a tiger's den!

And he was right in the middle of it.

The footsteps were getting closer, and the Warriors on the outer walls seemed to be alerted of an intruder. One could hear shouting, and hasty footsteps sound outside of the window. The dining hall would be surrounded soon.

What should I do?

Link looked around and fixed his gaze on a painting on the wall. This was a painting depicting the scene of the harvest festival of the dragon race.

There were at least 300 dragons celebrating the happy occasion, with a few high-ranking dragons soaring in the skies. Although this painting was partly drawn to

depict the strength and power of high-ranking dragons, Link was attracted to the ordinary dragons instead.

He remembered reading a small book that recorded small tricks that one could play with spells. The magic fluctuations from these spells were extremely faint, like that of a Level-0 spell, though they possessed incredible effects.

Link would practice these spells ever so often when he was bored. He suddenly remembered a spell named Painted Humans.

More importantly, in order to protect the integrity of this painting, the Duke had cast a Level-3 protection spell on it. Under the effect of this spell, the magic fluctuation from a Level-0 spell was negligible!

The footsteps on the corridor had grown extremely close, to only around 30 feet away. Link hesitated no more. He immediately leaned against the painting and poof! He had completely integrated into the painting. Link's face appeared amongst one of the 300 ordinary dragons.

Just three seconds after he was done hiding, the guards of the stone castle barged in.

They had a bladed resolve in their eyes and were extremely alert. They glanced around the dining hall, searching for any peculiarities.

That was not all.

Two other guards walked in from the direction of the kitchen, one of whom was clearly more elegantly-dressed and dignified than the other. He glanced across the dining hall and asked, "What is the situation now?"

Another guard reported, "My lord, that female Magician claimed that a mouse had sneaked in. She sent us to the dining hall to take a look."

The man then frowned as he said, "What mouse is she talking about? Spreading rumors is all she knows! There is nothing here!"

The moment he finished speaking, a female voice sounded from the entrance, "Brayer, my intuition is never wrong. Someone has definitely infiltrated the stone castle!"

This was the female Magician Olisa. She had definitely heard Brayer's defamation,

though she kept a straight face and a calm tone. There was not a hint of anger in her voice.

Brayer was frustrated. If not for the Duke's instruction to respect and listen to this woman, he would never pay her any attention, even if she had good looks. Alas, even her looks were pretty ordinary!

He took a deep breath and turned to his underlings and said, "If that is so, you, you and you, search the ground floor. This group will take the second floor..."

Olisa then interrupted, "There is no need to search the second floor. I can feel that he is nearby. He must be on the first floor. Just search this place carefully."

Brayer then squinted his eyes as he nodded and said, "Then we will search the first floor!"

The guards could feel the animosity between their commander and the female Magician. They did not dare to utter a single word and quickly searched the dining hall area before scurrying off to other parts of the stone castle.

After the guards left, Brayer snickered at the female Magician and said, "Olisa, I do not know what method you used to bewitch the Duke. However, if you dare to even do anything that harms the Duke, I will execute you on the spot!"

Olisa stared at Brayer for a moment before she left. The expression of condescension and contempt on her face was clear.

Brayer then heaved a long sigh as he clasped his hands tightly on the sheath of the sword. He muttered, "Damned bitch, don't let me find a chance to kill you!"

Brayer was the only one left in the dining hall. He glanced around before he snickered and left.

Link heaved a sigh of relief and waited for another three minutes before he canceled his spell and jumped out from the painting.

The situation was not as grim as he thought. Olisa seemed to be unpopular amongst the guards, and the commander seemed to be unconvinced by her words. This would greatly compromise her ability as a commander.

After exiting the painting, Link did not go out of the dining hall. The entire first floor was filled with guards. It would be suicidal to go out.

He quickly moved to a corner of the dining hall and cast a levitation spell on himself. He then supported himself with his bare hands and climbed to the ceiling of the dining hall. After which, he started casting a transformation spell.

Under the effect of the spell, the ceiling turned into the consistency of water. Link could then dive right into the liquefied ceiling. In that instant, Link felt as though he was swimming through a swamp. It felt extremely disgusting, though he gritted his teeth through it for the mission.

After passing through the swamp, Link turned the ceiling back to normal. He then carefully observed his surroundings.

He had arrived at a room. There was a huge bed in the middle and a dressing table not far away from the bed. A few bottles of cosmetic products could be seen on the table. There was also a magic book, and upon closer inspection, one would notice that the title of the book was Pros and Cons of Dragonification Spells.

Upon seeing this book, Link swallowed his saliva. It was clear that this was a female Magician's bedroom. There was also a faint magic presence in the air that was similar to Olisa's.

This meant that this was Olisa's bedroom! This is indeed a suicidal attempt!

Damn it! I cannot stay here! Time is really tight now!

Olisa was a Level-7 Magician and was extremely intelligent. If Link even made a slight change to her bedroom, she would definitely notice the difference, and Link would be fully exposed!

This little mistake cost Link his time to search the stone castle of Duke Osiris in peace. If he was lucky, he still had half an hour in here. However, if he was not, he would only have 15 minutes left.

He was playing with his life!

After a few moments of thinking, Link felt that he could not afford such a huge risk.

But how could he lower the risks? This was a huge problem.

Link was truly in a pinch. Just when he was almost out of options, he heard faint voices around him. It was the sound of footsteps. They were extremely light.

It was a woman... Wait, the other party did not conceal her magic presence. It was Olisa!

Did she come back so soon? And she was alone? Link suddenly felt his heart thump quickly. He thought of a crazy idea which instantly took form in his mind. It propelled him to walk closer towards the door as he waited patiently with his wand in his hand.

Half a minute later, the door was pushed open. A woman in a black-dress appeared.

Half a second after she entered her room, she felt something was amiss. The wand in her hand then started to glow as magic fluctuations appeared around her. Clearly, she had already noticed the peculiarities in the room and instinctively began to defend.

However, it was too late!

Link was faster than her in both reaction time and spellcasting speed. Taking note of the fact that Olisa was of the dragon race who was known for their durability, he unleashed the full force of his most powerful spell, the Demon Slayer whip.

The Demon Slayer whip was a principle-type spell. Although it was Level-8 in strength, the magic fluctuations that it emanated were extremely faint. Link could also control the scale of the spell freely. It was the perfect spell to use in an ambush attack!

Crack! A blood crystal whip around nine feet in length appeared. The energy within the whip exploded instantly and struck Olisa on the back of her head.

Although the spell was small in scale, it was a Level-8 spell nonetheless. As long as one was strike with the full force of this spell, they would definitely die. At that moment, Olisa displayed her extraordinary talents.

A red glow enveloped her body as dragon scales started covering her vital points. She also capitalized on the dragon's fast reaction time to move forward slightly, making sure that the whip missed her vitals.

Following which, a white light enveloped her body. It was a transportation spell!

Crack! Link managed to hit her back, though a large portion of the impact was absorbed by the dragon scales. The remaining force was still extremely destructive. Olisa's battle armor immediately shattered as she vomited blood. That was the last thing Link saw before she was transported away.

Link then stared at the floor. There was a pool of boiling blood on the ground with a few pieces of damaged organs mixed within. This meant that Link's spell had infiltrated to the core of Olisa's body, dealing extreme damage.

Olisa must be heavily injured. It would be impossible for her to rush back even if she wanted to!

This unexpected ambush attack had won Link some time.

He swiftly exited Olisa's bedroom and ran towards the study room he had set his sights on. He had already memorized the location, and it only took him ten seconds to reach his destination.

At the moment when he entered the study room, footsteps sound could be heard from the corridor. Guards of the stone castle had heard the commotion on the second floor and had come to investigate the situation.

This was fine. They did not know about the details of the fight and would definitely enter Olisa's room first to gather information. He would use this buffer time to act.

He had to act fast!

There was a huge bookshelf in the study room and a study table beside it. There were many letters and scrolls sprawled across it. It was impossible to check all of them one by one.

Link then went for the ultimatum. He ran around the study room and put away everything that had words on them into his dimensional pendant. This included all letters, book, magic scrolls and so on.

That was not all.

Link circled the study table for a closer inspection and finally located the secret compartment. He muttered, "Tsk, the Duke has no creativity."

There were a few more letters within the secret compartment.

Upon collecting those letters, a message appeared in Link's field of vision.

Mission: Investigation Completed

Player Omni Points +200

Activate the Third Step: Expose the Scheme

Content: Return to the Dragon Temple and expose the conspiracy by Duke Osiris to Red Dragon Queen Gretel

Reward: Magic Surge Talisman (Enchanting)

Accept Mission?

Link accepted the mission without hesitation. He then jumped out of the window of the study room immediately. While he was in mid-air, he cast a Traceless spell and a Levitation spell on himself, erasing all his traces.

Just when he was about to land, he heard a roar of astonishment and horror from the second floor, "It's a burglar!"

How could anyone stay calm after seeing that Duke Osiris' study room had been ransacked?

Chapter 306

The Great Escape (1)

Duke Osiris' castle.

Link's infiltration mission had been discovered. A few seconds after the guards' roars, 30 strong bursts of aura poured out. They were all at least at Level-7, with two being so powerful that the air in the castle seemed to be distorted. This was a sign of being Level-8.

Link cursed in his mind. F*ck, so many of these high-level dragons! If he was surrounded, he'd definitely be killed instantly!

Thankfully, he had the Dimensional Jump spell.

However, he couldn't use this escaping spell so directly for two reasons.

Firstly, the high-level dragons racing over from the library behind him and garden before him were less than 100 feet from him. If he used the Dimensional Jump, he would need 0.15 seconds, and there would be a flash of white light. It was very obvious, and if the dragons wanted to, they could easily stop him with a Battle Aura Cut.

Secondly, even if his Dimensional Jump was successful, he could only go 3000 feet. The commotion after he reappeared would still allow the enemy to find his specific location. Three thousand feet was only a matter of half a minute for these high-level dragons. They could fly and were fast. Link definitely wasn't their match.

At this time, the Dragon Warriors near Link grew hesitant. Clearly, they could sense Link's hidden existence.

Seeing that he was about to be surrounded, the invisible Link sent a secret command to Nana who had been hiding in the flowers.

The next moment, Nana jumped out. There was a bang in the air, and she sped forward at top speed, rushing out of the garden.

The commotion was too obvious.

"There! The thief is there!"

"Hurry and catch her!"

"She's so fast!"

Instantly, almost all the high-level dragons were distracted. They spun around and flew towards Nana, including the Level-8 guard leader Brayer. The entire castle emptied and Link's danger decreased.

However, he still didn't use the Dimensional Jump because there was still a Level-8 dragon in the castle.

He was also a Dragon Warrior with double swords as his weapon. His armor was much more finely made than the guards, and he was younger too. The servants all respected him, calling him "young master."

He was probably Duke Osiris' son. At this moment, he was in the garden, looking left and right for Link.

Link didn't dare act brashly. He went beside a bush of flowers and squatted, creeping carefully to the garden entrance.

"Huh?" The dragon looked over, staring at the flower bush Link was at with a face of confusion and caution.

Fuck, he's going to find me! Link's heart pounded.

His invisibility wasn't all-powerful. It was useful if the other party didn't sense him beforehand. However, if the person knew someone was there, they would focus and search carefully. He was a Level-8 Warrior as well, so it was already impressive Link could last this long.

Knowing that he would definitely be discovered, Link couldn't risk it anymore. He would act first!

Focusing, he cast the Demon Slayer Whip!

With a whoosh, a crystal red whip rushed out of the air, glowing with faint red light. There were eight blinding light spots on it. It charged toward the opponent.

"Oh? Impressive!" the Dragon Warrior focused his gaze and complimented Link. Then, frantic dragon power appeared from his body. At a glance, it looked like he was on fire. One couldn't see his body.

This was much more powerful than the Level-8 Warriors Link had seen before. He was shocked. The power is very pure and converged. It seems endless. It looks like he's about to break into Level-9. Is this the powerful bloodline of the Red Dragon nobles?

These thoughts flashed through his mind. The next instant, the Demon Slayer Whip crashed against the dragon.

Link had practiced countless days under simulations to add supreme magic skills to the Demon Slayer Whip. When he cast the spell, he also had the help of the game system. All these advantages allowed Link to control the spell almost at will.

At the same time, he also had rich battle experience, so his whip was extremely flexible. It was almost impossible to distinguish where the whip would strike.

But the Dragon Warrior took a glance and was actually happy rather than shocked. "Nice move. Take my sword!"

As he spoke, the double swords in his hands turned into a blur. His actions were so fast one couldn't see them clearly.

Boom! Boom! Boom, boom! There were countless explosions. For each boom, there was a burst of shockwaves. The flowers in the garden couldn't withstand this crazy power and were ripped from their roots. Link couldn't keep hiding anymore either. He canceled the Invisibility spell and focused on battling with the Dragon Warrior.

He activated 13 wave peak attacks in one second. The angles were extremely tricky, and the Dragon Warrior acted desperately, but he still blocked all of Link's attacks. His double swords skill was too powerful—practically undefeatable.

Link was shocked. He'd used almost all his power in the previous attack, and he'd taken the initiative. It had pretty much been a surprise attack. However, he could only put the opponent at a disadvantage rather than directly defeat him. This Dragon Warrior was just too powerful.

Who is he? This kind of Warrior shouldn't be nameless, even in the game. Link was confused, but he didn't have time to think during the intense battle. He could only focus all his effort on the enemy.

The Demon Slayer Whip was like a snake spirit. It circled the Dragon Warrior, constantly striking down. The blinding spots of light were everywhere on the whip. Every bit of the long whip could produce a terrifying attack. One had to be cautious and guarded.

The Dragon Warrior had blocked the attacks but was still caught up in defending himself. He faced death every moment, but he wasn't scared at all. Instead, he kept cheering, "Good! Nice! Feels great!"

He was having a great time. It felt like all his potential was being forced out by this powerful opponent. Even more strangely, he was just good enough to block the attacks. This was the perfect battle he'd always been searching for.

The seconds ticked by. Link became more and more anxious because he didn't have time to be tangled up with this guy.

The guards after Nana could return at any time. Then, he would be surrounded. He'd be dead meat.

By the third second, Link had fully gathered his resolve and entered a state of total concentration. His surroundings seemed to pause.

Then, he started multitasking. While controlling the whip to engage the opponent, he also tossed out a Spatial Sphere. The ball acting in concert with the Demon Slayer Whip was very effective against Warriors. It was practically unbeatable but also risky!

It was obviously fine against a regular Warrior, but this Dragon Warrior's swordsmanship was practically perfect. If Link's attacks had any flaws, he'd instantly grasp onto it and start counterattacking. If he used a Battle Aura Cut, Link would be in an awkward situation.

Thankfully, Link was well-practiced with his spells. One-tenth of a second later, he tossed the Spatial Sphere to the Dragon Warrior's feet.

"Restraint!"

With a soft boom, the sesame-seed-sized sphere exploded. A ball of airwaves, like fog or water or a web, enveloped the Dragon Warrior. He slowed down considerably.

"What is this?" He was shocked.

This type of attack had surpassed what his swordsmanship could handle. It was impossible to hide from. The Dragon Warrior ignited his Battle Aura to break free from the spatial restraint.

This needed time. Even if it didn't even take a second, it was already fatal.

Before he finished his sentence, Link's whip had already arrived.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The whip easily overcame the Dragon Warrior's slow movements. One after another, the attacks fell on his chest, forehead, and the back of his head. They were all fatal spots.

The Dragon Warrior's armor was instantly shattered. The dragon power's light was extinguished as well, becoming too dim to see. However, these two things saved him from dying on the spot. He was only gravely wounded.

Spitting out blood, he collapsed onto the ground.

While falling, he was still conscious. Staring at Link, he said, "Good moves, Magician. You really have good moves! I, Lisbon, will remember you!"

Crack! The Demon Slayer Whip came down again, striking the Dragon Warrior's body. He blew out, crashing into the outer wall of the castle with a boom, creating a giant hole in the thick stone.

Link didn't have time to check on him. White light glowed, and with a soft buzz, he activated the Dimensional Jump and disappeared from the garden.

Buzz. Three thousand feet away, Link reappeared. The moment he appeared, he activated the Traceless spell and Cheetah's Agility, starting to race toward the Dragon Temple.

While sprinting, he finally remembered who the Warrior was.

No wonder his swordsmanship is that strong. It's that guy!

In the previous game, Lisbon was a wandering dragon vigilante. He was banished from the Dragon Valley for some reason and started wandering around Firuman.

He was very straightforward and was a typical martial arts-obsessed guy. He was extremely powerful. Once, he was surrounded by four Level-8 demons. After a hard battle, he suffered serious injuries but managed to kill all four demons. Later, he joined the Light Army.

When Nozama descended, Lisbon was already part of the strongest batch of Warriors of the Light Army. However, he didn't have a great ending.

During a fortress defense battle, he was the commander and was faced with the succubus Misamier. He fell for the succubus' spell and was killed. The fortress fell into the enemy's hands, and the Light Army's defensive line almost collapsed from the damage.

Naturally, as the commander, all his glory was taken due to this serious mistake.

Lisbon's motto was, "Want to win my respect? Beat me first!"

Not many could defeat him in the Light Army, so very few were respected by him. And if he didn't respect someone, he would be an arrogant and annoying person. This was probably a major reason why he had a bad ending. He didn't have enough friends, so no one spoke up for him after his death.

I can't believe I met him here and that he's Duke Osiris' son. This is probably why he was banished from the Dragon Valley.

Link felt it was fortunate he didn't kill Lisbon. Otherwise, the Light Army would have one less general.

After running for a while, he heard a sound. Nana had returned. Her speed could reach 2500 feet per second. At this speed, the dragons couldn't keep up even if they flew. She easily lost them.

Traveling together for a while, Nana suddenly said, "Master, you're too slow. I'll carry you."

"Is that okay?" Link looked at Nana's slim figure. He suddenly felt that he should've made Nana bigger. A big woman like Felina would be able to carry him easily.

"No problem." Nana grabbed Link and continued charging at her breakneck speed.

Link was speechless and embarrassed. His legs were practically dragging on the ground. It felt like a Tauren riding a goat. Only the Tauren could be seen, and it was just weird.

But she was honestly fast.

...

Just as Link was racing away from Duke Osiris' territory for his life, a 130-foot Red Dragon landed on the Osiris Castle. The dragon descended and transformed into a man clad in a dark red robe.

He had a high nose and sunken eyes, quite similar to Lisbon. With a dark expression, he walked toward the castle. All the servants and slaves in his path lowered onto the ground and greeted their master.

The guards didn't dare to even breathe loudly. After greeting the duke, they fell silent.

Osiris glanced at the damaged garden and his wounded son. "Where did the invader go?" he demanded.

"Sir, I can guide you," a weak feminine voice said. It was Olisa. Her face was ghastly pale, and there were many bloody marks on her. Her life aura was very weak. If not for her strong physique as a dragon, she would be on the ground, waiting to die right now.

"Good. Lead the way!"

The Red Dragon duke transformed again. Flapping his wings, there was a gale that blew the weak Olisa onto his back.

Then Osiris started flying. He was too strong. Not only was his strength concentrated, but it was also at an extraordinarily large scale. With a flap of his wings, he shot into the air like an arrow. Another flap and he disappeared. All that remained was a trail of dark red haze.

Chapter 307

The Great Escape (2)

Pine Leaf Village was just around the corner.

"Do not enter the village. Circle around the side," Link said. He had to rush back to Creekwood Village and enter the Dragon Temple as fast as possible.

"I understand." Nana adjusted her position and entered the woods beside the village.

After a while, Link could feel a familiar magic presence in front of him. "Wait a moment; this is someone I know... This is Elin! Felina came too! Nana, head that way."

Both parties were in the forest and merely a few hundred feet apart. They met each other quickly.

Apart from the two people Link knew, there was one more person on the ground. This person was already dead with black foam around his mouth. He seemed to have died of the same poison as the Dragon Warrior Link met.

Link then jumped down from Nana's back and asked in relief, "Elin, Felina, why did both of you come this way?"

The two woman seemed elated to see him as well. Elin pointed at the corpse on the ground and said, "We followed her all the way here. She killed the ordinary dragon in the circus. However, after we defeated her, she committed suicide."

Felina then asked, "Have you found the mastermind?"

Link nodded as he said, "Not only did I find him, I also found concrete evidence. We cannot stay here for long. They have already been alerted, and there are pursuers behind me. We have to rush back immediately.

Upon hearing those words, the two woman exchanged glances and nodded.

Felina transformed into her dragon form immediately. She was around 27-foot-long

and around 13-foot-tall. This was exceptionally huge for an ordinary person. She then said, "Climb on, I will bring you guys back. I believe that the elders in the Dragon Temple will not be able to stay so arrogant after you present your evidence."

The traveling speed of a dragon was not to be underestimated. They were still about 30 miles away from the Dragon Temple. However, with Felina's speed, she could reach the destination in less than ten minutes' time.

Link immediately climbed onto Felina's back and said, "Elin, quick."

"Wow, that is huge," Elin exclaimed as she began to mount Felina's humongous body with Nana's assistance.

However, just when she was going to, she gave a shrill cry before she grabbed her head in fear, standing rooted in her original position.

"What is going on?" Felina was startled and immediately turned back. She thought that the spikes on her giant wings had accidentally injured this little one.

Elin's eyes widened in fear as she trembled. She then muttered, "I felt danger, extreme danger! A huge guy, extremely huge, with giant blood-red wings covering the sun, is flying towards us. My lord, we will not be able to defeat him!"

Upon hearing these words, Felina was still slightly confused. Link, on the other hand, was horrified as he said, "Quick! We need to set off! Nana, you don't have to get up, just keep up with us on the ground."

Nana would be faster when she was traveling alone on the ground than if she traveled on Felina's back.

Felina immediately took flight before she asked, "Link, who is the mastermind?"

"It is Duke Osiris..."

Before Link could complete his sentence, he could feel Felina's body jerk suddenly. She then stuttered, "How... how could it be? Why would he do that? This does not make sense."

There were three great Dukes in the Red Dragon race. They were all considered husbands of the Red Dragon Queen, namely Isendilan, Osiris, and Davosus. Although

Isendilan had already betrayed the Red Dragon race, the other two Dukes were still trusted and had a good reputation, especially Osiris. He was favored greatly by the queen—how could he have committed such a heinous crime?

"If even you have no idea, how could I hope to understand the situation? However, I found a few peculiar letters. Perhaps his true motives can be found within them," Link said.

At that moment, Link already felt that something was amiss. He looked behind him and saw a faint red hue in the horizon. As time passed, this hue became thicker and denser.

"He has caught up!" Link felt his body tremble as he asked, "Felina, how strong is Osiris?"

"Level-9 strength. He is only a step away from reaching Legendary," Felina said. As both Osiris and Felina were of the dragon race, she could feel clearly feel the terrifying power trailing behind her.

She thought for a moment and landed without hesitation. She then explained as she made her descent, "He is three times faster than I am and he is only three miles away. It will be impossible for us to fly back to the Dragon Temple safely. We have to find another way."

This was the truth. Link nodded his head in agreement as he said, "I have a Dimensional Scroll. It can bring us into the Soul Realm together with our bodies. Should we hide there for the time being?"

Felina had already landed, she shook her head as she said, "I am not sure. Osiris is extremely strong. His power is beyond imagination."

Elin said, "I'm afraid that would not work. I have already seen many powerful dragons enter and leave the Soul Realm easily during my time in the Holy Mountain. As a being that is only one step away from Legendary, Osiris must possess this power as well.

"Then there is one last method. I still have a huge reserve of mana; this is enough for at least six Dimensional Leap spells..."

Felina interrupted Link at this moment as she said, "No, this is not safe. I must have been noticed as well. Let's do this. We will go our separate ways. While he is chasing

after my huge body, the two of you will make your way back to the Dragon Temple."

"But you will die!" Elin screamed.

"I am a Warrior! My destiny is to die on the battlefield!" Felina laughed as she said. She then placed Link and the rest on the ground before she leaped into the sky once again.

Not only did she fly high up into the sky, but she also released a huge amount of energy consecutively. She became enveloped in a crimson brilliance as she let out a shrill dragon cry.

This cry reverberated through the entire Dragon Valley, scaring the forest creatures out of their hiding spots.

Link immediately understood Felina's intentions. This place was not that far away from the Holy Mountain. If Felina took such drastic actions, it would definitely attract the attention of the dragons in the Holy Mountain. This way, even if Felina failed to attract Osiris' attention, he would be left with little time to track them down.

Osiris would have to settle everything before the dragons of the Holy Mountain arrived. Furthermore, they would not take long to arrive.

Elin immediately cried as tears flowed down her cheeks. She shouted, "I just took a liking to her and now she is going to die!"

Link felt extremely disdainful as well. He took a deep breath to recollect himself before saying, "Alright, we have to make it back safely. This is the only way we can repay Felina's sacrifice!"

As he said those words, Link cast a Traceless spell on the both of them before he took those secret letters out from his dimensional pendant. He then put them away in his robe. The dimensional pendant was not stable equipment. If Link were to engage in a battle with another Level-8 or Level-9 individual, the dimensional pendant might disintegrate. He could not afford the disappearance of these important letters.

After settling all these, Link turned to Nana and said, "Bring us out of this place."

Nana carried Link on her back once again and placed Elin on her shoulders. She then charged forward with full speed. Although carrying two people greatly reduced her speed, she was still traveling at a speed of 270 feet per second. The last 30-mile stretch

of road would take less than ten minutes to complete.

Less than half a minute after they started running, a gigantic figure flew past them. In order to conceal his gigantic figure, he seemed to be flying at a low altitude. Following which, the sound of a sonic boom could be heard. This meant that the figure was flying at a speed faster than sound.

Behind him, a long red hue extended for a distance of 600 feet. His body was also enveloped in a six-foot-thick crimson flame. From afar, he looked like a burning comet dashing through the horizon.

"This power is terrifying!" Elin was completely startled as she gasped.

Fortunately, he seemed to be attracted by Felina and was charging straight in her direction. He did not even notice Link, Elin, and Nana, who were traveling stealthily on the ground.

Link heaved a sigh of relief as his heart sank. If this went on, Felina would definitely be dead.

Sure enough, less than half a minute after that figure flew past, Felina's presence disappeared.

Elin whispered, "Was she killed?"

Link fell silent. Felina was a Level-7 Warrior while the Duke was a Level-9 Warrior. Their strength could not be measured on the same scale. Link could not find a reason as to how Felina could have survived.

Tears started streaming profusely down Elin's face.

Link was extremely sad as well. However, he kept his cool and quickly calculated, "The Duke was traveling at a speed of 1350 feet per second. The Holy Mountain must have individuals that can match that speed. If the dragons of the Holy Mountain had already detected Felina's unusual behavior and sent down a team to investigate... judging from the fact that we are 30 miles away... they would take around two minutes to reach here. With Felina as a decoy, half a minute has already passed. This means that the Duke only has one and a half minute left to act."

Link realized that they still stood a chance after all. In fact, the Duke was the one in an

extremely bad position.

"Nana, stop here," Link ordered.

Nana would make lots of movements while she was running. This would make them easily discoverable even if they had the Traceless spell active. They merely had to tide over that one and a half minute until the backup forces arrived.

Nana immediately stopped moving.

Link then jumped down from her back as he muttered, "700 Omni Points, increase Maximum Mana."

His Maximum Mana was 8500 points, and his Mana Points were at 6000 points. He had 860 Omni Points, and after using 700 of them, his Maximum Mana would become 13000 points.

This Maximum Mana was akin to that of a Level-9 Magician. More importantly, with the support of such a huge mana pool, Link could greatly increase the scale of his Spatial Magic.

The Omni Points took effect as Link felt an indescribable feeling surge through his body. Three seconds later, a message appeared in his field of vision:

Maximum Mana Upgrade Complete.

Link took a moment to revere at the huge amount of mana surging through his body before he started casting his Spatial spells.

Link was casting an unprecedentedly huge Spatial spell. It was a spell more than 300 feet in radius and 150 feet in height. The entire space within Link's control became extremely complicated. The space was sealed in a closed loop and filled with space-time traps and folded dimensions. There were even constricted territories within the area.

This entire process took Link five seconds. Following which, he took Elin and Nana to a secret spatial sphere under a tree.

Ten seconds later, the Duke had arrived.

Whoosh! He flapped his wings and slowly lowered his altitude before he landed on the ground.

There were two people beside him. The first one was Felina who was drenched in blood. Her limbs were completely deformed, and her armor was shattered to smithereens. However, she still seemed to be breathing, as evident from the movement on her chest. The other person was clad in a black robe and had a pale complexion. She was Dragon Magician Olisa.

"My lord, please be careful. This space is strange," Felina seemed to have felt something out of the ordinary.

"Hmm," Osiris lowered his head as he observed the area. He then said, "This is some novel tactics. Olisa, I need you to unravel this quickly."

Olisa's face immediately turned red as she said apologetically, "Duke, this...

She was not unwilling to help her lord. However, as an Elemental Magician, there was no way she could dispel a Spatial spell!

"Forget it, I will do this myself," Osiris was not surprised. Although he had not done any research into Spatial Magic, he knew a universal rule.

All spells required Mana Points for sustenance. In essence, everything would boil down to a battle of power. That was something that he definitely did not lack.

He would simply use brute force to crush all the traps and novel techniques used in this space.

He flicked his claws gently to throw Felina to Olisa's side. He then said, "I will try to destroy this thing. If I am not successful after half a minute, you will kill this girl."

He had confidence in his power. However, he would not mind using a few despicable means to achieve his goals as well.

Chapter 308

The Great Escape (3)

Boom! Boom! Boom! There was a string of explosions.

In the forest, Osiris used his burly body to force his way through.

Oh, am I back to the original spot? Interesting! Osiris looked at the place and couldn't help but praise his opponent.

This area didn't seem too big from the outside, but once inside, it was extremely vast. He circled it many times but felt like he just couldn't get to the end.

"However, your application isn't skilled enough. You didn't completely hide the Mana structure!"

As he spoke, a gust of wind blew from Osiris' gaping mouth. He blew a gust of dragon breath to the air in this area.

Crack! Something seemed to break. The surrounding air didn't change, but one second later, something strange happened.

The dragon breath that Osiris blew out turned in the air and blasted back onto his face. It was scalding hot and strongly corrosive. One breath could basically melt a regular person. However, to a dragon, this was just a mouthful of saliva. It wouldn't cause any damage but getting covered by one's own spit was just embarrassing.

Osiris knew that he'd fallen for the other's tricks and was frustrated. "Dammit!"

Shaking his head, he got rid of the burning dragon breath. Osiris began to investigate closely. After around five seconds, he finally found the true Mana structure.

He blew out dragon breath, and there were violent Mana waves. Then, a misty ripple faded in the surrounding air, and the Spatial Closed Loop disappeared. The strangely vast space inside the forest went back to normal, but there was still no sign of his opponent.

"Little thing, where are you hiding?" Osiris paced through the tight space.

Splat! His left foot stepped on something, and there was a noise. A huge spatial ripple appeared, enveloping him.

It was the spatial restraint! Osiris instantly felt his movements slow considerably.

Roar! His body shook, and the fiery dragon power shone. He burst through the spatial restraint within one-tenth of a second.

"You're so annoying! Little thing, I don't have time to play hide and seek with you!" Osiris turned around. "Olisa... huh? Olisa, where are you?"

Olisa had been right beside him, but now she was gone. Her little Red Dragon was gone too.

On the other hand, Olisa's face was full of doubt. She had seen the duke walk into the forest in the distance and then... there was nothing else. He didn't come back. Helpless, she could only take Felina and pursue in the direction of Osiris.

However, more than ten seconds later, she'd run 300 feet, but the situation seemed even more wrong. Duke Osiris was still nowhere to be found. Even his aura had disappeared.

She looked around and found that there was nothing here except for the dense trees and vegetation. It was frighteningly quiet.

This eeriness terrified Olisa. After being hit in the back of the head, she still had a pounding headache. It greatly affected her spell casting. If she didn't have the duke's protection, she'd definitely die if the enemy acted.

Now, her only lifesaver was the gravely wounded dragon. Pressing her wand against the dragon's forehead, Olisa looked around with caution. She didn't dare make any moves.

The seconds ticked by. For some reason, the enemy still didn't act. Her action technically shouldn't be able to stop the enemy's sneak attack, right?

Olisa was suspicious, but she had a good brain. Even injured, her reaction was still fast, and she quickly understood everything. I see. The duke must be close to me, but I just

can't see him. The opponent fears his power, so he doesn't dare reveal himself to attack me!

Thinking of this, she was reassured. She stayed in place rather than wandering around. Just in case, she activated a Level-7 defensive spell for herself.

In the Folded Spatial Sphere under the tree, Link was entirely focused on controlling the entire scene.

His goal wasn't to kill the Red Dragon duke because he didn't have the ability. He was just delaying him. If Link could survive until the dragons of the Holy Mountain arrived, he would be safe.

In the distorted space, the Red Dragon took advantage of his aggressive power and charged without caution. He broke through Link's traps one after another. He had fewer and fewer tricks left.

Elin didn't understand spatial magic, but she could tell that things were getting more dangerous. The Red Dragon duke was getting closer to where they were hidden.

Her small hand gripped her wand tightly, preparing for the final battle. If Link's spatial barrier was broken, she would attack. She wouldn't be able to block the enemy, but she could at least delay him for one or two seconds.

Nana took out her weapon, on guard.

Faced with the tensing atmosphere, Link's expression was still calm. He continued to pour his Mana into the magic seal, modifying the remaining spatial spells' parameters to stop the Red Dragon for a bit longer.

Time flowed slowly; sweat beaded on Link's forehead. He had to put a lot of effort into dealing with someone at the pinnacle of Level-9. He used up his Mana at the high rate of 100 points per second. It felt uncomfortable like a spoon emptying his insides.

One second, two seconds... five seconds, ten seconds... 30 seconds... At one minute, Link only had two barriers left.

One was the folded space. It stopped Elemental Magician Olisa and protected Felina.

The second was a spatial trap. There was a powerful force field created by the highly

distorted space. The Red Dragon duke would definitely be trapped if he stepped into it. How long it would last was all up to luck.

Five more seconds passed. The duke seemed to sense Link's presence. His gaze fell onto the spot more and more frequently. After three more seconds, he laughed. "Aha, little mouse, you've hidden so well, but sadly, you're against me."

Boom, boom, boom. He strode to Link's hiding spot. The ground shook with his every step; even the Earth feared this dragon's power.

Thirty feet... 15 feet... three feet. Then there was a whoosh, and the Red Dragon shrunk. He'd stepped into the spatial trap!

This trap wasn't a hole—it was a huge force field that caved in from all directions. Once inside it, every part of the Red Dragon's body would be squeezed as if wanting to press him into the size of a sesame seed.

Boom! This trap came too suddenly. With one misstep, he lost his balance and crashed onto the ground. Then he started roaring, "A rat's tricks. Get away from me!"

Terrible dragon power burst from the duke, piercing straight through the spatial trap!

Link gritted his teeth. He added another huge amount of Mana. Within a second, 1000 Mana points had been used up! In order to not empty his reserves, he drank a bottle of the Perfect Mana Potion and recovered 2000 points. Simultaneously, he ordered in his mind, Omni Points, raise my maximum Mana points!

He only had 160 Mana points left. This gave him 1600 more while the max limit became a monstrous 13600 points.

By sparing all costs, the Red Dragon's burst of dragon power was forced back!

Osiris, who'd straightened halfway, suddenly felt his legs give out. He smashed onto the ground again, creating another huge boom.

The Red Dragon was furious and a bit shocked. "Oh? Not bad but how much longer can your Mana last? Take this!"

The dragon power exploded again. This time, Osiris used all his might. The storm of red dragon power swept out of him, ready to destroy everything.

Boom! The thick soil was upended, and the surrounding trees all cracked. All the trees within a 300-foot-radius fell over in a radial formation. This was the terrifying power of the pinnacle of Level-9. It was unstoppable!

Did Link block it?

No, of course not. He followed the flow and released the control on the spatial trap. This meant that the Red Dragon's full force only hit air.

The attack was very strong and used up an immense amount of dragon power. Even the duke couldn't withstand it and felt a wave of weakness. He had almost bottomless strength, but faced with spatial magic, he could only use a huge amount of strength to collapse the spells.

Using all his power could create miracles, but it was like using a cannon to hit mosquitoes. The cost from both parties was unequal.

Link only used up 100 Mana points to maintain this spatial spell, but the Red Dragon had to use ten times that in dragon power to break through it. After this entire path, it was getting harder to take the consumption.

However, the last barrier was gone after this trap collapsed. Link's position was revealed too.

Osiris strode towards Link, sneering. "Little thing, I'm going to squash you!"

Just as he spoke, there was a burst of air beside Link. Nana rushed out at full speed.

"Get away!" The Red Dragon's reaction to high-speed opponents was very crude. His front claw hit the ground and poured dragon power into the earth. The next moment, the earth exploded, and a fan-shaped attack wave rushed out from Osiris.

Nana had nowhere to hide. Her only solution was to jump into the air, but then the dragon power arrived. In the air, Nana used her metallic power to take the hit directly. With a muffled boom, she flew out like a cannonball and crashed through three trees before stopping.

"Nana is injured," her crisp voice said. She was plastered onto the trunk of a tree. She struggled to get up but her body was highly distorted, and her movements were slow.

"Doomsday's Illusion!" Elin yelled as she released the spell she'd prepared.

Doomsday's Illusion

Level-7 Spell

Description: This spell tricks the target's spirit into seeing the scene of their doomsday. The illusion is extremely realistic and is a great blow to the target's spirit.

A beam of watery light rushed at the Red Dragon duke. It was just about to hit the target, but then a red crystal barrier appeared around him. The watery light crashed into it and was easily blocked.

Osiris laughed loudly. "Little thing, don't you know that all high-level dragons have spirit barriers?"

Elin paled considerably; she was out of tricks. In reality, no Level-7 Magician would be able to fight against a strong fighter at the pinnacle of Level-9, especially a dragon who was impossibly strong and undefeatable.

No matter how she fought, it was just like an annoying itch to the dragon.

Dragons could fight a demon without a disadvantage. Their reputation was supported by truth. In Firuman, they were known as the "legendary race."

"Your turn, spatial Magician!" The Red Dragon looked at Link.

Almost two minutes had passed, but no dragon appeared in the direction of the Holy Mountain. Link was in panic, but he knew clearly that all he could do now was still to drag things out!

But how should he do it?

Chapter 309

A Shameful Life Over a Glorious Death

Link was still extremely calm. The moment his opponent noticed his apprehension, he would commence his attack immediately. That would be the end for the three of them.

His mind was spinning as he thought, What is my only advantage now? Yes, time, time is on my side. The longer I drag this out, the more favorable it will be for me. But how do I do it? Naturally, I need to let my opponent fear me. However, my Spatial spells are still too weak. This is not enough... Wait, I still have one more trump card!

He thought of a way to get him out of this predicament.

Link stared at the Red Dragon Duke who was closing in. He then chuckled, "How much strength do you have left after so many consecutive bursts of power?"

Duke Osiris narrowed his eyes and said, "It is enough to deal with you!"

Although that was what he said, he was still intimidated by Link as he had no understanding of Spatial Magic. He stopped in his tracks in fear of any trump cards in Link's hand.

"Perhaps, you can try," Link grabbed the Storm Lord's Sword in his hands and started charging the sword with mana. He then muttered, "Please lend me a hand. You don't have to do anything, just emit some presence."

If this sword was not willing to help, Link was prepared to use other tactics like generating a dimension singularity point to strike fear into Osiris' heart.

Luckily, the Storm Lord's sword did not disappoint Link. He said, "I am extremely weak now. That mana is hardly enough. Give me more!"

Link still had 3500 Mana Points left. Upon hearing those words, he transferred almost all his Mana Points into the sword without hesitation.

Following which, the Storm Lord's Sword gave a crisp and shrill cry. After a slight jerk,

it's dull appearance underwent a complete transformation. It had become a translucent opal-colored sword. Three air currents could be seen swirling within the groove of the sword. Countless runes appeared in the surrounding air as strong winds started howling through the forest.

Osiris was startled at this sudden change. He then asked hesitantly, "What sword is this?"

Link grabbed the hilt of the sword and spoke calmly, "The full name of my sword is The Arbiter of Storms. Master of Lightning. Silencer of Realms. I have prevented myself from using it all this time as I have not met an opponent powerful enough. However, now that you have arrived... I believe, a strong Red Dragon Duke should be able to satisfy you?"

The first part of the sentence was meant for Osiris, while the second part was meant for the Storm Lord's Sword spirit.

Clang! The sword shrilled once more as the air currents around Link swirled violently. The intensity of the wind in the forest grew stronger, causing clouds to congregate in the skies above. A lightning bolt then struck right beside the feet of the Red Dragon Duke.

Osiris was horrified. He could not help but instinctively take a step back. There was a look of disbelief on his face.

"How could you possess the sword of the Storm Lord?" Osiris gasped. He recognized this sword!

The reason was simple. As a Legendary race, dragons possessed an insane amount of vitality and a good record of history. In this aspect, the only race that could hope to match their knowledge was the High Elves.

For example, Osiris had already lived for 2356 years. Coupled with the strong cultural foundation of his race, he would naturally be extremely knowledgeable. It was no surprise that he recognized the Storm Lord's sword.

That was also the exact reason why he was horrified.

Link was satisfied at his reaction. He then unsheathed the sword and glanced at Osiris with a death stare, as though he was already looking at a dead opponent.

"It does not matter how I came to possess it. More importantly, it will be taking your head today!"

When he said the last word, his voice was trembling with murderous intent. Another lightning bolt struck from the heavens followed by the roaring of thunder.

Such a presence could only be that of a Sacred Gear.

Osiris took another step back.

Elin was dumbfounded as well. She whispered to Link, "Hey, big guy, why didn't you use such a powerful weapon earlier."

Link smiled bitterly. Elin had no idea how arrogant this sword was. It probably only decided to help after deciding that Link was about to die. Furthermore, if not for his flashy use of Spatial Magic to shake Osiris' psychological foundation, this sword alone might not be enough to fool him.

Of course, these were just his thoughts. He could not say that in front of Elin.

He merely smiled and said, "A Holy Sword has a spirit. I cannot simply use him if I wanted to. The main reason this sword has decided to act is still due to our powerful opponent!"

He then sighed then chuckled, "Oh Holy Sword, you will feast on dragon blood today!"

At this moment, the time was about right. The dragons from the Holy Mountains had arrived. Link saw their figures flying towards his location. There were around 30 of them and the one taking the lead seemed to be of similar stature to Osiris.

Link then took a step forward, pointing the sword at the Osiris.

Osiris immediately cast a crimson red crystal barrier around him. He did not dare to go on the offensive against a Legendary Holy Sword like this. He chose the defensive stance straight away.

However, Link actually did not have any Mana Points. How could he then release any attacks?

He took this chance to drink yet another perfect Mana Recovery potion. After

recovering 2000 Mana Points, he cast a Dimensional Jump spell without hesitation.

A white light enveloped Link, Elin, Nana and the heavily injured Felina, and they disappeared instantly.

They then appeared around one mile away.

The moment they landed, Link knelt down helplessly on the ground. The poison from the perfect Mana Recovery potion was affecting him seriously. Fortunately, he still had a bottle of the High Elves' Detoxification Elf Nectar with him.

He drank half a bottle of the nectar with trembling hands and immediately felt the churning in his stomach ease. He then handed the remaining nectar to Elin and requested her to give it to Felina.

At the same time, he saw a few dragons fly past, charging straight towards Osiris.

Link then heaved a sigh of relief before allowing himself to lie on the ground and laugh, "Oh Osiris, you will never forget me for as long as you live, right?"

He was not wrong. Osiris had already carved Link's features into the deepest part of his memory. He would never forget that he was taken for a ride by a human Magician. As long as he lived, he would do whatever he can to avenge this disgrace.

He swore on his life!

Osiris stared at the dragons approaching. He recognized the largest dragon as Davosus, a Duke and a husband of the Red Dragon Queen just like him.

If Osiris was at full power, he would have the confidence to defeat Davosus. However, Link had already depleted too much of his energy. He was not in the right state to fight against Davosus.

At that moment, the effects of Link's Spatial spells disappeared. Olisa was finally released from the clutches of the Spatial spell. This young Dragon Magician stared at him with tears in her eyes, clearly hoping that he would bring her along.

However, Osiris shook his head as he said, "Olisa, I'm sorry."

He could never escape Davosus' pursuit with another deadweight.

After which, he spread his wings and quickly left the scene.

He could no longer stay within the Dragon Valley. Should he seek refuge in Isendilan's territory?

Truthfully, he did not wish to stay together with the madman. Furthermore, he was still weaker than Isendilan and would definitely end up as his one of his underlings... Tsk, I should first focus on my escape.

Osiris then flew at full speed ahead.

However, he felt that something was amiss after a while. He looked behind him and realized that Davosus was trailing behind him. He was closing in!

"Davosus, why are you following me?" Osiris howled. Although he had committed many heinous crimes, the news should not have spread. Davosus probably still did not know. Why then, was he so persistent?

"I was just about to ask you. Osiris, why are you running away? Why did you attack a young dragon?" Davosus howled as he chased.

Faced with this question. Osiris fell silent and continued running with his head hung.

Unfortunately, he had lost too much energy. He was a lot slower than Davosus, who was at full power.

Twenty minutes later, Osiris reached the boundaries of the Dragon Valley. The mist maze was right in front of his eyes.

He was just about to leave the Dragon Valley when he heard the sound of howling wind behind him. He was not fast enough to dodge the attack, and half a second later, he felt a sharp pain pierce through his back. Following which, a violent force pinned him down from above, pressing him straight onto the ground.

Boom! Two giant dragons fell from the sky, the impact of the force akin to a meteorite.

After the dust settled, Davosus grabbed Osiris' head with his front claws, pressing his nails deep into Osiris' scales. He then leaned closer to his ears and whispered, "Do you know? Stepping on your head like this was something I have always wanted to do. However, now that Isendilan has gone mad and you have done such a stupid thing, I

will become the Queen's only husband. Haha, this is fate!"

Davosus laughed haughtily. Following which, he raised his claws and swung it in Osiris' direction in an attempt to make him unconscious.

Davosus' idea was simple. If Osiris was so guilty, he had definitely done something wrong. He would definitely lose his status as a Duke if he was brought back to the Dragon Temple. Davosus would then be the only Duke available.

However, he could never imagine the atrocities that Osiris had committed. His only outcome was permanent captivity if he was brought back to the Dragon Temple. How then can Osiris accept such a result?

As the husband of the Red Dragon Queen and one of the most masculine male dragons of his era, he still retained this fervor even after living for 2000 years. He would destroy what he could not get. If he was unable to run, he would bring someone down with him!

Osiris suddenly turned over and plunged his claws into Davosus' heart. Following which, he released all of his power.

Davosus was taken by surprise and instinctively defended with all his might.

Crack! Splat!

A clean snap was heard. This was the sound of Osiris' neck being broken by Davosus' claw. Following which, a dull splattering sound could be heard. This was the sound of Davosus' heart being squashed by Osiris' claw.

"You... why?" Davosus stared at Osiris in disbelief. Osiris not only destroyed his heart but also all the organs within his chest. Osiris' churning dragon force had turned his internal organs into mush. Even a powerful dragon-like him would not be able to withstand this injury.

However, he could not understand it. He thought this was merely a small matter. He did not expect this to happen.

Osiris had also suffered a fatal wound with his neck broken. The sparkle in his eyes quickly turned dim as blood poured from his mouth. He then snickered, "Do you really think I will let you have the Queen to yourself? We will perish together!"

The two Red Dragon Dukes then lay motionlessly on the ground.

Link still had no idea that such a huge incident happened. A few powerful red dragons landed near him, each of them at least Level-8 in strength. One of them had an extremely huge body more than 60 feet long. He stared at Link and said coldly, "I am the Chancellor of the Red Dragon Council, Pettalong. The Red Dragon Queen invites you into the Dragon Temple."

A cold demeanor was common across the dragon elders. They were not unhappy with Link, but merely uninterested, due to the fact that they have experienced way too much. The youngest elder was at least 2000 years old. They had witnessed more than any mortal could imagine.

Link had experienced such treatment before in the game. He thought nothing about it and nodded as he said, "It's my honor."

A few younger dragons approached Link and lowered their bodies for Link, Nana, and Elin to mount. Felina was also carefully placed on a dragon's back.

They then took flight and flew towards the Dragon Temple.

Chapter 310

Will the Queen Fall to Darkness?

The Dragon Temple had a characteristic—it was big. Everything seemed huge, such as the passageway that the Red Dragon Elder Pettalong was leading Link down. It was 300 feet wide, and it felt like he was walking in an empty town square.

After walking with Elder Pettalong for a while, Link and Elin realized that they were walking toward the backyard of the Holy Temple. They exchanged glances, their spirits low.

They had last seen the queen in the huge square behind the Holy Temple. Now, she was meeting the guests there. This meant that the Red Dragon Queen was very weak and couldn't even move.

The situation was horrible.

After walking for five or six minutes, the passageway ended. A 150-foot-tall arch appeared. A 30-foot-tall Warrior stood on either side of the entrance.

They grasped huge battle swords and were covered fully in dark red body armor. Only their silvery eyes were revealed. Their auras were obscure and deep. When they looked down at someone, there was an indescribable pressure.

Link recognized this type of Warrior. Called Apocalypse Dragon Guards, they were currently at Level-8. Later, when the Mana density rose, they all passed the Legendary State and had terrifying combat ability.

Before, Apocalypse Dragon Guards had appeared on the battlefield and were like doomsday war chariots. Anyone who tried to block them would die. Only the Abyssal Horn, a high-level demon of similar physique, could stop them.

Even more frightening, there were at least 100 of them in this Dragon Temple. Clearly, the title of legendary race was veritable for the dragons.

Stared at by these Warriors, Elin shrunk into herself and looked like a little bird.

Hunched over, she followed Link and was too scared to even breathe loudly.

At the entrance, Pettalong stopped. "The queen is not feeling well recently," he said quietly. "In order for her health not to be damaged further, pay attention to how you speak when reporting the truth to the queen, understood?"

Link and Elin exchanged glances. The Red Dragon Queen was a legendary force, but now she was in the state where her mood could affect her body. How horrible was the situation?

Pettalong's gaze was sharp, and Link could only nod. "We will do our best to take care of the queen's emotions."

"Okay, come with me." The dragon elder continued to guide them.

The group passed under the tall arch and saw the huge square of thousands of feet wide. The Red Dragon Queen was sprawled in the center quietly.

This scene was almost identical to that of the Soul Realm. The only difference was that the black light sphere that represented the Equal Scale was gone. The dragons had probably concealed it.

There were at least 30 dragons beside the queen. They were all over 60 feet tall, and the weakest one was above Level-8. They were all streaming crystal-red dragon power into the queen's body.

The queen's head drooped limply on the ground. The huge golden eyes were half-closed. When she saw Link's group, a gentle yet omnipresent voice sounded. "Apologies, my friends. There is a problem with my health, so I can only welcome you like this."

Her mouth didn't move as she spoke while her eyes stared at Link and Elin. She was speaking with a spell. Despite being so weak, the elegance she emanated was still suffocating.

Elin didn't dare to breathe too loudly. She walked up, bowed seriously, and said softly, "Elin, Yabba Magician, greets Your Majesty."

Observing from the distance in the Soul Realm was one thing; actually facing the Red Dragon Queen was another. To Elin, the queen was like a mountain while she was just

a small bunny.

She felt huge pressure, and her voice was tiny when she spoke. Elin had become a Yabba lady, nothing like the frustrated and furious girl at the Night of the Dragon Inn.

Link, on the other hand, had seen the Red Dragon Queen many times in the past life, so his expression was still normal. He bowed and greeted her to follow customs. "Your Majesty."

The Red Dragon Queen gazed at Link and continued, "I've heard of you. You've been investigating Duke Osiris recently. Do you have any results?"

"Of course," Link replied. Then he saw Pettalong's warning glance, telling him to pay attention to his speaking technique. This was quite annoying. He had to describe the truth, and the only technique was to be as objective as possible. What other techniques were there?

He decided to ignore Pettalong. Link stepped forward and took out the letters from Osiris' table. He used the Magician's Hand to open them in the air. Compared to the queen's body, the envelopes were very small, and the words were even smaller. However, Link knew the queen could read it.

The queen focused on the letters, reading them one by one. She was expressionless. During this time, Link was also reading the letters, as well as the dragon elders nearby. Dragons had very good vision. They could see clearly from a few hundred feet away.

These letters were mostly written to Osiris by Isendilan after the latter was banished from the Dragon Valley. The contents were simple. He urged Osiris to hurt the queen, and in return, he would give Osiris the Heart of Dramos.

"Dramos" was a word from the dragon language. It meant "legendary," or "holy." In the common language, it was the Heart of the Legendary. It could help Osiris enter the Legendary State.

The envelope also contained the unfinished reply from Osiris. It was clear from the letter that he'd already completed the task and wanted Isendilan to pay him.

The entire square was silent after the dragons finished reading the letter. Link didn't speak either. He placed the papers on the ground. Almost simultaneously, a message appeared in his vision. It was about the mission.

Mission reveal complete. Mission set completed.

Player receives Magic Surge Talisman (enchantment)

A light spot flashed in Link's vision, and a six-sided pale purple gem appeared. It flashed and stopped in the bottom right corner of his vision with the description awaiting materialization after it.

Link didn't have time to care about this reward. He was waiting for the Red Dragon Queen's reaction.

At this time, he suddenly realized that the queen's expression was strange. Nothing had changed except the two large golden eyes. A translucent teardrop formed and rolled down.

When the teardrop fell to the ground, it shattered into countless grains that converged and solidified into pearls. They rolled in all directions; one rolled to Link's foot.

He looked from side to side. Seeing that no one was paying attention, he collected this "pearl" the size of an infant's fist. He looked at it, and its statistics showed up in his vision.

Red Dragon's Tears

Quality: Epic

Effect: A dragon's tears can change a mortal's physique, allowing them forge a closer relationship with Mana. The queen's tears are the most effective and are known as the "legendary seed."

(Note: one can only come across this object serendipitously.)

Isendilan and Osiris' betrayals truly hurt the queen's heart, but Link felt nothing towards these lovey-dovey things. He was secretly so happy at receiving this teardrop. Of course, he couldn't reveal this. Otherwise, he'd be despised by all the dragons.

After a long while, the queen spoke again. Her voice was not calm like before and sounded a bit waterlogged. "This is very unfortunate news. Mortal, thank you for letting me know the truth. I—"

Before she could finish, a young dragon burst through the arch. He'd rushed here and was panting for his breath.

Elder Pettalong immediately reprimanded him. "Oro, why are you like this? Where are your manners?"

The young dragon in question tried to catch his breath. He looked terrified. "Something horrible happened. Duke Osiris and Duke Davosus are all dead. They... they're all dead!"

"What?!" all the dragons present uttered in unison.

Link and Elin looked at each other. This was unbelievable, and neither of them had thought things would progress to this state. Weren't the dragons known for their hardy vitality? How could two dukes with such powerful Level-9 strength die?

The dragons at the square were all shocked.

Osiris and Davosus were pillars of the dragons. They were geniuses and had the potential of entering the Legendary State.

Osiris' betrayal was already a huge blow, but now Davosus was dead? He'd died with Osiris too. This was a disaster!

This meant that of the three grand dukes of the Red Dragons, one had betrayed, and two had died. The Red Dragons' power was reduced by at least 30%!

The Red Dragon Queen finally lost her calm. Shaking, her voice trembled as she asked, "Explain clearly. What exactly happened?"

Seeing that something was wrong, Pettalong gestured at the young dragon with his eyes to take care of the queen's emotions. However, the dragon was extremely panicked as well. He didn't even notice Pettalong's warning.

"When we found them, they were at the border of the Dragon Valley," he said hurriedly. "Duke Osiris' neck was broken by Duke Davosus, but he'd paid heavily for it too. His internal organs all exploded... it was a battle to the death."

Hearing this, the queen began moving. She pushed herself up with her front claws, her eyes filled with disbelief. "Why did they do this? Why did this happen? Why did they

betray me?"

"Your Majesty, this is Isendilan's fault. Please take care of your health!" Pettalong advised anxiously.

The queen paid him no heed. "I treated Isendilan and Osiris genuinely," she muttered. "Osiris, I'd already prepared to choose you. Why did you do this? Why?"

"Your Highness. Your Highness?" Pettalong was still trying to comfort the queen.

Throwing her head back, the Red Dragon Queen let out a long roar. It was filled with sadness and anger. Under that was complete despair and hopelessness. The emotion was so strong that even the foreigners, Link, and Elin, could feel it clearly.

While roaring, the queen suddenly unfurled her wings. They flapped violently, and under the screaming wind, she flew up unsteadily.

But a few hundred feet up in the air, a black net of light suddenly appeared above the square. It tangled onto the queen like a spider web, dragging her down. She struggled but to no avail.

With a loud boom, she crashed to the ground pathetically. Then she laid there without moving. Her eyes were blank as if she'd died.

Even scarier, veins of dark aura snaked across her dark red body. It was corroding her body at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Pettalong panicked. "What are you waiting for?" he roared. "Help the queen scatter the dark aura! Dammit, hurry!"

He charged forward and transmitted power into the Red Dragon Queen with all his might. The other dragons did the same, but this could only slightly slow down the speed of corrosion.

The queen seemed to have completely given up. Her consciousness and legendary power were gone. She was just like a regular dragon.

The Red Dragon Queen's corrosion seemed to be irreversible.

Chapter 311

I Did Not Expect This

Dragon Temple

The Red Dragon Queen was in an exceptionally unstable state. The dragons were all busy trying to suppress the dark forces corroding the consciousness of their queen. No one had any time to care about Link and Elin.

The situation was indeed dire. Streams of dark forces could be seen emerging from the void, spinning itself around Red Dragon Queen as though it was weaving a web, pulling her bit by bit into the abyss of darkness.

Under the corrosion of the dark forces, the efforts of the Red Dragon elders were simply futile. They were like insects trying to stop the advancement of a war chariot, whose fate was to be completely obliterated.

Elin whispered, "Shall we run?"

There were at least 30 Red Dragon elders. The weakest one was at least Level-8 in strength. If even such a powerful team could not resolve this issue, what could the both of them do?

The best course of action now was to leave this place quickly. As for the fallen Red Dragon Queen—they would find a way to deal with it next time.

Link felt that he did not have the ability to intervene in this issue just yet. Although it was disastrous that the Red Dragon Queen had fallen, his power was limited. Furthermore, the fight with Osiris had completely depleted his Mana Points.

He slowly retreated as he whispered, "We will find Felina and take her with us."

He could care less about the other dragons. However, Felina was a friend. They also needed her instincts to show them out of his terrifying Dragon Valley.

Elin had no opinions on that. She nodded and said, "Be quiet, we will leave quietly."

In order to not attract attention, the two of them retreated slowly while keeping their eyes on the elders. Link then waved at Nana, a signal for her to follow them.

Time was tight, and Link still had not fixed the damages on Nana's body. She did not possess the terrifying outburst of speed that she usually had, though she could still walk normally. If she put in her best effort, she could probably still travel at a speed of 300 feet per second.

Growl! The Red Dragon Queen howled loudly again. Her voice was filled with agony and insanity. It sent chills down the spine of everyone present.

More dragons appeared, arriving from all directions of the Dragon Temple. They turned into their dragon form and quickly transferred energy to the Red Dragon Queen in a bid to help her resist the dark forces of corrosion.

The Dragon Temple became increasingly chaotic. In front of these huge figures, Link, Elin, and Nana were like two small mice amongst a herd of elephants. They looked as if they were going to be trampled anytime.

Suddenly, Link saw a condensed drop of tears at the feet. He quickly glanced around, and after making sure that no one was keeping tabs on him, he picked up the tear stealthily. That was his second one! What a harvest!

As time passed, the situation became extremely grim.

The scales on the Red Dragon Queen's body was originally crimson red in color while shining with a crystal-like exterior. However, it was now turning sinister black. Her eyes, which were originally shining with golden brilliance, were now smoking with a black aura around them. Her claws which used to be metallic-gold had become dull-grey.

Almost all the dragons in the Dragon Temple had arrived. There were around thousands of them. This included the Apocalypse Dragon Guards. Their numbers and strength were simply unimaginable. However, even this amount of strength was insufficient in the face of a Sacred Gear. Their attempts were futile.

The Red Dragon Queen continued to howl in pain. Her motionless body started stirring and jerking uncontrollably. She was not trying to resist the corrosion of the Dark Sacred Gear but trying to unshackle herself from the control of the Red Dragon elders.

The strength of a Legendary individual was terrifying. Even with the entire group of Red Dragon elders who were Level-8 in strength and three of them who were Level-9 in strength, they could not even pin her down. They were blown away by the constant struggles of the Red Dragon Queen even when she had not unleashed her full power.

The situation was getting out of hand.

Link and Elin were horrified at the scene. They stopped caring about stealth and ran for their lives.

They had no choice. Elin was only Level-7 in strength and specialized in Secret Magic. This type of magic was completely useless against a dragon. On the other hand, Link had only 400 Mana Points left. It was not even enough for self-protection.

It would be dumb to not escape when the Red Dragon Queen was about to go insane!

However, the Dragon Temple was simply too huge. They not only had to run at full speed but also dodge the huge claws of the dragons which threatened to trample them every step of the way. They were out of breath by the time they reached the entrance.

They were just about to escape from the Dragon Temple when they were forced to stop. A huge magic barrier appeared at the entrance to the Dragon Temple. It stood in the way of their escape.

This magic barrier was black in color and almost opaque. Countless black runes encircled the barrier, and an intense principle-based aura surged through the spell.

Elin tried casting a Fireball spell onto the magic barrier. However, before the fireball reached the barrier, it fizzled out.

Link then walked forward and checked the runes on the barrier carefully. After a few minutes, he shook his head as he said bitterly, "This barrier contains the power of the principles. If I am not wrong, this should be the power of the Balanced Scale. We are trapped, together with all the dragons."

At that moment, the red dragons were still helping their queen. They seemed to not realize their predicament. However, the truth was that the moment their queen descends into insanity, everyone present would die!

Many screams could be heard, including the cries of the Red Dragon Queen and the

bellows of the Red Dragon elders.

"Your Majesty, you cannot give up!"

"Your Majesty, please stay sane. You cannot be controlled by the Balanced Scale!"

"My Queen, our race needs you!"

However, these cries of desperation were to no avail. The Red Dragon Queen continued slipping into the abyss of darkness.

From Link's observations, the Red Dragon Queen must have already recognized the severity of the situation and wished to fight against the dark forces. However, the moment of carelessness had already allowed the forces of darkness to break through her psychological defenses.

She was powerless now.

"What do we do?" Elin shouted.

As she said those words, her small body disappeared for a moment. After a split second, she appeared again and said in a tone of despair, "The Soul Realm has been sealed as well. We have no way out!"

Link was calmer as he still had one last method he had not tried!

He walked towards Nana and unsheathed the dagger she kept tied at the side of her thighs. He then charged the dagger with mana, causing the space around the dagger to distort.

This distortion was not necessary. In fact, this was only a disguise, to conceal the true power of this dagger.

"Do you have a way to destroy this barrier? Does Spatial Magic work?" Elin thought that Link was going to try out some novel Spatial spells again. She did not even think about the special powers the dagger wielded.

From her perspective, this dagger might be sharp and of epic quality, but Link's Spatial Magic was still the fundamental force at work.

"I'll give it a try!" Link muttered. He then walked towards the dark barrier and slashed at it with full force.

A light clinking sound could be heard. An opening could be seen on the sturdy and impenetrable Legendary Barrier!

That was not all.

When the opening appeared, the dark forces within the Dragon Temple trembled slightly. There was complete silence for a moment. Even the howls of the Red Dragon Queen seemed to have stopped.

"It worked!" Link was elated. The Breakpoint dagger could really sever anything in the world, true to its name!

Link then made another attack on the dark barrier. Another opening then appeared, causing black smog to appear. Closer inspection would reveal that this smog was formed from countless tiny black runes.

As the smog dissipated into the air, the black barrier became dimmer and more transparent.

The Red Dragon Queen seemed to be coping better as well. The Red Dragon Elders who were suppressing the dark forces also felt the diminishing pressure from the Dark Sacred Gear.

"What is going on?" The elders were confused. There were too many huge dragons in the temple. They did not even see Link and company who were hiding behind one of them.

"Has the queen come around?"

"No matter what, this calls for a celebration. Increase the intensity of the power transfer, help the queen at all cost!" Chancellor Pettalong shouted. This instilled faith and hope in the dragons at the scene. They then increased the rate of power transfer to the Red Dragon Queen.

Link was extremely excited as well. The Breakpoint dagger was truly a weapon comparable to that of the Divine Gear. To think that it could destroy a structure made by a Sacred Gear so easily. The power of the singularity was truly terrifying.

He then made use of the Cheetah's Agility spell and leaped high into the air, before plunging the Breakpoint dagger into the barrier. Following which, he slashed downwards with full force.

Pssh! Like a curtain that was completely torn apart, the Breakpoint dagger left a deep crack on the barrier. More smog then escaped into the atmosphere.

A Legendary Barrier was indeed different from an ordinary one.

If an ordinary barrier were to suffer such damage, the structure would have disintegrated a long time ago. However, the Legendary Barrier was different. This barrier had already suffered many cracks, and opening's from Link's attacks and could still hold its integrity. It even attempted to repair the damage done to it.

Link would not give it the chance. He could only think about escaping at this point. He slashed with fervor and insanity, chipping away its strength bit by bit.

Elin stared at the scene in disbelief. Her eyes were wide opened as she asked, "Link, what kind of power is this? Is Spatial Magic really so powerful?"

Link then spouted some nonsense, "I am using a type of Spatial slash. This attack can destroy any being on the World of Firuman. However, my Mana is limited, which reduces the scale of the attack. That doesn't matter though! I will be able to destroy this barrier. When that time comes, we will be able to escape."

"Yes!" Elin was extremely inspired. She then praised heartily, "Link, you are so powerful!"

Her eyes blinked in admiration as she said those words. Elin thought, This human is undoubtedly the Chosen One! His power is out of this world!

On the other side, the Red Dragon elders could clearly feel the weakening of the dark forces.

Pettalong shouted in excitement, "The dark forces are being suppressed. It is weakening fast. Quick! The Queen will be saved! Press on, my brothers!"

This Red Dragon elder lost all his indifference and became extremely passionate. He transferred his dragon force to the queen without hesitation. He seemed to believe that this was due to the combined efforts of the red dragons.

This situation lasted for three minutes.

Three minutes later, a cracking sound could be heard. Something had been destroyed. Following which, a ragged and torn Balanced Scale fell from the void. It landed on the ground before shattering into fragments. Its surface seemed to be ridden with dents and cuts, as though it were sliced mercilessly before its destruction.

"This is...?" The dragons stared at the Balanced Scale in shock.

"Could this be the proverbial Balanced Scale? It does not look like it," a voice rang.

"The scale is broken?"

At that moment, the Red Dragon Queen had awakened. The dark forces corroding her had been completely dispelled, and she had returned to her normal state.

"What happened to me?" The queen shook her head and was still in a trance.

This immediately caught the attention of the red dragons at the scene. Pettalong exclaimed, "My queen, are you alright?"

"I have a slight headache, but that should be all. Hey... Why did the Balanced Scale turn out like this?" She said as she fixed her gaze onto the debris on the ground. The exquisite and immaculate Sacred Gear was now heavily deformed and damaged. The light enveloping it had also disappeared. It was simply a pile of scrap metal now.

The red dragons exchanged glances apprehensively.

"Does this mean that we destroyed the Sacred Gear?" a voice rang. This was unimaginable.

"Do we even possess such power? This does not make sense."

"It should be due to the power of the queen."

Everyone on site, including the Red Dragon Queen, was confused by the destroyed Sacred Gear. They also felt an inexplicable sadness. After all, this was the only Sacred Gear the dragon race possessed. It was such a waste that it was destroyed.

At that moment, none of the dragons realized that two small figures had left the temple

stealthily.

"Elin, when the queen asks about the Sacred Gear later, do not mention anything about me. I cannot afford to repay the dragon race another Sacred Gear," Link hid behind the door to the temple and whispered into Elin's ear.

"Alright, but this Sacred Gear doesn't seem all that impressive," Elin seemed to have forgotten her fears. She hid behind the door and peeked through the gap between a thick dragon leg. She simply saw a pile of scrap metal on the ground with no resemblance to a majestic Sacred Gear.

Link fell speechless. He was just trying to break out of the dark barrier. Little did he know that his dark barrier was the Balanced Scale itself. To think that he destroyed a Sacred Gear just like that while saving the Red Dragon Queen at the same time.

He did not expect it at all. He was just trying to escape.

Looking at the dagger in his hand, Link gulped nervously and quickly handed the dagger back to Nana. After witnessing the Breakpoint dagger's true power, Nana seemed to have taken a liking to it. She put it away carefully.

At that moment, Red Dragon Queen Gretel's voice could be heard, "Where did our guests go?"

She seemed to have remembered Link and Elin.

Chapter 312

I Just Look at You and You Worship Me

It was a pity that the Balanced Scale was destroyed but the Red Dragon Queen was finally freed from its encroachment.

She still appeared weak and dispirited. Her giant body lumbered on the ground, her eyes half-closed. Seeing the two tiny ones before her, she sighed softly. "I'm sorry you have to see me like this."

"It's nothing, Your Majesty. Actually, I'm very impressed by your strong will!" Link said seriously. Probably only he knew the entire truth of what had just happened and he planned on keeping it that way.

Elin only knew a portion. She just thought that Link used magic to destroy the Sacred Gear. Link was powerful—that much was undeniable—but the destroyed Sacred Gear and the Red Dragon Queen who was tormented by it weren't very impressive.

With that thought, she wasn't as reverent of the queen as before. Her clever look came back. Pouting and opening her arms wide, she said dramatically, "Hmph, Your Majesty, you really scared me!"

Usually, the Red Dragon Queen would find this Yabba girl interesting but now, she was exhausted. She just sighed and said, "I'm sorry, my friend, but I want some peace and quiet."

Isendilan's betrayal, followed by Osiris' betrayal, and death of Davosus all impacted her greatly. Right now, she just wanted to be alone.

Red Dragon elder Pettalong was the queen's right-hand man. Hearing this, he immediately said, "I'm sure you all are tired as well. Let me take you to rest."

Link and Elin obviously had no complaints. They followed Pettalong away.

The queen looked to the other dragons. "I'm alright now. I just want to rest."

The dragons left quickly and soon, only Queen Gretel remained. She sprawled on the ground quietly without moving and suddenly sighed. "Isendilan, Osiris, and Davomos are all in the past now. Gretel, you're the Red Dragon Queen. You must compose yourself!"

The three dukes were her husbands in name but in reality, they were only candidates. This was related to extending the royal bloodline.

Red Dragon bloodlines were very powerful. Amongst them, the royal bloodline was even more flawless. Once mature, the dragon would reach Legendary strength.

However, the world was fair. A great amount of time was needed to possess a perfect bloodline and great strength.

Regular high-level dragons would start reproducing at year 1000. However, the royalty had to wait until year 2000 before they were mature and able to search for a mate to bear the next Red Dragon Queen.

Gretel was 1990 years old this year. There were still ten more years before her body reached the perfect state and the peak of her power.

According to dragon tradition, the three most talented male dragons would automatically become dukes before this. Ten years later, the one that the queen liked the most would become her lifelong companion.

This meant nothing now.

But she was a huge beast that had lived almost two millennia and was the leader of a race. She wouldn't become heartbroken and depressed like a regular woman.

After sighing, Gretel accepted everything and moved on.

The Red Dragons needed a strong, persevering, and wise queen, not a weakling who would get hurt by these setbacks.

She shook her head and buried all the pain in her heart. She gazed at the remains of the Balanced Scale.

The Sacred Gear was shaped like a finely-made scale. One side was dark while the other end was light. Usually, the two sides would cancel each other out and be

balanced. After Osiris messed with it, he sealed the light end, leaving only the dark end behind.

Gretel didn't realize it and she fell into the trap when she checked it.

The Sacred Gear's power was as immense as the sea. Even she couldn't fight against it and almost died.

Reaching out a claw, she pulled at the remains. Her confusion grew. How can such a powerful Legendary Sacred Gear become damaged? Who made these fine scratches? The elders can't do it and the younglings obviously can't either. How strange.

The regular dragons might think that they worked together to destroy the Balanced Scale but it wasn't so. If it was so easy to destroy, why would she be unable to escape from it?

Gretel thought long and hard to no avail but she had another solution. She raised a claw. A crystal red glow lit up at the tip and she pointed at the air lightly—Time Reverse.

Time Reverse

Level-15 Legendary Spell

Effect: Check all information from a period in the past. The stronger the user is, the wider the range and longer the duration.

(Note: an extraordinary time spell!)

The next moment, a projection appeared before the Red Dragon Queen's eyes like a thin veil being pulled aside slowly. Figures appeared from within. All their movements were reversed. Advancing became retreating, getting up became lying down, and releasing power became collecting power. Everything that had just happened was shown again.

The charging Red Dragon Warriors who helped her push back the Dark power at all costs warmed Gretel's heart. No matter what, she still had many loyal Warriors.

That wasn't the main focus though. She continued searching for the reason why the Sacred Gear was destroyed.

The elders? She looked at all of them. They were all pushing back the Dark power with all their might and nothing was amiss. The regular Warriors? Like the elders, they had no time to do anything else. Who was left? There were still three people: the magic puppet, the Yabba, and the human Magician.

I found it. I knew something's wrong!

Gretel's eyes focused on the human Magician. In the Time Reversal, his figure was a bit blurry but she could still see what he was doing.

At that time, Gretel had completed the spell and was viewing it for the second time. The figures' movements weren't reversed anymore.

At first, the human Magician retreated with the Yabba. While retreating, they dodged to avoid being trampled by the dragons. For a time, he suddenly did something strange. At closer inspection, it seemed that he picked something up.

Gretel couldn't see clearly but she could guess what he was doing. She didn't mind but looked down on him. What an opportunist.

She continued watching.

The human continued retreating until he was blocked by a black screen by the arch. Gretel obviously recognized the screen. It was the materialized power of the Balanced Scale.

The Balanced Scale existed in a strange way. It was combined with the space of the entire square and was omnipresent. Thus, one usually couldn't see its true body. In a way, the entire square was a huge scale.

Up to now, everything was normal.

Gretel saw that the Yabba was panicked while the human Magician appeared calm. He seemed to be thinking. This lasted for two seconds and then something changed.

In the Time Reversal recording, the human suddenly disappeared, replaced by an insubstantial black shadow.

This shadow approached the black screen and continued to touch it. Then Gretel saw cracks appear on the screen. After a few minutes, there was a crack. The Balanced

Scale completely broke and fell away from the space.

After another three seconds, the black shadow disappeared. The Yabba, human, and magic puppet were outside the arch, peeking in at the square.

Gretel knitted her brows. Who exactly is this human Magician? How does he have the power to break time? What did he do to the Sacred Gear?

Checking the remains of the Balanced Scale again, the overlapping cracks made her heart tremble.

Breaking the flow of time and carving the Balanced Scale out of space was such a powerful move. How wise must he be?

Felina said this human was a Spatial Magician but I didn't believe her. I can't believe that not only does he have spatial power, he can also manipulate time. At his young age, he's already a Level-8 Magician. The Mana density of Firuman is rising, but his accomplishments are still quite scary.

Gretel felt that she needed to talk to him personally.

The Dark Elves had summoned the Dark Serpent. This greatly damaged the balance of Firuman. If the humans had such wisdom, she really had to visit him.

At this time, Gretel had completely forgotten about her pain. As a queen, she didn't have time to be depressed. She must think of the Red Dragons' future.

On the other hand, Link and Elin had each been given a large room.

This room was like a human's church. It was 65 feet tall and 150 feet wide. Thankfully, the beds were designed for dragons in human shape and were regular sizes.

It was just strange to live in a room like this.

Link sighed and gathered his thoughts to repair Nana's body.

A Red Dragon duke at the pinnacle of Level-9 was truly powerful. Not only was Nana's body warped, there were also many cracks. Thankfully, Link had designed many backup plans. Otherwise, Nana would be paralyzed now.

During the repair, Nana was still lying there without moving. Her bright eyes stared unblinkingly at Link, making him even more careful.

The repair took quite some time but Link had patience. When he found somewhere that could be improved on, he would do it. When he found a material that wasn't right, he would find a better one.

"Master, Nana is becoming useless. I keep getting hurt," Nana suddenly said. Her voice was as chirpy as before.

Link smiled. "No, you're really useful. Otherwise, I'd be dead already."

Nana truly helped him greatly. She was a magic puppet but Link saw her as his most reliable comrade.

Hearing this, Nana smiled. Her smile was very realistic and not at all like a magic puppet. She was getting smarter.

When Link got busy, he would forget the time. As he worked, a voice suddenly came from the door. "May I come in?"

The voice was melodious with a tinge of natural arrogance. It was hard to describe. There was just a confidence as if the speaker controlled everything from above.

Link turned around and saw a woman dressed in an elegant dress.

She was beautiful with red lips, long and thin eyebrows, and unique features. She had a great figure and there were no flaws. It was hard to tell her age. She could be 18 but also 30. Basically, she had all the positive characteristics of a woman. Innocence, loveliness, maturity, sexiness... everything could be found on her.

Just glancing at her would make one feel that the entire world had lost color. All light was focused on this woman. At this time, one only wanted to kneel down before her and submissively kiss her feet... But this was only an urge. You didn't have to do that.

But in the game, at least tens of thousands of players actually did it. This woman was known as the most elegant queen of Firuman that you would want to worship at first glance. She was Gretel.

Chapter 313

Simply Too Wicked!

"Your Majesty, may I know what brings you here?" Link asked awkwardly.

Link had not fully repaired Nana, and she was laying on the table completely naked. Although Nana's body was not gender-differentiated, her smooth skin and delicate features were clearly more feminine. Link was already used to this sight. However, this was still slightly awkward in front of a stranger.

Link had still underestimated the Red Dragon Queen. She had already lived for thousands of years. What else had she not seen?

Gretel walked beside the table and observed Nana carefully. After a few minutes, she smiled and said, "It is an impressive magic puppet. Although the durability of her body is too low."

In fact, it was already strong for a magic puppet. To be able to withstand a blow from a Level-8 Dragon Warrior was already the maximum one could expect from mortal materials. Although Nana was injured in the battle with the Dragon Warrior, she was still able to defeat him, clearly showing her capabilities.

Although in the eyes of a Legendary individual like Gretel, Nana was definitely still too weak.

Link would naturally not argue against her words at that moment. That would bring him no benefit. He followed Gretel's train of thought and said, "This is indeed Nana's weakness. However, I have already done all I could."

Link realized that Nana was looking at him all this time. He then smiled back at her apologetically.

Following which, he saw Gretel took out a red glowing light ball around the size of a fist.

This ball of light was peculiar. After Gretel let go of it, it levitated in the air

motionlessly. One would almost think that it was a stationary red ball in the air. However, closer inspection would reveal that this ball was a congregation of many small red spots, where each red spot was composed by a cluster of runes. Each rune had a role to play individually and resonated with the other runes in a specific and strange manner. This unimpressive small red ball was actually insanely complicated.

Upon seeing such an object, Link subconsciously exclaimed, "The Origin Substance?"

The Origin was where all life began. Conversely, it could also turn into anything and breathe life to objects. From another perspective, the Origin could also be described as the Principle.

The Origin Substance was basically the power of principles in a solid form, made from high-level alchemic techniques. It gave a form to the power of principles, making it tangible. This form subsequently became known as the Origin Substance.

This was slightly similar to the Breakpoint dagger which had fixed a point of singularity. The only difference was that the principles governing the dagger came from a broader and more complex Sea of Void, while the Origin Substance was merely a form of the principles governing the World of Firuman. There was a difference in the quality of these two objects.

This time, Link could identify this substance, not because of his in-game memory, but because he had read about it in a book named Law of Alchemy.

That magic book was part of the treasured collection of Master Grenci. It described the Origin Substance in great detail. Neither the humans nor the Yabbas and the High Elves had possession of this object. The only masters who knew how to create this substance came from the dragon race.

Link could not help but harbor the intention to research into this treasure.

On the other hand, Gretel stared at Link's glimmering eyes and laughed. "This is indeed termed as the Origin Substance in the human race. However, the dragon race calls it by a different name. We call it the Essence of Life."

"Oh, the dragon race sure is particular." Link no longer thought of this person as the Red Dragon Queen, but his mentor.

Gretel had also recognized Link's wisdom and replied to him seriously in kind. She

pointed to Nana and explained, "Look at her. Is she really not strong enough?"

"Truth to be told, I think she is already pretty darn strong," Link said.

"Yes, for a mortal object, reaching around Level-8 in strength is probably the limit. But that is not true for living things. For us, even Level-9 is not the limit. We still have the revered Legendary status and after which, the Sacred Realm and finally, the ultimate Realm of Gods. Why is that so?"

This was something Link had never thought about. His eyes brightened up and continued along that line of thought, "This is because every part of their body is alive. Their bodies can be damaged, but at the same time, they can heal. They can heal even faster than they are damaged, which explains why they can exist indefinitely."

Gretel nodded her head in satisfaction. She had taken a liking to this human's mind. He was well-read and reacted fast to new knowledge. He also had a flair for understanding the most complicated of theories. From what she knew, he was merely 19 years old. It was unimaginable how a person could reach this level of wisdom in such a short time.

She applauded and said, "Yes, that is the case. Living things have almost absolute control over every part of their bodies. We will attempt to repair whatever is broken and even try to improve on it! I created the Essence of Life based on this very principle."

As she said those words, she waved to the floating ball of red light. This light ball immediately turned into a long thread of light, returning back to her hands.

Link's vision was brought along by this thread of light to Queen Gretel's hands. He stared at it for a few seconds before the impulse to bring this smooth and silky hand home to caress almost overwhelmed him.

What am I thinking about! Link forcibly retracted his gaze.

"This Essence of Life cannot increase the durability of your magic puppet immediately. However, it will bestow upon her the properties of life. Not only can her wounds heal, but she can also absorb energy. After absorbing enough energy, she might even be able to defend herself against the attack of a person who has reached the Sacred Realm.

Gretel played with the Essence of Life on her fingers flexibly. In her hands, that Origin

Substance simply looked like a dark red ribbon, encircling her ever so gracefully.

Link naturally knew what to do after hearing her words. He asked, "What do I have to do to get it?"

There is no such thing as free lunch in this world. If he wanted to obtain this Essence of Life, he had to give something in return. This was a principle Link held dear.

The moment he said those words, Gretel squinted her eyes as she teased, "You exposed Osiris' plot. That alone is a huge favor I have to repay. I was planning to give this to you. However, seeing that you have taken extra rewards without my permission, I cannot give you this for free anymore."

She then put the Essence of Life away.

Link reacted fast to those words. He understood exactly what Gretel meant by "extra rewards." She was referring to the two drops of tears he had taken from the Dragon Temple!

Even Link who had cultivated a thick skin could not withstand the embarrassment. His face turned red as he said awkwardly, "I simply felt that it would be a waste if I just left it on the ground. Many of them were crushed by the feet of other dragons. If you want it, I can always return it to you. Is that okay?"

Gretel was just about to poke fun at Link when she was reminded of Osiris. Her mood immediately sunk and lost all interest in making jokes. She sighed, "Forget it. Those were simply painful memories. Take what you want. You may also have this Origin Substance. However, it is the treasure of the dragon race. You cannot research into it."

She then placed her hands on Nana's heart, causing the Essence of Life to flow into her body as though it was alive.

Following which, Nana's body started showing minor changes.

Originally, although her skin was flawless and white, it did not possess the texture of real skin. If one were to inspect closely, one would realize that Nana was not so human after all. However, clear skin texture could be felt and even seen after the integration of the Essence of Life. That was not all. Her eyes were originally of a uniform color. However, her pupils seemed to be slightly darker than the surrounding parts now, giving her gaze a sort of warmth previously not present.

Nana's body also underwent other changes that made her more life-like. Her mouth was originally just a sound box. However, it had now turned into a real mouth with teeth and a tongue. Something even appeared in between her pristine white legs... Link averted his gaze after taking a glance at it.

"This is beyond my imagination," Link smiled awkwardly. He would not have to help Nana with the healing of her wounds from now on, nor could he request for her to undress as conveniently as he did.

Gretel, on the other hand, did not feel that anything was inappropriate. She smiled as she said, "Life is the greatest miracle in the world. Each of the body parts is perfect. The Essence of Life my race had created is borne from our respect for these miracles. They are not merely aesthetic, but also useful. It can help the magic puppet obtain energy from the outside world, replenishing whatever that is lacking within its own."

Link imagined the scene in his head. If Nana were to see a rare mineral, she could simply gobble it down to replenish the loss of any body parts... This would be convenient. It would also present Nana with infinite evolutionary possibilities. The transformation process would take some time.

The Red Dragon Queen then made use of this time to get to the main topic, "I came to discuss the Dark Serpent."

Link's face immediately turned serious as he said, "Please continue."

Red Dragon Gretel started taking care of Nana's transformation by hand as she said, "Our race had defended against the Dark Serpent for a total of three times in history. Although the Dark Serpent would change form every time it enters the World of Firuman, there is a being in this world that could accurately determine the principles governing the Dark Serpent and offer countermeasures to it. Apart from my race, no one knows about his existence."

This was something new to Link. In the game, the Dark Serpent was rejected from the World of Firuman after running out of energy. No one could stand up to it while it was present. Naturally, he would not know about the presence of such a being.

However, if this being was as strong as the Red Dragon Queen made him out to be, he would definitely be the bane of the Dark Serpent. Link was slightly agitated as he asked, "This being is...?"

"You might have heard about his alias in the human world," Gretel stuck out her finger and wrote a name in the air, "Elodim Fen Sendac."

Link was reminded of something when he saw that name. He exclaimed, "Isn't this the name of a renowned Spatial Magician 800 years ago? I even read a book that he wrote. It was called... um... Son of A Gun and Son of a Bitch..."

"Son of a Gun" was how he termed space, while "son of a bitch" was what he referred to as time... This Magician was truly a peculiar one, though his thoughts were brilliant and intricate. He had provided Link with much inspiration.

Gretel nodded helplessly and said, "That name sounds like something he would come up with. He is actually a God, though he lost all his powers after losing a bet to the God of Light. He was then exiled to the World of Firuman."

"Exiled after losing a bet?" Link felt that this was atrocious.

Gretel waved her hands and said, "Alright, that is not the main point. Most importantly, he had a good knowledge of the Divine Gear. If you can find him, and he is willing to help, the Dark Serpent will no longer be a threat."

Upon hearing these words, Link fell speechless and muttered, "He was exiled by the God of Light. He must be fuming mad! Why would he want to help us?"

Gretel then chuckled, "To each their own."

"How do I find him when Firuman is so huge?"

"Felina will accompany you. He had a contract with my race. Although 3000 years have passed, the contract is still valid. People of my race can still sense his existence and location."

Link could only nod as he said, "I understand. I will find him as fast as possible."

Following which, a message appeared in his field of vision.

Activate Mission: Exile

Content: Search for the god that was exiled to the World of Firuman

Reward: 200 Omni Points

What else could Link do? He accepted it begrudgingly.

Red Dragon Queen Gretel had finally completed the transformation as well. She retracted her hand from Nana's body.

Nana then sat up with her new body. Link was extremely satisfied with the transformation except for one part. There were two excess pieces of meat in front of her chest. This was an insult to Nana's speed! It was blasphemy!

This was simply too wicked!

"Your Majesty, this will affect her agility," Link whispered.

"Oh no. I have considered this. In fact, this will greatly reduce the impact of any external forces on Nana's body and will not negatively affect her durability at all. It will only affect her speed slightly. However, you have to admit that even if she was slightly slower, it would not affect her battle capabilities. She is already fast enough as it is."

Link could not rebut against that point. He dressed Nana in her armor before he said, "We will set off after Felina recovers."

"Three days would be enough. Take this time to rest. Elodim will not be easy to find."

Chapter 314

The Yabba Race Joins

"Ha, Nana grew bigger." The tiny Elin entered the Dragon Temple's huge room and immediately saw Nana who'd increased in size. Elin circled her and then giggled at Link.

"Uh, this wasn't my idea. It's the result of the queen's help." Link awkwardly put down the Talisman Magic book in his hands.

"No wonder. I was thinking that someone so obsessed with magic as you wouldn't do something so unnecessary." Elin nodded, showing that she understood. Then, she climbed onto a giant chair with some difficulty. Standing up, her head managed to peek out above the tabletop. "Link, I'm going back."

This time, she came to bid farewell.

Link smiled. "Tell Merlin I said hi. He helped us greatly last time."

"Uh, there's actually something I need your help with," Elin said with hesitation.

"Speak freely." Link really liked this little thing. All of her expressions were cute, and when she spoke, her big bright eyes would stare at him unblinkingly. She looked really serious, but it made Link want to pinch her adorable cheeks.

Elin was still hesitant. After half a minute, she finally made up her mind. "I heard from many of my people who returned from your territory that there are a lot of islands alongside Ferde? And some are really big?"

"Yes. One of the islands is called Sea Pearl. It's more than 12 miles in radius and only 30 miles from land. It technically belongs to me, but it's a barren island with nothing other than forests.

"Uh... oh..." Elin couldn't speak again. Her brows scrunched up, looking really embarrassed.

"We're friends and even defeated the scary Red Dragon duke together. What's there that you can't say?" Link encouraged.

"Alright." Elin got onto her tiptoes so she would look taller above the table. "You know, I'm actually a lord too. It's an inherited title, and there are more than 10,000 citizens of my territory... I feel that the North isn't safe and want to establish a new gathering in the South. Do you think..."

Actually, she wanted her entire race to migrate south, but that was unrealistic. She'd thought for a long time about taking her citizens south but before, but she didn't know where to go. After her experiences in the Dragon Valley, she thought that Link was reliable—not only his personality but more so his exceptional abilities.

Elin believed he absolutely had the ability to protect them.

"Of course I welcome you!" Link answered without even thinking.

The Yabba were an ancient race. They were the best engineers in the world and had unmatched attainments in Mana mechanics. They had great knowledge of magic as well. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that they were a more advanced species than humans.

If an advanced civilization was willing to live in his territory, on the surface, it seemed that Link had to give up the control of an island. At the same time, the entire human race, especially his territory, could absorb wisdom from the Yabba race. This was definitely a deal without losses.

Elin was so happy she jumped up. "Don't worry. My citizens are just temporarily residing on your island. During this time, we'll continue looking for a new island. If we can find a large one like the Isle of Dawn, we'll move there... For compensation, I'll open a college of engineering in your territory. My engineering team will also do everything to help you construct a new city."

Link nodded. He took out paper and started writing a letter. This was for the upper level of the territory, and the content was simple. After finishing, he added the lord's stamp and sealed it with wax and a spell. He handed it to Elin. "I still have matters to take care of, so I won't be back soon. For the specifics of the migration, take this letter to find the director Lucy and discuss with her."

At this time, Elin grew serious too. This pertained to the future of more than 10,000

citizens. She accepted the letter and then continued, "This counts as an alliance. As for the use of the Sea Pearl Island, should we discuss the specific authorities and responsibilities? For example, if we build a port, what happens to the money made? Or if we discover some type of mine on the island, how would the profit be distributed? This should all be made clear."

This really had to be made clear. With the Yabba's magic abilities, it was easy for them to construct a flourishing port. It would involve a great amount of interest in the future. If they didn't set a logical rule now, it would be a mess later.

Thinking it through, Link felt that he wasn't that familiar with the matters of his territory. He was a loose controller. At this time, he wasn't able to come up with a profit distribution solution that really suited the realistic situation with Elin.

They were friends, but this was a private relationship between him and Elin. This wasn't the friendship between his citizens and the Yabba race. If he brashly decided something that involved great interests like this, it was most likely a seed for future trouble.

Once there were disputes between different races, anything could happen. There could even be racial massacres. This type of thing happened on Earth all the time.

Thus, Link was cautious.

After thinking a bit, he wrote another authorization letter. "You know, I've always been studying magic, and I'm not that familiar with the specific matters. However, my territory already has a complete administration institution. I authorize them to deal with this in my place. You can discuss with them. When you have a plan, try to follow it, and we can revise it if there are any problems, alright?"

Elin shrugged and pouted. "You really have it easy as a lord. However, this actually reassures me. I'll go discuss with them, but you must ensure that they won't bully me."

Link smiled. "I'll return to the territory after I finish some things. I'll do my best to fix any problems that may exist."

"Alright, thanks. I'll go now."

With that, Elin took Link's two letters and skipped out of the room. Link watched her off. Though Elin looked cute, it was totally wrong to overlook her intelligence because

of her appearance.

After I return, I'll have to spend some time on this, Link thought.

Of course, these were all trivial matters about territory. Link quickly refocused and went back to the Talisman Magic book.

Now, he had an epic Magic Surge Talisman from a mission reward. It was a good thing, and he decided to embed it into his Burning Wrath of Heavens wand. Before doing so, he naturally had to deeply research the technique of embedding talismans.

This time, he read quietly for three hours before someone else walked in. It was the Red Dragon Queen Gretel.

"Why are you always reading in your room? Is my palace not attractive enough for you?" she asked with a laugh.

She had light steps, and Link had been focused on the book, so he didn't realize her arrival. When she spoke, he was shocked out of his reverie. Looking up at the newcomer, he quickly got up to bow. "I didn't notice Your Majesty. My apologies."

"No need to be so formal." Gretel walked over. Glancing at Link's book and the light purple talisman in his hands, she chuckled. "The talisman enchantments of the High Elves are very interesting. Your talisman is very powerful as well. How do you plan on using it?"

"I'll fuse it into my wand," Link answered honestly. There was no point in hiding it.

Gretel looked from the wand to the talisman and smiled. "Felina's wounds are mostly healed, and you'll depart tomorrow. Will you have the time?"

"There's no hurry. I haven't studied this book deeply enough yet," Link replied truthfully. The book was quite simple, but it was very thick. They were all knowledge related to application, so Link estimated that he'd need to focus for at least one month to fully grasp the technology within.

"Let me try," Gretel volunteered to help.

As she spoke, she waved lightly. The wand and talisman flew to her. Link didn't know how she did it, but she picked up the Magic Surge Talisman and knocked it against the

wand lightly. It fused perfectly into the wand, becoming a pale purple gemstone at the tip of the wand.

"Done." She returned the wand to Link. It had happened so quickly—not even three seconds—and Link gulped. The legendary dragon's techniques were truly unordinary.

Others couldn't learn these tricks. Dragons had a long lifespan and had great amounts of time to practice all sorts of spell-casting techniques. The other races didn't have this time, especially humans with their short lives.

Link studied the wand, and the information quickly appeared in his vision.

Burning Wrath of Heaven, Wand of the Flame Controller

Quality: Epic

Effect One: Increases power of spells by 200%

Effect Two: Spell caster instantly consumes 1500 Mana Points and activates the "Flood of Fire" effect. The next flame spell under Level-9 will be cast simultaneously with its power increased by 400%.

Effect Three: Magic Surge. This effect must be charged with 2000 Mana Points. After activation, the spell caster's casting speed increases by 100%, and all Mortal Realm spells' power increases by 200%. (Can be overlapped with the Flood of Fire effect.)

(Note: gifted by the Red Dragon Queen.)

The nature of this wand had increased greatly. The elemental gathering effect had been canceled, but it was replaced by the Magic Surge effect, which was much stronger. The scariest thing was that all the effects would raise the power of spells. If Link cast a flame spell and activated both effects simultaneously, his spell's power would rise by 800%.

This was terrifying power!

Of course, the Mana consumption was terrifying to match. Thankfully, Link's top limit for Mana was very high already. It was at 17100 points. This was comparable to the Level-9 dragon elders. If Link returned to the human world, his Mana would be impossible to calculate for the average human Magician.

"You have rich Mana. This wand suits you." Gretel was a bit shocked as well. Even she couldn't overlook Mana that could be compared to the dragon race.

One must know, the Red Dragon elders lived for a few millenniums while this young man was only around 20 years old. How powerful would he become in another 20 years?

Gretel found that she was in disbelief. This terrifying Mana talent is even stronger than Bryant from before. His personality is more open and brighter as well. He'll become very accomplished in the future. My race must form a good relationship with him.

This was the original motive for helping Link create the wand, but this wasn't enough. After Link finished studying the Talisman Magic book, he could do it himself. What she did was just icing on the cake.

I must make him feel gratitude towards me, Gretel thought.

Chapter 315

Not the Queen's Opponent

The best way to make someone grateful was to give them what they wanted. However, one must not be too generous else they would be taken as a fool.

Gretel had done an in-depth investigation into Link before she arrived. After thinking for a moment, an idea formed in her mind.

She said, "Link, I heard that you are doing research into Spatial Magic. If I am not mistaken, you are writing a thesis on the principle of space. Is that so?"

Link looked at Gretel with a perplexed expression. He did not understand her intentions, though this was not a thing he wanted to conceal. He then nodded and said, "Indeed."

"May I take a look at the draft?"

Link was elated upon hearing those words.

He remembered that Gretel was a Master Spatial Magician herself in game. In fact, the dragon race was known to be particularly talented at Spatial Magic. This was evident from the mist maze covering the Dragon Valley.

Her intention was to guide him along in his thesis!

"That would be my honor," Link said.

Following which, Link took out his thesis. This thesis was slightly thicker than the one he showed Milda. He had obviously made progress.

Link did not give up on the research of space. He would still delve into it in his free time. There were now 20 new pages to this thesis.

Gretel studied the thesis carefully. At the start, she read with ease, commenting on a few areas casually. Her analysis was specific and valuable, each of them providing Link

with new inspiration.

Her reading speed started decreasing after she reached the middle portion. It took her around two minutes per page. However, her analysis also became more in-depth and exquisite. Link could only understand some of them. He then took note of the points that he was confused on for future research.

There were a total of 150 pages in this thesis. At the last 20 pages, Gretel's reading speed slowed significantly. It would take her half an hour to read a page. After the second page of the final portion, she exclaimed, "To think that you have already reached this level. This is an extremely delicate portion of the thesis. I need some time to think before I can offer any suggestions. How about this, you get busy while I read your thesis. I will come back tomorrow with more advice."

"That would be great."

Gretel then walked away with his thesis. On the other hand, Link continued reading the Talisman Magic book. When he was struck by an epiphany, he would then turn to his thesis and continue developing it.

Gretel arrived early the next morning. She was accompanied by Felina. Felina was already completely healed. She would leave the Dragon Valley together with Link and Nana to search for the exiled God after the Red Dragon Queen discussed the relevant issues with Link.

Felina was a beautiful and attractive lady. She was undoubtedly eye-catching. However, when she stood beside the Red Dragon Queen, her brilliance immediately dulled in comparison.

Gretel was simply like a magnet, drawing all the attention to herself.

Naturally, this attraction was merely an instinct. Link's gaze only hovered around Gretel for a moment before he recollected himself. After greeting Gretel, he then looked at Felina with a concerned gaze and asked, "You still look pale. Do you want a few more days of rest?"

Felina then smiled gratefully and said, "There is no need to. The queen has offered to treat my wounds herself. I feel better than ever."

"That's great," Link muttered, though, in his mind, he had also decided to rest more

frequently along the way to ease Felina's burden.

Gretel merely smiled as she waited for their conversation to end. Following which, she handed the thesis back to Link and commended, "I have to say that your thoughts are extremely intricate and ground-breaking. Many of the theories you have put forward are original and exquisite nonetheless. I have tried my best to complement them. Hope they are of some help."

At that moment, all her contempt for this human had dissipated. She had already viewed Link as a being that was able to communicate with her on an equal footing.

Link took over the thesis and flipped through it briefly. He realized that the thesis had five full pages added to it. He then glanced through the added content and was shocked to find that he could only understand a portion of what was written. This piqued his curiosity and propelled him to read it carefully on the spot. As he read, his eyes widened and glimmered with excitement. Eventually, he could not help but slam the table in euphoria.

Link then realized that he had lost his cool. He then said, "I'm sorry. your Majesty, these magic equations are simply too exquisite. They shine as brightly as the stars on the horizon!"

Gretel then smiled and seemed to glow even more radiantly.

She felt nothing when people complimented her looks. She had long grown numb to these superficial compliments after living for 2000 years. If someone were to stare at her face permanently, she would be disgusted and annoyed. However, she felt accomplished and valued when Link commended her intellect and wisdom.

Furthermore, this human knew his boundaries as well. He merely stared at her for a moment before averting his gaze. He had also treated Felina with the utmost respect.

Gretel then replied, "I am honored that you appreciate them."

Felina was startled at this scene. She looked between Link and Gretel with a curious gaze. She wondered what Link did to make the queen so happy.

The death and betrayal of the three dukes and the destruction of the Balanced Scale should have made her extremely depressed. However, Gretel was acting as if none of that ever happened.

On the other hand, Link knew that they were about to leave and this was his last few chances at getting valuable advice from Gretel. He then took advantage of the opportunity to consult this Master Spatial Magician.

As Gretel was in an exceptionally good mood, she answered him patiently.

There were some areas that were more controversial, and Link would question Gretel's conclusion. He would do this based purely on logic and precise analysis. As usual, his thoughts are extremely sharp and impactful, resulting in acute questions. Gretel had to ponder for a long time before she could answer him.

Most of the time, Link was the one who was wrong. However, there were two areas where Gretel was indeed mistaken.

"How could I be wrong?" Gretel was shocked. She had studied magic for 2000 years and had developed a strong logical mind. To think that this treasured set of wisdom she had trained over the years had made a mistake! Furthermore, she was corrected by a mere mortal! She had really met her match.

The two of them quickly became immersed in their discussion and lost track of time. At times, they would fall silent thinking about the magic equations. When the discussion gets heated, they would then shout at the top of their lungs to prove their point. Felina stared at the peculiar scene in confusion.

One day passed quickly. This was the day Link was supposed to set off.

Gretel only recollected herself at midnight. However, she was still craving for more intellectual discourse. After some thought, she said, "Felina, why not you rest for a few more days?"

"My Queen... alright then," Felina was about to say they were running out of time when she saw Gretel's glimmering eyes. It was rare that Gretel could find something she was interested in to take her mind off the depressing thoughts. Felina could not bear to rob her of this happiness and nodded begrudgingly.

Following which, Gretel then cast her glance back onto Link and said, "Although your hypothesis on this Folded Spatial Extension theory is intricate, it is definitely flawed. I still cannot point out where exactly the problem lies, but it is definitely wrong. Let's rest for the night. I will definitely prove it to you tomorrow morning!"

Link was a madman when it came to magic. Having immersed himself too deep into the discussion, he had long forgotten that Gretel was the revered Queen of the Red Dragons and rebutted, "I don't think there is a problem! I will prove it to you as well!"

"Hmph, there is no point in being stubborn. We'll see!" Gretel shot him a glance before she left.

Link then took advantage of the time to rest. The Red Dragon Queen was a Legendary individual and required little to no rest. However, he was still a mortal and was already feeling the fatigue from a full day of mind-boggling discussion. He still pressed on as chances to discuss magic with such powerful figures would not come often.

The next morning, Gretel came knocking on his door extremely early. She shouted, "Link, wake up. My instincts were right! Your equation was wrong!"

Knock! The knocking sound echoed through the room, rudely waking Link up from his sleep.

"Nana, please open the door."

After giving a long yawn, Link sat up with his eyes still half-closed. He then looked at his watch and realized that it was only four o'clock in the morning. He had only slept for four hours.

He then placed his hands on his head as he sat motionless on his bed. He could feel a throbbing sensation in his head and also the fatigue from yesterday's discussion.

Gretel then arrived in front of him excitedly. She then said, "Link, Link... alright, a mortal's body is still too fragile."

Link's appearance had doused all her passion and excitement. She did not rest even after she left Link's room nor did she need any. She worked through the night and finally found a flaw in the equation. She could not hold in her excitement and rushed down to inform Link immediately. It had never crossed her mind that Link would be resting. This was a downer.

Even if she had won this intellectual discourse, she did not feel accomplished.

It would only be fulfilling if both of them were performing at their best, their minds whirling at high speed, sparking intelligent arguments and discussions. Only those

engaging discourse would take her mind off the depressing things that happened recently.

However, there was no one in the dragon race who could offer her such fulfillment. Most dragons were talented Warriors with strong battle capabilities. Alas, they were not well-versed in the complicated theories of Spatial Magic. Dabbling in Spatial Magic theories would be suicidal to them.

It was such a waste that a rare prodigy like Link had such a weak physical body.

At that moment, Gretel had completely forgotten about her original intention of getting on Link's good side. She only wished to immerse herself in the research of Spatial Magic so as to distance herself from the pain in her heart.

"I can find someone else... probably not, a Spatial Magician is not easy to find! Furthermore, a prodigy like Link is not such easily obtainable. He is probably the only person in the World of Firuman with such intellect."

After a moment of thought, an idea sprung into Gretel's mind. She then blurted out, "Link, why don't you undergo the dragonification process?"

Chapter 316

Pretty Much Deduced to the Max

Dragon Temple.

Inside the room, Link wasn't fully awake yet. Hearing the Red Dragon Queen's words, he couldn't quite process it yet. "What? Dragonification?"

He'd seen the word "dragonification" earlier. Oh, right. There was a book called The Pros and Cons of Dragonification Spells on Dragon Magician Olisa's dresser in Duke Osiris' castle.

This word had appeared in the previous game too.

In actuality, these dragonified creatures were another hidden race. The player must complete a series of difficult epic dragon missions, be revered by the dragons, and complete the dragonification spells to advance from being a newbie player.

After dragonification, the player's physique would strengthen in all aspects, especially vitality. They would practically become as hard to kill as a cockroach and were the best choice for Warriors. In the previous game, almost every main tank of a guild was a dragonified Warrior.

They were also excellent in terms of magic. Each one had a talent called Dragon Sense. It allowed them to quickly recover 30% of their Mana, and it could be used once per day. It was a fatal weapon in battle!

However, everything in the world had its pros and cons. It was the law.

The vitality of dragonified players was too strong. A side effect was becoming impulsive and greedy. In the game, they would have an extra desire bar. If the player couldn't complete a special mission in time to lower the desire count and it overfilled, the player's body would become uncontrollable. They would do all sorts of weird things. Dropping in experience or exploding equipment were everyday things.

In the previous game, the missions to lower the desire bar weren't hard, but they were

frequent. They had to be completed daily. The bar would overflow if the player missed one day. It was very annoying.

Naturally, many dragonified players would experience that, and it lead to tragedy.

Some nosy people had calculated the 1000 ways to die as a dragonified Warrior. These included challenging the general of the allied army and being stabbed in the head; charging into a demon's fortress alone and getting blown up by countless demons; flirting with the Red Dragon Queen, resulting in getting burnt to dust; having sex with their horse in the wilderness, getting filmed, and having that video go viral... There were countless ways, and they were all abnormally unlucky.

If it was like this in a game, it would be even worse in real life.

Link didn't want to experience these cons. He was much more clear-headed now and shook his head furiously. "No, no, no. Magicians must have a calm and logical mind. Dragonification spells aren't suitable for me."

"Dragonification spells?" Gretel was taken aback and took a while to react. "I think you misunderstood. I was speaking of advanced dragonification technology, not regular dragonification spells."

"Is there a difference?" Link was interested.

"The explanation starts with the dragon bloodline. Our body contains the ancient and powerful dragon magic. This is very special and continuously grows with the dragon. It never stops modifying, and the dragon never stops strengthening. The completeness of the dragon bloodline magic determines the ultimate success of the dragon."

Here, the Red Dragon Queen took out a vial of a crystal red potion. There was a light spiral submerged inside. It actually looked similar to the double strands of DNA from Earth.

"True dragon bloodline magic is combined with the soul. It grows very slowly; that's one of the reasons why we have longevity. Regular dragonification spells just puts crude dragon magic into the person's blood. This affects the user greatly and torments them for life. The potion I have here is called the Red Dragon Password. Drink it, and a mortal can become a dragon—a true dragon."

"I can transform into dragon form?" Link was doubtful.

"It's possible, but it depends on the completeness of the fusion. It won't be effective immediately either. Like a true dragon, it requires a long period of time."

If it was true, it would be great, but Link still felt strange. "Your Majesty, why did you suddenly choose me?"

Gretel blanched at the question. Yes, the Red Dragon Password was so rare and precious. Why would she give it to a human she'd just met? She thought for a while and realized she hadn't seriously considered this idea. It was the result of an impulsive moment.

However, she couldn't take the potion back now. It was awkward.

Link could tell too. Chuckling, he said, "Your Majesty, it seems that you hadn't fully thought about this. We can talk about it in the future... Come, let me see the results of your deduction. I'd like to see where I went wrong."

The potion was a good thing—really, really good. In fact, it was like a godly object. Link also knew that receiving it for no reason would be troublesome in the future. If he became a dragon, he would also be subordinate to the queen. If she commanded him to do something in the future, would he be forced to do it?

Gretel felt even more awkward. She even felt her cheeks burn. As a leader, she'd been too brash... This wasn't the level she should be at. Chuckling wryly, she took the potion back.

Looking at Link, he seemed totally unaffected. He was already immersed in her deduction and didn't notice her actions. She let out a sigh of relief.

This was still annoying though. I really embarrassed myself today. Ah, how can I show my royal power before this human in the future? This is horrible!

On the other hand, Link was already focused. The queen's suggestion was only a small interruption in his mind. It didn't even cause a ripple. Now, all that remained in his eyes were the spatial laws.

After reading for half an hour, Link suddenly hit the table and laughed. "Your Majesty, I think I won this round!"

"Huh? What do you mean?" Gretel was stunned.

"Look at your Mana transformation here. It's very clean and peculiar, but you overlooked the sudden changes of spatial curvature in extreme situations... Look, this is correct."

Link took out a pen and started scribbling on the scroll. His writing was crude, but it was okay. The queen could understand and followed his train of thought. At first, she was still feeling awkward, but she quickly forgot about it, refocusing on Link's deduction process instead.

She read the whole thing while Link continued writing. After filling one scroll, he switched to a fresh one. This went on for more than one hour before Link finally stopped. He breathed deeply and smiled victoriously. "See, the final result shows that my idea is right while yours is flawed."

Gretel was in disbelief. She took the scroll and checked multiple times. Finally, she muttered, "Fine. You win this time."

Link was full of pride. He didn't win against some nameless person this time. He'd won against the ruler of the Red Dragons, and this boosted his ego to the max. He laughed loudly. "Don't feel down, Your Majesty. You still have the chance to beat me."

"Look how proud you are! If you were a dog, your tail would be wagging like crazy." Gretel wasn't willing to admit defeat, but she'd truly lost. She was ready to make a comeback. "Come, let's continue."

Link refocused. He pushed away all extra emotions and grew serious.

The two started discussing the spatial problems again and quickly forgot about time. They didn't even waste time eating and just used a spell for it. Link was now in the Elemental Rejection state and couldn't use Elemental Healing, so Gretel had to help him.

Her spell was very powerful. Link didn't know what specific spell she'd used, but whenever she used it, he would instantly become spirited and stronger physically as well.

A week passed in the blink of an eye. Link's spatial thesis was unrecognizable from before and had improved greatly. At this point, even the Red Dragon Queen felt unable to help anymore. Many of the theories had become crazily obscure.

Link felt the same. He knew that it had reached some kind of extreme.

"Your Majesty, I think it's pretty much done."

"Indeed." Gretel understood what Link meant without him saying it. They'd deduced this thesis together for one week and knew each other well now. Many times, they could guess what the other was thinking with just a look.

"It's time for you to leave."

All things had to end. Gretel found that she was a bit unwilling for this to end. Shaking her head slightly to get rid of the emotions, she eyed Link and sighed inwardly. He's just a mortal, in the end, with a limited life. I don't know if there'll be another chance to see him after this.

One hundred years was a lifetime to humans but just a snap of the finger for dragons.

Link didn't know what Gretel was thinking. He was still immersed in the new conclusion, thinking about how he could apply these results to his spells. He believed that before long, there would be a huge breakthrough in his spatial magic.

As for his life, he was only 20 years old now. He still had a long time.

Without him realizing, Gretel left. After a while, Felina walked over. She'd completely healed now, and her abilities seemed to have improved as well.

"Link, shall we go now?"

"Ah? Okay." Link finally snapped back into reality. He organized his luggage and followed Felina out of his room.

At the inner square of the temple, Felina transformed into her dragon shape. Link and Nana climbed onto her back. She flapped her wings, and with a low whistle, soared into the air.

Inside the temple, Gretel watched as Link left. She waited until he disappeared into the fog barrier of the Dragon Valley before looking away.

Sighing, she glanced back at the scroll of spatial laws. About half of the words were written by her while more than half were written by the human who'd just left. His

thoughts were filled with spirit. Near the end, it was mostly him who guided the direction of the deduction.

She put the scroll away carefully, sealing it away with the weeklong memories. Her sadness had mostly faded through this week of willfulness.

With a long sigh, Gretel recovered the majesty of the Red Dragon Queen.

...

Ten thousand feet in the air.

"Felina, where are we going?" Link asked.

"My induction tells me that the exiled god Elodim is in the Golden Plains up ahead. He's not far from us, only around 300 miles," Felina said with a laugh.

It was much easier for her to take Link and Nana this time. Fighting with the Red Dragon duke had helped her break into Level-8. With her speed now, 300 miles was only around half an hour. Link waited patiently.

The Golden Plains was very open. The grassland reached as far as one could see while the sky was all blue. The color was pure, and the view was vast.

Link had worked for more than one week and was exhausted. Now, he looked around, enjoying the view. Suddenly, he made a curious sound and pointed into the distance. "Felina, that's the Beastmen city, right? I think it's on fire?"

Chapter 317

The Red Dragon That Revives

Golden Plains.

Felina was originally focused on searching for Elodim and neglected her surroundings. Upon Link's words, she immediately turned her attention towards the town of the Beastman.

The dragon race had much better vision than humans. Felina's eyes widened in shock as she stared at the scene.

"What happened?" Link asked.

Felina then started circling the air as she said in an incredulous tone, "I saw Todelron! He saw me too!"

Todelron?

Link seemed to have remembered something from the distant past. Wasn't Todelron the Red Dragon Warrior that died in the High Elves Tomb? How could he have revived himself?

Everyone present clearly caught the fragrance of barbecued meat when he was getting electrified. If he could still live after those merciless attacks, his vitality would be insane.

"Are you sure he is alive and not an Undead Warrior?" Link had not seen such tactics before, even in the game. There had been many instances where souls would possess another body to revive themselves, but never one where a full and complete revival was done.

Felina said in an affirming tone, "He is not an undead. He is alive! As alive as how we saw him last time. If not for the fact that I recognized him, I would have thought that I had the wrong person!"

From afar, Link could only see that the town was going up in flames. However, he could not see the details of the incident. He then cast an Eagle Eye's spell on himself.

With the help of the spell, he could see that the town was already immersed in a sea of fire. The architecture within the town was built from the bones of beasts and covered in beast hide. It looked similar to a Mongolian yurt. They seemed to be splashed with oil to help with the combustion, causing the fire to burn fiercely.

Outside of the small town, over two thousand ordinary Beastman were surrounded by Todelron and his over 300 berserk Beastman underlings.

In fact, these Beastmen looked extremely similar to humans. They only had a slightly darker skin tone and had a larger physique, though they were still largely human-shaped. The only stark difference was the four sharp beast fangs that they possessed.

Link could see that amongst the Beastman surrounded, more than half of them were elderly and children. There were even a few unlucky humans.

The humans seemed to be protected by the Beastman. They were in the very center of the circle. There were five of them, four of which were mercenaries while the last one was probably a merchant. They huddled amongst the crowd with a pale expression on their faces.

At that moment, Todelron was commanding the berserk Beastman to pull the strong and healthy Beastman out from the crowd, separating them from the children and elderly.

None of them knew what awaited them. They kept silent and merely stared at the huge dragon in fear.

A young child was just about to wail loudly when her mother clasped her mouth swiftly. A young boy was huddling in his grandmother's embrace, only revealing his pair of small and innocent dark eyes. He was still too young to know fear. He was merely curious about what was happening.

"Todelron is choosing his Warriors. The children and women are of no use to him. He has also burned down the entire town... I'm afraid he will kill off all the people he deems useless."

If he was not going to exterminate them, there was no reason to burn off all that they

had. He was obviously not planning to leave anyone alive.

These Beastmen showed no resistance at all. The reason was simple. They were too weak.

The Beastman were, on average, only around Level-2 in strength. The strongest one was Level-5 in strength, though the berserk Beastman surrounding them were mostly Level-5 in strength as well. The strongest berserk Beastman was Level-7. Todelron seemed to have achieved a breakthrough as well, reaching Level-8.

Link frowned as he observed this scene. He could feel the mana concentration of Firuman increasing, resulting in the birth of more powerful individuals.

Although Felina did not wish to believe that someone of her race would be so ruthless, the situation was dire. She whispered, "What do we do now? Should we try to save them?"

Link nodded as he said, "Since we have already met them, we have to interfere! Although we cannot simply barge in... let's leave them first."

"Leave?" Felina was unable to keep up with Link's thoughts, though she obeyed Link's command immediately and started flying in the opposite direction.

On the side of the small town. Todelron had also discovered Link and company; he even recognized that red dragon. He seemed to have spotted a tiny figure on top of it, though he could not make out the exact features.

He had been keeping tabs on them ever since they appeared. Now that they had gone in the opposite direction, he felt slightly relieved.

"Accelerate!" He bellowed. He walked on the outer perimeter of the encircled Beastman as the loud rumble of his footsteps echoed through the area.

The actions of the Beastman suddenly became extremely ruthless. One young Beastman was unwilling to leave his family, grabbing the hands of his pregnant wife and parents as he wept.

"Scram!" A ferocious berserk Beastman shouted as he kicked the wife with full force. This blow landed on the abdomen, which caused her to curl up in pain as she lay helplessly on the ground with her hands around her unborn child.

"No! I will not let you get away with that!" The young Beastmen growled in rage as he charged towards the berserk Beastman.

The berserk Beastman then unsheathed his sword and plunged it into the young Beastman's chest without hesitation. Three seconds later, he then pulled out the sword as he chuckled, "Those who rebel, will die!"

This sent shivers down the spine of the Beastman present.

In the center of the Beastman, Masos looked around with a pale expression. He was a merchant who had traveled far and wide. This situation was not exactly the most optimistic one.

"They will probably start killing people afterward. You guys should run if you can, don't bother about me," he told the few mercenaries beside him. Along the way, they had done well fending against the ordinary bandits. However, they were definitely no match for a dragon. It seemed like the God of Light was summoning him back to the heavens.

The four mercenaries smiled bitterly at one another. If they could escape, they would have already done so.

"I am seriously unlucky. The Dark Elves are in the North, and I thought the Golden Plains would be a safe place. To think I would meet a goddamn dragon!" A mercenary swore to relieve the fear in his heart.

The female mercenary then said, "We might not be dead. There are so many of them. We can simply fake our deaths later on. We are not important to those berserk Beastmen."

"Faking death? Alright then, let's see which of us has better luck."

On the other side.

After flying for around a mile, Link looked behind him and realized that Todelron was no longer concerned with them. He then cast a Traceless spell, causing the three of them to disappear in mid-air.

"Alright, we will descend and go back in. We must be quick," Link said. They could, of course, fly back in, but Link believed that Todelron would definitely use those

Beastmen as hostages. They would then be harming them instead of saving their lives.

"I understand." Felina then flew towards the ground and landed after ten seconds.

"Nana, you will sneak up on them and delay their actions while attracting their attention," Link commanded.

They were still around six miles away from their opponents. If they were to travel at their current speed, it would be too late by the time they reached the scene.

"I know, relax," Nana's voice is crisp and even warm. She sounded no different from a normal human. Following which, she bolted off and disappeared.

"Let's go. When we reach there, you will fight while I will protect the Beastman," Link said.

"I understand," Felina took a deep breath as she said.

Nana's speed was not compromised by her bodily changes. Link estimated that her top speed should be at 2300 feet per second, only a bit slower than her previous 2400 feet per second.

At such speed, she would only take ten seconds to cover a distance of six miles.

...

Outside the small town.

Todelron and the berserk Beastmen seemed to have not felt the incoming threat. Just when they were getting bust, a berserk Beastman suddenly pointed to a plain some distance away and said, "Hey, why is the sandstorm so intense today?"

His compatriots then looked in that direction. Sure enough, on the distant plain, a huge sandstorm was approaching them at an unimaginable speed. It was terrifying to watch.

The only person who knew what was going on was Todelron. He was the only one who saw the blurry figure charging in front of the sandstorm.

"Who could be this fast?" He was confused for a moment. He then gave up on his bulky

dragon form and turned back into his agiler human form.

Three seconds later, he became a Red Dragon Warrior as he unsheathed his Dragonfang Sword.

"Caution; defend!"

He shouted. Although this person looked intimidating, they were alone. He believed that with the help of the berserk Beastman, it would be an easy victory.

The sandstorm quickly closed in and came to a distance of 300 feet away from them swiftly before coming to an abrupt stop. A beautiful young girl with a ponytail clad in brown leather armor appeared in front of their eyes.

Hm? A young girl? Todelron was even more confused. Although Nana appeared in the High Elves Tomb, he was on the verge of death at that time. He even suffered the damage of a Level-9 spell which caused him to lose consciousness. It was natural for him to not have any recollection of Nana.

Nana walked forward as she smiled, saying, "Todelron, I don't have any other motives today. I have heard about your perfect swordsmanship and was just thinking if you would like to battle?"

Although there were people on the streets who would indeed issue a challenge so flippantly, Todelron was clear that he did not have much of a reputation. His swordsmanship was definitely strong, but he had stayed in the Dragon Valley his entire life. Why would anyone outside of Dragon Valley hear about his name?

She was definitely up to something.

"Scram. I am not free," Todelron was still clinging on to the last ray of hope as he did not wish to be engaged in a battle. He merely wished to settle his mission swiftly and smoothly.

The duke was already unhappy with him for the failure of his previous mission. He had to make sure this one was executed perfectly.

"That will not do. I have to challenge you today. Are you afraid?" Nana's voice was just like a small little girl. If not for her flashy debut, one would have thought that she was simply a girl-next-door who was out for grocery shopping.

Todelron was immediately reminded of something as a terrible premonition struck him. He recognized that red dragon who was flying towards him just now. She was Felina! Judging from her character, she would never be able to ignore this violent and immoral scene.

Todelron was horrified at the thought and immediately bellowed, "Defend! It is a sneak attack!"

But he was too late!

Chapter 318

Is He Crazy?

As soon as Todelron finished, a dark red figure appeared behind him. The figure rushed into the crowd of Wild Beastmen and started killing!

Wild Beastmen were powerful compared to regular Beastmen, but their opponent was a Level-8 Red Dragon Warrior covered entirely in sturdy, dark red armor and possessing an immense amount of dragon power. She was a war machine comparable to high-level demons!

The Wild Beastmen was numerous. Surrounded by them, some attacks landed on Felina. However, they were too weak and unable to break past her armor. The Wild Beastmen wanted to surround them, but she was alert and quick. It was difficult to keep up.

Even if they managed to catch up, she would release a powerful Battle Aura Cut just as they were about to be surrounded, foiling the Wild Beastmen's plan.

Indeed, the Wild Beastmen were very brave and never retreated. They roared, charging towards Felina. However, all who charged would die. They died in waves, and the sight was shocking.

Three hundred Wild Beastmen weren't enough to tire Felina out. Maybe thousands could.

Todelron recognized her at once. "Felina!" he roared. "You again!"

He couldn't recognize Nana last time at the High Elf Tomb, but he'd sensed Felina's presence. It was her who ruined everything last time. Now, she was here again, and Todelron was furious. Grasping the Dragonfang sword, he charged at Felina.

"Don't go. I'm your opponent!" Nana's voice rang out. Then there was an explosive sound in the air.

Todelron instantly felt the murderous intent behind him. The back of his heart

thumped furiously. Not daring to be careless, he immediately blocked with his sword.

Clang. The explosive sound was almost tangible. A white shockwave spread in all directions. In a close call, Todelron's Dragonfang blocked Nana's blade.

When this shockwave appeared, merchant Masos in the crowd speedily covered his ears and shrank behind the mercenary beside him. "Be careful!" he said.

Both sides of the battle were rarely seen as powerful forces. Their strengths were impossible to calculate. Even the aftershocks of their battle were unbearable for the average man. They could go deaf if swept by it.

Just as the shockwave was about to flatten the regular Beastmen, a semi-circular Spatial Lens appeared in the sky. Almost 300 feet wide and 150 feet tall, the lens was huge. Like a giant shield, it enveloped all the gathered regular Beastmen.

The next moment, the shockwave arrived, crashing against the Spatial Lens. There was a muffled thud, and then it disappeared. Shockwaves continued coming, but the situation was the same.

The mercenaries beside Masos had covered their ears on instinct. Seeing this, their hands dropped down. Masos was the same. He was very knowledgeable about things and immediately let out a breath of relief seeing this shield. "Seems like we're saved."

"Is this a spell? I've never seen a large magic shield before," a mercenary said.

"I think my prayers have been realized. The Light Lord is here to save us."

"Huh, look at that little girl. Same age as my daughter but she's this powerful. Hmph, incredible."

The mercenaries weren't stupid. If these Warriors didn't care about them at all, it meant that this was a dog-eat-dog matter. Even if this newcomer won against the evil Red Dragon, they still might not survive.

However, the Magician had helped them block the aftershock. This meant that they were here to save them.

...

The battle on the other side.

Not only did the Spatial Lens block the aftershock, but it also separated the Wild Beastmen from the regular Beastmen.

Outside the lens, Felina snaked in and out of the Wild Beastmen. Within moments, she killed hundreds of them. However, she also paid for it. Some parts of her armor were shattered, and she'd used up a lot of her dragon power. She would be injured by the end of the battle, but this wasn't much. She was used to it.

Todelron was caught up by Nana who was on him like a leech. He was definitely a good fighter, but this little girl's swordsmanship was frighteningly advanced. She was also so fast he couldn't see her movements clearly. They'd already made hundreds of moves against each other, but Todelron couldn't get a bit of an upper hand. Instead, he was at a disadvantage!

From the corner of his vision, he saw that his subordinates were reducing quickly. There was also a powerful Magician observing from the background while he was forced to defend himself against this eerie girl. Todelron prepared himself to go all out!

This mission was probably going to fail. He must die in battle or else he wouldn't be able to report to the duke!

With a roar, he hurled a Battle Aura Arc at Nana, forcing her back temporarily. With another growl, he decisively transformed into a dragon. His dragon shape was around 50 feet tall. After transforming, he spat out dragon breath at Nana.

The dragon's cry swept past everything and traveled into the distance.

Amidst this roar, dark red flames burst from his mouth. They shot towards Nana like a jet stream from a high-pressure water gun.

Nana hadn't experienced this type of attack before. She didn't dare use her body to test the strength of it. She applied force and made short bursts in a small proximity. Nana flashed within the dragon breath, dodging each attack at the most critical point while maintaining the distance to attack. Once Todelron exhausted his resources, she would rush up immediately for a counterattack.

"Damn little bug!" Todelron didn't think this little thing would be so troublesome. His mouth was getting dried up from all the spitting, but he couldn't even force the enemy

back.

He roared again, even more determined to die. He didn't fear dying because the duke could resurrect him, so his movements became very violent. Turning, he swept Nana away with his tail, slightly disrupting her pursuit, and charged towards Felina.

Today, he must drag at least one person into death with him. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to report to the duke. The little thing was too fast for him to catch but he was confident in killing Felina quickly!

This fellow dragon was a genius of the younger generation, but she was no match for him. Felina wasn't as strong as him, and if he used all his might, he could definitely get her!

Boom, boom, boom! The earth shook from Todelron's speed.

Seeing this, Felina let out a long breath. A ring of the Dragon Aura Cut came slicing down, getting rid of all the Wild Beastmen around her. Then, she shrieked, and dragon power surged in her. Her body swelled up and instantly, a Red Dragon of similar size to Todelron appeared.

She went to meet him halfway without hesitation.

Three seconds later, there was an earth-shattering boom. The two beasts collided and the soil underfoot curled up. Some Wild Beastmen tried to attack Felina but were thrown into the air from the shockwave.

Felina fell to a disadvantage after this collision, and she lost balance. She wasn't Todelron's match in terms of strength.

Roaring, Todelron took the chance to breathe out dragon breath. In a hurry, Felina just lowered her head and released her own dragon breath. Two beams of dark red fire crashed in the air. Fiery streaks flew to the side, keeping the Wild Beastmen away in fear!

Ordinary Warriors could only watch the Level-8 battle. They would die if they got too close.

Todelron still had the upper hand. He continued to attack without caring about the wounds brought on by the dragon breath.

Is he crazy? Felina was utterly shocked. She didn't understand why her opponent would be so aggressive.

Within five seconds, Todelron and Felina made five attacks. With each one, Todelron received a sizeable gain. Felina had started to stumble. She'd also been clawed by Todelron and had a bloody wound. After another attack, he'd be able to go for the kill!

But just as this thought appeared, Nana suddenly started laughing behind Todelron. "Big guy, I know all your moves now!"

"What?" Surprised, Todelron looked back.

Nana had already jumped up. Thirty feet in the air, the force fields on her feet erupted, and there was a bang in the air. She disappeared from the line of sight and reappeared 100 feet away half a second later.

Todelron immediately slapped with his tail with all his might. It was so powerful that there were cracks and pops, but he missed.

With a boom, Nana disappeared again at the last moment. When she re-appeared, she was already on Todelron's back. Here, she paused for a second. Todelron's tail followed over immediately, but she giggled. With a bang, she dodged it easily.

Nana reappeared at Felina's side. Behind her, Todelron suddenly froze. Half a second later, there was a deep gash on his neck, practically breaking it.

"Such a fast sword!" Todelron said before he toppled to the ground with a rumble and died.

Nana breathed in deeply and then let out a long exhale. She could have done that burst of movement before, but it damaged her body greatly. If she didn't kill the opponent, she would have to defend passively, so she didn't dare use it too often.

Now, she was still damaged. Nana felt that her limbs were less agile, but the numbness was decreasing rapidly. After around two seconds, the unnatural feeling disappeared completely.

This was the recovery effect of the Essence of Life.

Now that even Todelron was dead, the remaining 150 or so Wild Beastmen exchanged

glances awkwardly. Then someone yelled, "Retreat!"

They'd lost the will to fight, so they turned and started fleeing.

"Want to run?" Felina rushed over and let out many blows of dragon breath. Seeing that she was still attacking, Nana also followed over to kill more.

They had terrifying combat ability, and Nana's speed was unbeatable. Her rate of killing was two times that of Felina's!

In the end, all the Wild Beastmen met their demise. When the last one died, the Spatial Lens around the regular Beastmen disappeared as well. They were all terrified. Too scared to make a sound, they looked reverently at the Red Dragon and the girl beside her.

Felina walked over slowly and tried to lower her voice as she said, "Alright, you're safe."

As she spoke, a red light flashed over her body, and she quickly turned back into a human. She was much less imposing now. The crowd rustled, and after a while, an aged Beastman with white hair walked out followed by some strong Beastmen. Some humans were in the distance.

The old Beastman walked shakily to Felina and Nana. Without speaking, he knelt down, prostrating himself. The Beastmen behind him did so as well, and the other Beastmen on the grassland all followed suit. The few humans bowed as well.

"Thank you two for saving Uda Town. Thank you for saving our lives. Mighty dragon, beautiful maiden, may I know your names?"

Felina had never seen something like this before and panicked. "Stand up, don't kneel," she said hurriedly. "The bad guy is someone from my own race. I should be apologizing."

As she spoke, she looked around for Link. This was too big of an occasion, and she couldn't handle it.

Link didn't appear, but his voice traveled over. "Their home is destroyed. Ask them where they'll go now."

Knowing that Link was nearby, Felina was relieved. "Uda Town is burnt to ashes," she said. "Elder, what will you do now?"

The old Beastman was dejected. "There's no other way. We can only go south. Around 250 miles south is White Cloud City. We plan to seek refuge there."

Felina was stunned at this. Link's voice immediately sounded in her ear. "The remaining one is at White Cloud City, right?"

Felina nodded and replied softly, "It's that area."

"Great. Then let's travel with these Beastmen for a while." Isendilan had his eyes on these Beastmen and probably wouldn't let them go so easily. Since they were going to the same place, they could continue being the good guys and protect them for a while. It wouldn't be too much to ensure their safety before speeding up.

Felina agreed. "Elder," she said. "I'm going to White Cloud City too. We're going to the same place."

Chapter 319

Simply Unimaginable!

Although Uda Town was destroyed, there must still be some resources that were left intact. These were necessities for the Beastman if they wished to migrate.

Just as the Beastman were salvaging the last of their resources, Link appeared in an exceptionally humble manner. He simply looked too ordinary when compared to Felina and Nana. He was even wearing a grey cape, making him even more inconspicuous.

Felina and him were circling Todelron's body, observing this guy who appeared to have been resurrected from the dead.

"He seemed to have died for real this time," Link circled Todelron as he said. He could not feel any vitality from the body.

Felina then checked Todelron's oral cavity. He was simply way too reckless when using the dragon breath attack, as though he was doing it at a complete disregard of his body.

Upon opening Todelron's mouth, one could tell that he was obviously seriously injured from his own attack. His oral cavity was completely charred, and blisters could be seen lining up along his throat.

Link was confused at this sight as well. He frowned as he said, "Judging from his insane actions, he must have been prepared to die."

Felina sighed. "Indeed. He could actually have escaped. I cannot understand why he is going to this extent for Isendilan."

Link said, "Perhaps it is some sort of contract. That is strange. I did not feel any peculiar presence on his body. He seemed like just an ordinary dragon. How did he revive himself the first time?"

It was not impossible to resurrect oneself in the World of Firuman, though it was bounded by a set of strict rules.

For example, Dean Anthony's Arbiter's Wand could revive the dead. However, he had once told Link that a resurrection spell was simply an extremely strong healing spell.

Only those who had just died and managed to keep most of their body intact could be revived. They also must not have suffered too devastating damage. Furthermore, it was only a possibility that they could be revived. Those who were revived would also be branded with a weakened status for half a year as compensation.

In the game, the archbishops were also bounded by a strict set of rules if they wished to revive someone within the church. The player would be in a weakened state for a day after he was revived.

However, Todelron's body was first heavily damaged by the traps before he was roasted by a Level-9 Lightning spell in the High Elf Tomb. He should not have fulfilled the conditions to be revived. It was peculiar that he achieved a breakthrough in strength even after he was resurrected.

This was not making any sense.

"Is he only being so reckless because he knows that he will be resurrected?" Link predicted.

"That is possible," Felina agreed with Link. While she was fighting Todelron, that was the exact feeling that she experienced. Todelron seemed to be fearless. Such brazenness was rarely seen in the dragon race who were known for their longevity.

There was still too little information for Link to come to a conclusion. He then said, "Perhaps we were too careless last time and gave him a chance to escape. Let's prevent it this time around."

Link then took out his wand and pointed it at Todelron's body. He then cast his newest spell, Spatial Rend.

Spatial Rend

Ungraded Spatial Spell

Effect: Causes spatial frequency to change at an extremely fast rate in an unpredictable manner. This would create countless forcefields in the affected space, disintegrating all matter in the area.

Link spent 2000 Mana Points without hesitation and boosted the power of this spell to a Level-6 equivalent. This should be more than enough to deal with a corpse.

A few extremely faint rumblings could be felt. This continued for three seconds before a terrifying thing happened.

The gigantic body of the dragon started to expand, and after two seconds, the dragon's skin tore, causing large amounts of fine white powder to flow out of the ruptured area.

The destruction had not ended. Following which, even the dragon's skin started disintegrating, becoming a fine, white powder.

The gigantic dragon had been reduced to a pile of white powder. A cool breeze then scattered that powder across the area.

"His ashes have been buried and integrated into this plot of land. He should not be coming back this time around."

Felina still felt a tinge of pain in her heart watching a member of her race subjected to such treatment, though she agreed with Link's method. This would also completely destroy his corpse, removing the physical evidence of a dragon committing such a heinous crime.

By that time, the Beastman had salvaged most of what was left. An old Beastman walked forward and stopped when he saw the pile of ashes on the ground. He then stared at Link defensively though he tried to contain his wariness. He greeted Felina as he said, "Oh mighty red dragon, we are prepared."

From their perspective, Felina was the leader of the group.

Felina then stared at Link for help. Link whispered, "It is best for a Magician to stay under the shadows. I feel that this is not the end of our problems. I have to stay low."

Felina understood Link's words. Todelron was the one who committed these heinous acts. As a red dragon herself, she naturally felt apologetic towards the Beastman. She then replied gently, "Let's go."

The old Beastman then retreated and hollered a few words at the rest of the group. They then started moving.

"He is slightly wary of us," Link said as he stared at the old Beastman.

"That is normal. There have been many instances of red dragons attacking Beastman towns and village recently," a voice rang. Link looked in that direction and realized that it came from a human merchant.

"I am Masos, a merchant. Greetings to the respectable Magician," He bowed to Link before he continued, "The red dragons destroyed their hometowns. They do not trust any red dragons. Oh, beautiful lady of the dragon race, they are merely respecting you out of fear and self-protection."

Felina looked at the Beastmen once more and realized that their gazes were indeed filled with suspicion and fear. Some of them immediately averted their gaze the moment she looked over.

She was not angry. Instead, she felt helpless and dejected. She muttered, "Isendilan is truly ruining the reputation of the dragon race!"

"So that's why. I was wondering why the dragons would resort to such insane acts. So a scum of the race has appeared," Masos said as he nodded.

Link could feel that this merchant was exceptional from this short conversation. Unlike ordinary humans, he seemed to not fear Magicians and red dragons. He seemed extremely casual when speaking to them. Although he was powerless, he could be considered a talent with his demeanor and insight.

Link then thought back on how the Beastmen seemed to be protecting him during the battle and laughed, "We will be depending on you to resolve any awkward situations along the way."

Masos smiled as he said, "I'll try my best."

The large group then headed south.

Four hours later, a black figure appeared in the sky above Uda Town. He hovered in the sky for a moment before descending.

Amongst the strong gale created from the flapping of his wings, a dragon with a physique larger than Todelron landed on the ground.

Bodies of the berserk Beastmen were strewn all over the ground. Green smoke was still appearing out of the Uda Town ruins. On the side of a road was a small pile of fine white powder.

The giant dragon sniffed his way forward and eventually stopped in front of the white powder.

He grabbed a bunch of it in his hands and allowed the powder to slide slowly through the cracks in his claws. His face sank and stood motionless for around ten seconds before flying up into the air once again.

He started flying south for about five minutes before he saw a group of Beastman resting along a running stream. He then looked from afar for any peculiarities.

"There are around 2300 people. That is a lot of people. However, it is hardly enough to defeat Todelron. Who did it?" He muttered.

He then observed the crowd closely but alas, he could not find the culprit.

"Has the troublemaker left? Haha, oh Beastmen, you are doomed, you are in for something," The huge dragon circled the area for a moment before he left for the Colorado Mountain Range.

After he disappeared, Link canceled the Traceless spell he had cast over himself.

He was eating barbecued beef beside a stream together with merchant Masos and four mercenaries.

This cow was something that Felina hunted along the way. In fact, this giant cow weighed over ten tons, alleviating the food scarcity problem all at once.

Merchant Masos was an incredibly easy-going person. He was eloquent and humorous. Under his guidance and praises for the mercenaries wonderful culinary skills, they quickly warmed up to Link and company.

Masos seemed to have seen the black spot hovering the air previously as well. He was slightly worried and whispered, "I'm afraid more threats are coming for us."

Link looked at Felina and asked, "Do you recognize that dragon?"

The barbecued beef was extremely tender and well-seasoned. Felina took a bite of the juicy meat as she nodded and said, "His name is Theron and is currently third in the battle rankings for the most powerful young red dragon. He is also Isendilan's most trusted aide. His strength should be around Level-8. In human form, he likes to use the spear and is extremely adept in it. If I were to fight against him, I can at most exchange ten moves with him before I will start losing my tempo. Nana will probably have problems dealing with him as well."

Theron was a troublesome figure. If Felina was alone, she would not be eating this barbecued beef so leisurely. She would have escaped the moment she saw Theron. However, she had Link and Nana with her. She would not be too afraid with the support of a powerful Magician by her side.

"That will be slightly troublesome. However, it would be impossible for us to hide. We have so many Beastmen with us. Furthermore, most of them are ordinary citizens with no powers. We can only increase our security and surveillance," Link then turned to Masos and said, "Sir, you seem to have a good relationship with them. I would like some Beastmen to survey the area. Would that be possible?"

Masos immediately agreed, "Of course! Wait a moment, I will find the shaman right now... That old man is the shaman."

Following which, Masos cleaned the oil off his hands and got to work.

No one knew how Masos did it, but not long after, 50 young Beastmen were already on their way to their respective positions.

Felina had just finished eating an entire beef thigh. She went to the running stream nearby to wash her hands and stopped by to visit the mercenary cook, patting her shoulders as she said, "That was delicious. Here, take this."

She gave this mercenary around ten red dragon gold coins. The mercenary was elated at the sight of the gold coins and thanked Felina profusely.

Felina then turned to Link and said, "I will be patrolling the skies. I will not let them succeed in an ambush with me around."

"That would be perfect," Link said. He was all up for that idea.

Felina then turned into her dragon form and rushed into the sky. The dragon race had

amazing gliding ability. When they were not weighed down by extra weights or injuries, they could make use of the air currents to stay airborne for a long time. Hence, Link would not have to worry about Felina getting tired.

After an hour of rest, the Beastmen continued on their journey.

Around five hours later, Felina dived down from the sky in a hurry and rushed towards Link. She then said with an incredulous expression, "Link, this is preposterous! I saw Todelron again!"

Link was extremely confused as he asked, "Are you sure?"

"I know this will not make sense, but it's definitely him. He is currently heading for us together with Theron. He had also brought many berserk Beastmen with him. His power also seems to have increased. This is strange!"

To revive after dying in such a horrible fashion was already a miracle. How could he even have his powers increased? Was this even possible?

If he were to die for a hundred times, wouldn't his strength reach the level of a god?

Link had never encountered such a peculiar situation before, even in the game! This was simply unimaginable!

Chapter 320

Another Force Destroying the Equilibrium?

According to Felina's report, there were two Level-8 dragons and more than 200 Wild Beastmen. This opponent was a bit too much; the two Level-8 fighters were especially hard to deal with. This matter was kind of troublesome.

During the earlier fight, Nana and Todelron had tied. Felina had basically tied with the 300 Wild Beastmen. She could have killed them all without any help, but she would pay a big price too. Injuries were unavoidable, and she would consume a big portion of her dragon power too.

Now, not only had Todelron been revived, but he was stronger too. Plus, there was also Theron who was just as strong. Nana and Felina couldn't fight them off alone. Link had to join.

By doing so, he wouldn't be able to protect the Beastmen anymore. Considering this, Link said to Felina, "We can't wait passively for the enemy. We must attack first."

If they attacked first and fought far from the Beastmen, they wouldn't have to worry about the damage of the aftershocks to the regular Beastmen.

Link then turned to Masos. "Tell the Beastmen to go faster. The strengths of these Red Dragons are too strange. They seem to be able to be resurrected endlessly. Blocking them this time doesn't mean we can block them next time.

There were 200 more miles to the White Cloud City. The Beastmen only walked around 30 miles per day. This speed couldn't do.

"I understand." Masos turned to find Old Shaman.

After a while, Old Shaman's voice rang out. He yelled in the Beastman language, and they immediately sped up. Before, they took the elderly and weak into consideration and walked slowly. Now, they jogged.

Link turned towards Felina. "Let's go meet them."

As he spoke, he tapped his wand and activated the Traceless spell, becoming invisible. "You two distract them, and I'll make surprise attacks while hidden," Link said. With the special effect of the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand and the Demon Slayer, he could definitely kill a dragon instantly if the surprise attack was successful.

"I know." Nana nodded.

"Understood."

This area was very grassy, and the grass was as tall as them. The three used the grass as cover and walked around three miles before there was a commotion up ahead. They saw countless fleeting figures in the grass hundreds of feet away.

Link checked the wind and saw that it was blowing toward the enemy, so he said, "Felina, set fire!"

The grass was too high. It obscured their vision, making it easy for people to attack them while restricting Nana's speed.

Setting fire was simple. Felina activated her dragon power, transformed into a dragon, and roared. Dragon breath rushed out of her mouth. The scalding dark red breath swept towards the grass like a flamethrower.

It was early autumn now, and the grass was half-withered. Sprayed by dragon breath and helped by the wind, the flames sprang up easily. They advanced towards the Wild Beastmen like a rising tide.

Almost simultaneously, two Red Dragons appeared in the grassland across from them. They began spitting out dragon breath, and fire spread from them too.

Of course, they weren't spitting out fire for fun. This was to extinguish the fire and protect the Wild Beastmen. When Felina's fire spread to the Wild Beastmen, the other fire had already created a large isolation belt. There was nothing else to burn, so the fire slowly died out.

The Wild Beastmen and Red Dragons stood inside the isolation belt without any injuries. However, Link's goal had succeeded too. All the withered grass was gone, creating a vast, empty space.

Felina stood at the front. Looking at Todelron, she said, "I remember you died."

Todelron laughed loudly. "Indeed, I died, but the duke revived me. Let me tell you, I'll never die. Every death just makes me stronger!"

"That destroys the world's equilibrium!" Felina frowned.

"Equilibrium? What equilibrium? There's no equilibrium in this world, only power!" Todelron cackled.

Beside him, Theron wasn't in the mood for chitchat. He changed back into human shape and pulled out a ten-foot dark red Dragon Spine spear. "Come on," he muttered. "Todelron, hurry and kill them!"

"Alright." Todelron immediately shut his mouth and transformed back into a human, taking out his Dragonfang sword.

Seeing these two dragon traitors, Felina was filled with hatred, but she couldn't do anything. She knew that the dragon shape was too cumbersome in a battle like this. She would just become a target. Turning back into a human, she took out her dragon claw weapon.

Just as the battle was about to start, she muttered to Nana, "Take care of Theron. Any problems?"

"Yes," Nana answered honestly. "I haven't fought with an opponent with a spear before."

"Then I'll block Theron, but I can only block ten moves at most."

"Don't worry. I've already seen past Todelron's tricks. I can kill him within three moves!" Nana's voice was crisp and bright. As she spoke, she pointed her sword at Todelron with a bright smile. She seemed to look down on Todelron.

Todelron was shocked. If anyone else said this, he would just treat it as nonsense, but this human girl was different. She was too fast. If she saw his techniques clearly, he actually could be killed immediately.

In order to not be defeated easily, he murmured to Theron, "That human girl is strange. I might not be her match. How about you block her?"

Theron nodded lightly. "No problem, but you said they also have a Magician. I don't

see him though?"

His words reminded Todelron. He looked around, trying to find Link. However, Link was hiding in a blind spot. It would be strange if Todelron could find him.

"I don't know, but he must be nearby... However, he hasn't done anything yet. When I fought with Felina earlier, he didn't even do anything when I forced Felina into a desperate situation. I guess he doesn't know any offensive spells?"

Theron was a bit annoyed. "What do you mean 'you guess'? We can't go by guesses for this!"

"Then what do we do?"

Seeing that Todelron had no solutions, Theron glanced at the Wild Beastmen. On average, they were at Level-5. They were successful against regular Beastmen, but they were as useless as vegetables to someone in Level-8.

Suddenly, his eyes flashed. He got an idea. "The three are here to protect those regular Beastmen. Here, Mudda, bypass them and catch up to the regular Beastmen. Don't care about anything and just kill them."

Mudda was the leader of the Wild Beastmen. If he took the Wild Beastmen after the regular Beastmen, the Magician would most likely go protect them. The threat would be reduced greatly.

His calculations were great, but sadly, his opponent didn't give him time. The battle erupted without giving anyone the chance to escape!

"I'm going!" Felina charged, Nana close behind her.

"Good!" Todelron immediately went to welcome Felina. However, just as he moved, Nana suddenly burst forward at full speed and disappeared. When she re-appeared, she was before Todelron.

"Your target is me!" Theron charged over to stop Nana.

However, he forgot one thing. In a Warrior's fight, whoever had the speed would have the control over the fight. With Nana's speed, she could fight whoever she wanted. No one could stop her!

Seeing Theron charge, Nana suddenly disappeared. She re-appeared with a bang and was already behind Todelron, a sword stabbing at the back of his heart.

Shocked, Todelron's Dragonfang sword shook and he blocked backwards.

Clang! Todelron had reacted hurriedly, and he stumbled forward from the strength. However, he rejoiced inside. This woman is fast, but if I block the first move, she'll need to readjust. Then I can block the second and third. If I can last a bit longer, Felina will be killed by Theron... Wait, what is that?!

He suddenly saw a thin streak of crystal red come towards him. It wasn't much, but it was unbelievably fast. After a dazed moment, he finally realized it was the Magician! It was a sneak attack!

"No!" With a spell before him and a sword behind, he hadn't adjusted completely and couldn't block anything!

Helpless, Todelron wildly released his dragon power. The dark red power burned on his body like fire. Ignoring the damage to himself, he forcefully cast a Battle Aura Cut.

It flew out, screaming in the air.

He was much stronger than before. This Battle Aura Cut was almost solid, and it was so fast it became a blur. The scale was larger as well. The arc was at least 15 feet long. It sliced forward like an iron plow. The air whistled, and the power was shocking.

Releasing an attack almost surpassing the limits, Todelron couldn't help but feel a bit proud. I'm only 160 years old, but I've already reached a state comparable to the elders. I have no regrets as a dragon now!

The next moment, the Battle Aura Cut crashed against a crystal red whip.

Clang! There was the sound of metal clashing. Then, the Battle Aura Cut fell apart while the whip continued forward, unaffected.

"This... this is impossible!" The flag of confidence was torn down one-tenth of a second after it was raised. Todelron just felt that his life was so sad.

He didn't have time to wallow in misery though. The whip arrived immediately at his chest. The tip curled, and there was a blinding light. It was as if a sun appeared on the

battlefield.

Then the sun crashed into Todelron's head.

This attack from the Demon Slayer was paired with the two surge effects of the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand. The spell's power was raised by at least 800%. It was originally a Level-8 spell. Multiplied by eight, its power was comparable to that of Level-9. It was practically able to kill gods, demons, and everything else!

No matter how strong Todelron was, he would definitely die from such a powerful hit. In the last moment, Link held back a little. This guy could be resurrected so Link couldn't let him die so easily.

Boom! Todelron was hit. His entire body shook, and he collapsed weakly onto the ground, losing all defensive abilities. The Demon Slayer Whip was still there. It curled and rushed over to Theron.

"No, I'm not a match!" Theron retreated without hesitation.

This spell attack was too terrifying, and there was still Felina and that black-haired girl. There was no reason to stay in a three against one battle. Only a fool wouldn't run!

He could be resurrected, but it was obvious the opponent wanted to play with him. If Theron fell into the enemy's hands, he'd be tortured until he wished he could die. That would be horrible.

Theron retreated decisively while stabbing his spear forward. He actually hit Link's whip and blocked the frightening attack. Nana charged and stabbed her sword to stop him.

Clang! His spear met it at an incredible angle, blocking Nana's attack while using the force to speed up his fleeing.

This way, he ran out of the range of Link's spell. Then, he activated his dragon power without hesitation, transformed into a dragon, flapped his wings, and soared into the sky to escape.

"Retreat!" he yelled. The Wild Beastmen followed him unhesitatingly. Nana and Felina wanted to stop them.

"Don't!" Link called them back.

The grass was still very tall up ahead. Chasing there could be problematic, and it wasn't a big deal for the Wild Beastmen to get away.

On the other side, Todelron was still on the ground. He felt his strength disappear without a trace while his entire body was burning. It was as painful as being in the Fire Realm.

Amidst his endless pain, he saw a few figures in front of him. Something tapped him, and the pain reduced a bit.

A voice sounded in his ear. It was that human. "I'm curious. How are you resurrected?"

Chapter 321

Severing all Objects!

On the plains.

Todelron chuckled as he glanced at Link and said, "The Duke has unimaginable intellect. How could a mortal like you ever hope to understand the mystery of my resurrection?"

His contemptuous look was extremely irking.

Felina could not hold in her rage anymore and charged forward, mercilessly giving Todelron a punch in the face. She then hollered, "Stop spouting nonsense! Reply Master Link properly!"

Todelron then shouted in rage, "Felina, how dare you side with another race. If you are indeed so capable, battle with me!"

Felina was already trying her best to hold in her rage. After hearing those words, she erupted, "Outsiders? Look at what you have done! Our race was tasked with the mission to maintain the balance in the world. Look at what you are doing! Taking the lives of the innocent!"

"Balance? Why must we care about balance when we are so strong? Let me tell you, balance is all but a lie. The only truth in this world is raw power!" Todelron smirked.

Link shook his head at this endless argument and said, "Alright Felina let him speak. After all, he is just a loser."

Felina then stopped talking, merely staring at Todelron with a cold glare.

Link walked forward with a calm expression. He did not feel insulted or infuriated by Todelron's words. He then said, "Your power seems to increase every time you resurrect. However, Isendilan does not seem to be killing you again and again to increase your strength. This means that there are still some limitations to this resurrection technique, am I right?"

"What do you know!" Todelron shouted as he rolled his eyes.

Link then continued, "Such power should not exist in the mortal world, nor is it possible for a mortal to master such techniques. Even Divine Skills have difficulty accomplishing such a feat. I believe that Isendilan has obtained some kind of peculiar power pertaining to the principles of this world."

"Hmph!" Todelron smirked and did not answer Link directly.

Link did not press on. He observed Todelron's body carefully. From his aura, he seemed just like an ordinary red dragon. This explained that Isendilan's techniques had reached a level beyond that of dark magic.

In the game, Isendilan had cooperated with the Demon God. However, he had never obtained such peculiar strength. Link could not rely on his ingame knowledge this time around.

He then asked the Storm Lord's sword in his mind, Have you ever seen such a resurrection technique?

"I have never seen it... However, I have a feeling that this spell comes at a very, very, very steep price," the Storm Lord replied.

For example? Link asked.

"Destruction of this world's principles, a rift in time-space, and the disintegration of the world." The Storm Lord's sword mentioned three scenarios that sent shivers down Link's spine.

"How could that be? How could Isendilan obtain such power?" Link was startled at those words. It was too horrifying to even think about the result of using such spells.

The Storm Lord's sword then continued, "I am not sure as well, though I can definitely feel some things change in the world. It is a very subtle change that I cannot describe. I am also not able to determine how it will affect the world."

The sword then fell silent.

Link listened to those words with a heavy heart. After a moment of thought, he said, "I cannot figure out what this is about as well. Bring him along, we will study him when

we get back."

He had an idea, which was to bring Todelron to White Cloud City and show him to the exiled God. Naturally, he would not mention this in front of Todelron.

"Alright." Felina walked forward and was just about to carry Todelron on her shoulders.

Todelron then suddenly shouted, "Don't get too cocky! Let me tell you, the Duke would rather have me dead than let me land into your hands. Pray that you can escape from the pursuit of the great Duke Isendilan!"

Link and Felina shuddered at that thought.

Isendilan was a Legendary strength red dragon. If he were to enter the battlefield, they would definitely be slaughtered on the spot.

Todelron was truly a threat to the entire group.

Felina then stared at Link as she asked, "What are we going to do?"

Link fell silent.

This was due to his negligence. In the game, Isendilan was merely an insane Magician. He would simply stay in his fortress and experiment with different kinds of magic. Nothing could draw him out from his fortress. However, the situation was extremely different in this timeline.

Link could no longer predict Isendilan's actions. He could not afford to take risks.

Three seconds later, Link told Nana, "Kill him."

Todelron instantly burst out laughing as he said, "I will be back very soon, Magician!"

Nana then pierced Todelron's heart in one swift action, ending his life.

Link then said, "We will bring this body to that exiled god. He should be able to give us an answer."

A dead body should be enough.

Dragging Todelron's body along, Link and company quickly caught up to the group of Beastmen. Masos then came to welcome them and asked, "How did it go?"

Link said, "We killed one of them and defeated the rest, though the situation is still grim. They have a high chance of appearing again."

Masos then informed them with a piece of good news, "The Beastman shaman has already contacted the shaman of White Cloud City just now. They have received news that Sky Shattering Warlord of the Beastman clan was coincidentally at White Cloud City. He is already on his way to render help."

Upon hearing this name, Link heaved a sigh of relief.

Beastmen were generally blessed with a stronger physique than humans, especially in the area of strength. They were exceptionally good Warriors, and the difference in strength between their levels was extremely huge.

By Level-7, they would be able to master the Titan's Strength Battle Aura, a Battle Aura that was passed down the generations in the Beastman race, increasing their strength exponentially. When they reached Level-8, their strength would already be comparable to that of the dragon race.

If they ever reach Level-9, they would be able to utterly destroy dragons and high-level demons in terms of strength alone!

The Beastmen termed any Warriors who had achieved Level-8 and above "Warlords." Link understood that there were three great Warlords in the Beastman race: Sky Shattering Warlord, Glorious Warlord Avatar, and Storm Warlord Parmese.

The three of them each had their flairs. The Sky Shattering Warlord Holun was the strongest, while the Storm Warlord Parmese was the fastest. Parmese could probably hold his own against Nana in a battle of speed. However, if one were to talk about Battle Skills, Glorious Warlord Avatar would definitely come to mind.

In the late-game, Holun's strength was even comparable to that of the Lord of the Deeps, Nozama. They were evenly matched until Nozama finally decided to use a spell, resulting in Holun's defeat.

Link did not know how strong Holun was at this stage in the game, though he was definitely above Level-8 in strength. He would definitely be a strong aide.

"That is good news," Link's face lightened up as he said.

"Well, I suppose so," Masos laughed.

Felina continued to patrol the skies for the rest of the journey. Todelron's body was moved onto the back of one of Masos' horse to lighten their load.

On the other hand, Link was resting and conserving his energy. That Demon Slayer spell that he cast was strong but extremely mana-consuming. It depleted 7000 Mana Points in one second.

Suddenly, Masos cry could be heard, "How strange. Look, this corpse is glowing."

Link looked over and sure enough, a golden brilliance could be seen enveloping Todelron's body. He immediately walked forward for a closer observation.

It became clear after a while. Todelron's body was not emitting a golden brilliance. More accurately, his entire body was turning into a beam of golden light.

This light turned into fine threads and emerged one after another from Todelron's body. As this light grows more intense, Todelron's body started reducing in size.

"Oh my god, his entire body is turning into light!" Masos gasped.

Link was perplexed as well. He could not feel any magic presence in this entire process. He then touched Todelron's body with his bare hands and felt a slight warmth enveloping his hands. This golden light seemed to ignore all obstacles, passing through his hands and the horse before disappearing into the air.

"Isendilan must be reviving it!"

Link thought for a moment before he decided to give Spatial magic a shot. He raised his wand and muttered, "Folded Dimensions!"

A light ball the size of a small dot landed on Todelron's body before exploding. The dimensions within then started folding in an unpredictable manner. Even light was not supposed to escape this dimension. They would be trapped inside forever.

However, this was to no avail. This golden brilliance ignored the change in dimensions and pierced right through it. The only difference the Spatial spell made was to dim the

brilliance a little.

To think that Spatial Magic would be useless!

Link immediately waved towards Nana. He then removed the Breakpoint dagger from the side of her thigh and lightly slashed the area around Todelron.

It actually worked!

The atmosphere around Todelron seemed to tremble for a moment before the threads surrounding his body broke and became extremely scattered.

The Breakpoint dagger truly could sever everything in the world.

Link continued cutting those threads.

The golden threads then disintegrated at an insane rate. The threads would lose its brilliance after being severed from Todelron's body before disappearing into the air.

Around five seconds later, all the threads had been severed. He then stared at Todelron once again. His body had become dull and lifeless. At the same time, countless injuries started appearing on his skin, similar to that of a melted candlestick. He looked terrifying.

Link had a feeling that Todelron was completely dead.

Following which, a feeling of panic rose in his heart. This feeling was suffocating. Link felt as though the surrounding area was closing in on him. Even Masos felt this immense pressure, evident from the expression of fear on his face. The horse who was originally carrying Todelron fell onto the ground from the shock, lying motionless while trembling in fear.

The next moment, Link felt a voice rang in his head, "Who are you? Why are you getting in my way?"

Damn it, I must have alarmed Isendilan!

Link knew that Isendilan must have used some method to locate him. However, he was not afraid. This was because he had the means to deal with this spying spell. His Breakpoint dagger could easily sever this spell.

He instinctively wanted to wave the Breakpoint dagger around to sever this connection, though he stopped the next moment.

I cannot sever it now. I'm amongst the Beastman. If I sever the connection now, Isendilan would rush over and all these people would die! I have to find another location.

Upon this thought, Link turned to Masos and said, "I might have angered a terrifying existence. I can no longer protect you guys. This will cause great misfortune to befall the entire group."

Following which, he cast a swiftness spell on himself and quickly left the main group. Nana followed behind and Felina, though unaware of what happened, also did the same.

Don't even think about running! You are dead! The voice in his mind grew clearer by the moment. Link then told Nana, "Carry me and go full speed ahead."

No matter how powerful Isendilan was, if they could not locate him, it would all be for naught. This applied even to a god.

Chapter 322

The Hunter and the Hunted

"Link, what happened?" Felina landed.

"I killed Todelron," Link said the good news first.

"Huh? Wasn't he killed long ago?" Felina still hadn't processed everything.

"I really killed him this time. I stopped Isendilan from resurrecting him, and now he has his eyes on me." That was the bad news.

Felina gulped in shock and repeated, "You said the duke has his eyes on you now?"

"Yeah, let's go now. As fast as possible." Link climbed onto Nana and realized that Nana's backside was much softer now. Before, she'd been soft metal but still felt uncomfortable after a while. Now, she was soft, comfy, and even a bit warm, practically like a real human.

Not bad, not bad. The Red Dragon Queen's life essence is really an amazing thing, Link couldn't help but think.

Felina was speechless. She didn't understand how Link could be so calm. Being targeted by a legendary dragon was basically death.

However, she'd fought together with Link many times now. They'd faced enemies with Divine Gear in the Northern Black Forest, faced Level-9 undead High Elves, and fought with Osiris. She knew that if Link acted this calmly, it meant he already thought of a solution.

As expected, Link said, "Don't worry. I can escape from him, and he won't be able to find us."

As he spoke, Isendilan's voice continued to ring in his mind. Mortal, you can't escape. I'll burn your soul with fire.

Mortal, you don't know who exactly you've offended! Let me tell you, it is I, Isendilan, the king of the Red Dragons chosen by God!

Mortal, stop now. Stand there without moving and wait for my judgment!

Mortal...!

The voice kept going. As time passed, it became clearer and clearer. This meant that Isendilan had left his castle and was coming after them, closing in on them. However, this was okay. Nana was very fast and could run 650 feet per second while carrying Link without using all her strength.

If Link didn't cast a defense spell for himself, he'd probably get killed from the wind.

With this speed, Felina could barely keep up, using up a lot of her physical strength. She transformed into a dragon and followed close behind in the air. The three ran crazily like this and Nana brought Link past 30 miles within five minutes. This speed was wild.

"Alright, let's stop now," Link said. The voice in his mind had become clearer again, but overall, it was okay. Isendilan wasn't as fast as Link had expected.

Nana came to a stop. Link took out the Breakpoint dagger. Feeling around with his eyes closed, he suddenly sliced the air.

Mortal, I see you—

With the small slice, Isendilan's voice disappeared completely from Link's mind. Then, the indescribable terror was reduced until it was extremely weak. This meant Isendilan was still looking but had lost him.

"Felina, come down. We're safe," Link called to the air.

Felina flapped her wings and landed in the grass. She gazed curiously at Link. "Safe? Why?"

She didn't feel any change.

"I cut the spirit sensory between us," Link explained quickly. "He doesn't know where we are now and the Golden Plains is so vast. If we're careful, there won't be any

problem."

Felina only received a shallow explanation. Cut the spirit sensory? How? She didn't know how reliable this was, but she trusted Link. Since he said it was okay, then they were definitely safe.

Link climbed down from Nana's back and said, "Isendilan still knows where we are now so we must leave quickly."

"Master, should I continue carrying you?" Nana asked.

"Not for now. We'll use a new way." As he spoke, Link activated the Dimensional Jump. White light blanketed all three of them, and they moved half a mile after a soft buzz. It wasn't far away enough though, so Link used the spell again, and they teleported again.

Link now had up to 17000 Mana Points. He used the spell five continuous times without worry and used up 9000 Mana Points. They moved three miles in three seconds.

This wasn't all.

Dimensional Jumping was a legendary spell, but they would still leave ripples in space while moving. Others could use these traces to find them.

Link wouldn't have to worry about being discovered by regular opponents, but Link was willing to use all his power against someone legendary like Isendilan. He couldn't be too careful.

After stopping, he used his understanding of space and began erasing the marks in the spatial structure bit by bit. It looked complicated, but it was just like a fox using its tail to sweep the snow, getting rid of all evidence and making it impossible to trace them.

Around two minutes later, Link said, "Felina, don't fly anymore. You're too obvious of a target."

"I understand." She didn't dare fly around when the situation was unclear. If she ran into Isendilan in the air, she would be dead meat.

Link then cast an invisibility spell on all three of them so Isendilan wouldn't be able to see from the sky.

After all this, the last bit of terror disappeared. This meant they'd completely escaped from Isendilan's eyes. Turning towards Nana, he said, "Continue carrying me. This time, charge at full speed. Yes, just like that."

Nana moved at full speed. Her speed had increased to a stable 1000 feet per second. Felina almost couldn't keep up. Rather than telling Nana to slow down, Link cast an acceleration spell on Felina. She instantly sped up and was right behind Nana.

"Link, we've already lost him so why do we still have to go so fast?" Felina still felt that she was using up too much energy.

Link obviously had thought deeply about this. "Isendilan had always been pursuing us, and he's familiar with our speed," he explained. "Even if he can't find us, he can still guess our approximate location. At that time, if he uses a wide-range search spell, we'll be revealed. Running like this can make him miscalculate. As long as he can't find us with a search spell, we'll be truly safe!"

All this made Felina's head hurt, but thankfully, she understood. Gritting her teeth, she followed right behind Nana.

"Master, where are we going?"

"White Cloud City... but don't go directly south. It'll reveal our target. Go east first, and don't worry about leaving behind traces. We want to leave some marks to fool Isendilan. When we cover enough distance, we'll turn back."

If they cared about their trail, they wouldn't be able to run quickly. If Link left some marks, Isendilan would definitely be tricked. This didn't mean he was stupid. It was because he could only find these marks so he would be forced to follow them. This was an overt trick.

"Got it," Nana answered and immediately changed her direction.

After traveling 65 miles, they'd gone around 70 miles with the distance covered before. "Okay," Link said. "We can slow down now."

Felina let out a breath of relief. Even with Link's spell, she was still exhausted from running at full speed for so long. She glanced at Nana and saw that she was still composed. Felina had to admit that the magic puppet's speed was just crazy.

On the other hand, Link activated the Dimensional Jump without hesitation to go south. He still had more than 8000 Mana Points now. After drinking the perfect Mana potion, he recovered 2000 points and jumped five times quickly.

After wiping the traces like before, he finally took a breather. "Okay, now we should be able to go south slowly. Just be careful, and it'll be okay."

...

Not even five minutes after Link left, a huge figure appeared in the sky. He came like a streak of dark red lightning, instantly hovering above where Link had used the Dimensional Jump.

He was almost 200 feet tall, comparable in size to the Red Dragon Queen. Dark red smoke wrapped around him. His eyes were blood red like burning fire. Here, he dove down and vaporized when he was 300 feet in the air.

The ball of vapor landed on the ground gently. When the fog dissipated, a man in a dark red Magician's robe appeared.

He had dark red hair, and his eyes gleamed red. His pale face was very handsome and ageless. He could be 20 years old, but his aura was like a timeworn elder.

He was the first traitor of the dragons—Red Dragon Duke Isendilan.

Standing in the grass, Isendilan looked around. This guy went from here so there should be footprints, a smell, or something, right?

A few seconds later, he indeed found footprints. There were three sets. One set was thin and looked like a girl's, but she was abnormally heavy—more than 200 pounds. Another set was wide and obviously a dragon. The last set was plain with average body weight. From the smell left in the air, it was probably a human.

Earlier, Isendilan could only faintly sense their location and send some threats, but he didn't know too much about the specifics.

Theron came back and said there's three of them. One is a Level-8 human Magician, one is an unbelievably fast human girl, and there's also Felina. It's a strange group.

Isendilan looked around. He tried to find the footprints of them leaving, but this time,

he failed.

There aren't any departure marks. They just disappeared without a trace. Huh, this is annoying. Isendilan furrowed his brows. Pondering, he reached out. A golden glow shone from his fingertip, and he pointed in the air. It was the Spatial Eye.

Spatial Eye

Legendary Detection Spell

Description: The spell-caster marks the subtle energy in the surrounding space so the spatial structure will show more clearly. This spell effectively helps the spell-caster track targets who use spatial magic to escape.

(Note: there is no way to hide!)

The air surrounding Isendilan shimmered, and the air within a 300-foot radius seemed to turn into water. There were various streaks of light and shadows that sketched out an accurate spatial structure.

Isendilan inspected carefully for a full two minutes. His brows started furrowing. These three really did use a spatial tunnel to escape, but the Magician's understanding of space is comparable to me. He even wiped all traces.

What kind of enemy was the most difficult in the mortal world?

The first one was spatial Magicians. To these guys, space was a sea. Whenever needed, they could go into the water and either escape to somewhere far away or stay hidden for a surprise attack. They were unstoppable.

Isendilan's traces were all cut off. He had no way of following them. The human Magician's tricks were too frightening, and he could even decode the resurrection technique. Isendilan must find him!

Thankfully, he had a more basic approach!

He used a teleportation spell, but it's an ad hoc teleportation, and they can't travel far. The limit is five miles. From their earlier speed, they could only go around 40 miles at most during this time. I'll look for them within a 60-mile radius!

With this thought in mind, Isendilan sat onto the ground and closed his eyes. A few seconds later, black-red light streaked across him for a few seconds. Then the light trembled violently and spread out at an unimaginable speed.

After around five seconds, an image appeared in Isendilan's mind.

No one in the east but there are signs of high-speed movement in the grass. They went east!

Isendilan opened his eyes with some fatigue. Searching within 60 miles was very consuming, and he was tired out. He still didn't find them, but he cackled.

Tricky Magician, you held back your speed earlier. Nice tricks and calculations but unluckily, I'm your opponent!

He stood up, transformed into a dragon, flapped his wings, and hurried east.

Chapter 323

Keep Quiet!

Golden Plains.

There was a natural indentation under a huge piece of crimson rock. It was the perfect hideout, concealing them from the possible sky patrols.

There was a bonfire burning within the hideout. Link, Felina, and Nana sat around the fire. They wore armor made from sheepskin to disguise themselves as ordinary Beastmen.

The bonfire was also not created from magic but with bare hands using flint and stone.

Nana sat down in an elegant position as she poked the prairie porcupine roasting on the bonfire with a long iron stick. They had caught and skinned this porcupine earlier.

On the other hand, Link was sprinkling all kinds of seasonings on the porcupine. He had learned this technique from the mercenaries beside Masos. Link had no idea if the temperature he was roasting the porcupine at was the ideal one, though the aroma of the meat was a testament to its taste. Felina swallowed her saliva as she stared at the porcupine expectantly.

"It is already the second day. It seems like we have managed to escape from Isendilan," Link was relieved and even felt slightly proud of himself.

Felina actually sensed no danger through the entire process. She was merely following Link around all this time, concealing her presence and disguising herself. She was simply listening to his orders.

Isendilan had not appeared even once. It was as though he did not exist.

It sounded extremely fulfilling to escape from the pursuit of a Legendary individual, though Felina, being part of this glorious achievement, merely felt that it was extremely simple and ordinary.

"Do you think Isendilan will kill the Beastmen if he cannot find us?" This was Felina's only worry.

At that moment, the porcupine was already prepared. Link then used the Breakpoint dagger to slice off the perfectly roasted thighs and handed it to Felina. He then smiled and said, "He will not. I left many misleading clues along the way. Although Isendilan does not know our exact location, he cannot be completely off the charts as well. He has no time to even approach the Beastmen."

"That is nice to hear... Oh, this meat is delicious. It is more tender than the one I had with the Beastmen. Pretty decent," Felina then turned her attention to the meat as she spoke.

Link then sliced a piece of meat for himself and savored it slowly. It was indeed a decent first attempt at barbecued meat. It was a success.

"Master, can I taste it?" Nana said curiously.

"Please do," Link made an inviting pose before taking out a magic book of flame. He then lay casually on a rock at the side, enjoying his relaxing dinner time while reading a book.

Nana tore a slice of meat for herself and took a small bite of the meat. She then chewed the meat slowly before a frown appeared on her face. She still looked like a pure and innocent deer. No one could imagine what the experience was like for her.

After a while, she said, "The taste is weird. Is this what you mean by salty?"

Felina then said, "It is not just salty; there are at least six other flavors. They are mixed together to produce this unique taste. You can taste them one by one. Here, have this drought ginger."

Nana then stuffed the entire piece of spicy drought ginger into her mouth without hesitation. The drought ginger was at least half the size of a fist. It filled her mouth entirely, making her look like a stuffed hamster.

She then started chewing, her eyes glimmering with curiosity.

She was simply too fast. Felina was not fast enough to stop her and muttered, "You actually only need a small piece."

She felt uncomfortable even looking at someone stuff a whole piece of raw drought ginger into their mouth.

As Nana chewed, her eyes lit up and said, "This is delicious!"

She then stopped eating the meat and started stuffing the remaining drought ginger into her mouth, chewing delightfully. Felina then stared at the scene, dumbfounded.

"This... Link, do you think Nana has malfunctioned?"

On the other hand, Link was not particularly surprised by this. He laughed and explained, "The spicy taste in drought ginger came from a material called powdered silver. Nana probably likes the metallic taste of this substance."

Powdered silver was a rare metallic substance. Coincidentally, Link carried some with him for this journey. He then took out a small piece of powdered silver and gave it to Nana, saying, "Here, have a taste."

Nana bit into the powdered silver without hesitation, making a loud cracking sound as the metal was crushed under her jaws. However, she quickly spits out the pure powdered silver, and she frowned and said, "Master, this is too hard and bitter. Disgusting!"

Link immediately knew that he had made a mistake. This was similar to how humans needed iron in their body to survive, though we do not consume metallic substances directly.

Nana probably liked the taste of drought ginger as the powdered silver inside could be easily absorbed. The pure piece of powdered silver was too condensed, making it bitter and unappealing.

Link then awkwardly said, "So sorry, try the rest of the food as well. Take whatever you like."

"Alright." Nana seemed to have found a new toy as she started experimenting with the different food.

Link had a small appetite. Before long, he started cleaning off the oil on his hands and focused his attention on his magic book.

Felina and Nana also reduced the amount of noise they made with their actions. The cave became extremely peaceful and calm.

Two hours later, Link said, "It's about time. Let's set off."

"No problem."

The three of them then prepared to leave the cave. Link led the way, and he was still extremely careful. Before he left, he first cast a small-scaled Spatial Distortion spell on the entrance of the cave.

The Spatial Distortion spell acted like a mirror. It allowed Link to have a full view of the area outside of the cave.

"Is there anything in the sky?" Link asked Felina. After all, the dragon race had much better eyesight.

Nana carefully stared into the sky before she shook her head and said, "Apart from a few birds, nothing else."

"Then it should be fine," Link walked out of the cave.

They were around 130 miles east away from White Cloud City. In order to not leave any clues, they were traveling at a speed similar to that of an ordinary Beastman. They would need at least four days before they could reach their destination at this rate.

Although the progress was slow, it was safe.

After half a day, a small Beastman town appeared. This small town seemed unaffected by the wrath of the berserk Beastmen. The town seemed to be holding a small festival of some sort, which explains the crowd along the streets. There were even a few human merchants on the way.

"Look at this wolf-fang necklace. How pretty." Felina pointed to a stall on the roadside. She always had a penchant for these accessories. She had even bought a bracelet that Link designed simply for collection purposes some time ago.

She then ran over and bought this necklace for one red dragon gold coin.

This merchant did not recognize a red dragon gold coin, though he could recognize

gold when he saw one. He was surprised that Felina was going to purchase this without a bargain and beamed delightfully. He was so elated that he even gave a complimentary wolf-fang bracelet to Felina.

This raised Felina's spirits indefinitely. She then started a shopping spree, spending her gold coins on almost every stall in sight.

Link did not stop her seeing that she was enjoying herself.

Felina had used over ten gold coins by the time she left the town. She bought a bunch of useless objects and wore them all on her body, inquiring Link about her looks every so often.

Link could not understand this weird hobby and merely nodded in agreement every time.

They then continued on their journey to White Cloud City.

Half a day after Link and company left the town, Isendilan arrived, clad in a long black robe. He realized that something was amiss upon entering the town. The air seemed to be filled with an extremely familiar scent.

He sniffed his way forward and quickly arrived at a stall selling wolf-fang accessories.

"Respected customer, what do you wish to purchase?" the Beastman asked. Not long along, he had sold a necklace worth only a few bronze coin for a full gold coin. He was in an extremely good mood.

Isendilan's mood was the complete opposite. He had pursued Link all the way to this dreadful place. God knows how many traps he had fallen into along the way. He was itching to kill to unleash the frustration inside him.

However, he had good self-control. He would never recklessly kill anyone. This was not because of his malevolence, but because he felt that this would only be a waste of his energy.

He did not even bother replying to the Beastman. He pushed the approaching Beastman on the floor before he walked over and pulled open the cash register of the stall.

Beastmen were not known for their friendliness to other races. It was normal for them to get into fights with humans and dragons alike. Furthermore, this guy seemed to be robbing him of his hard-earned money.

"Hey, are you going to rob me?" He picked up a stone from the ground and flung it with full force at Isendilan's head.

The stone then landed at the back of Isendilan's head. Isendilan seemed fine, though the stone had completely shattered.

At that moment, Isendilan was deep in thought staring at the red dragon gold coin. He had not noticed the attack from the Beastman until he suffered the full impact of the attack.

"Hmm?" Isendilan still kept himself from retaliating as he took out the red dragon gold coin. He then asked menacingly, "Where did this gold coin come from?"

The Beastman swallowed his saliva nervously. He knew that this was not someone he could mess with after seeing how the stone shattered.

At that moment, when he saw Isendilan closing in, he felt extremely hopeless. His mind seemed to have stopped functioning. He retreated for a few steps before he started running, shouting, "It's all yours! It's all yours!"

Isendilan frowned and was just about to give chase when a few well-armored Beastmen surrounded him. One of them placed his sword on Isendilan's neck and bellowed, "How dare you rob one of our kind. Either come with us or pay a fine. Choose!"

Isendilan's patience had finally run thin. He grabbed the sword and squeezed it slightly. Boom! The sword shattered and its metallic shards flew in all directions.

The shards flew at an insane speed, piercing anything along the way.

The Beastmen around could not react in time and were ruthlessly injured by the metallic shards. Blood splattered across the streets, and at least 20 people died with just a small action on Isendilan's part.

"Ah!" A woman screamed.

"A serial killer!"

"Run"

The town went into a state of frenzy.

"Helpless mortals!" Isendilan was lazy to deliver another blow. He started sniffing the red dragon gold coin in his hands.

"What a fresh smell. It should be less than four hours since they left... But could this be another decoy?"

He had already fallen for many traps along the way. He was hesitant about this clue as well.

Just when he was deep in thought, a bellow could be heard, "Fire!"

The sound of crossbows firing echoed through the town. Isendilan then heard war cries declaring their prowess. He turned around and realized that 30 Beastmen archers were lined up in an orderly manner in front of him.

"Oh, you humble mortals. Are sneak attacks all you know?"

Isendilan was already in a bad mood. Now that he was repeatedly provoked, he had finally lost his cool. He lifted his hands and an incandescent fireball more than six-feet-wide appeared in his palms.

He then slammed the fireball onto the ground.

"How irritating, all of you shut up!"

"Boom!" An earth-shattering sound could be heard. A 300-feet-wide incandescent fireball appeared in the sky above the small town. The entire town was subsequently destroyed by the impact of this spell.

After the spell subsided, the world became exceptionally silent.

Staring at the bodies on the ground, Isendilan shook his head in disappointment and said, "What a waste of my strength."

He then sniffed the red dragon gold coin once again and chased the faint presence all the way out of town.

Although he could not pinpoint the exact location, he could feel that his enemy was not far away. All he needed was a stroke of good luck.

Chapter 324

The Beastman City with Public Sex

Three days later, Link's group reached White Cloud City safely.

This Beastman city was the biggest city in the area. It was nestled in the valley of red rocks. Looking down from the valley, one could see an expanse of cramped buildings constructed of wood, hide, and bones.

At the entrance, there was a huge city gate made of wood and stone. Two strong Beastman Warriors guarded the gate. Beside them were big three-headed war wolves. These wolves were close to 12 feet long and six feet tall. They were either black or white and crouched on the ground, staring vigilantly at everyone going in and out the gates with their black eyes.

"Outsider, report your name and background!"

When Link arrived at the gate, he was stopped by the Beastman Warriors. They looked at Link's trio with guarded and fearful eyes.

"My name is Link," he introduced himself. "I come from the Norton Kingdom. We're all merchants."

They were now dressed in beast hide and looked very plain. The only special part was that Felina and Nana were a bit too pretty.

"Merchant, where are your goods?" The Warriors were extremely suspicious. They were naturally suspicious of outsiders.

Link reacted quickly. He shrugged with a bitter expression. "Unfortunately, all our goods were burned by those Red Dragons. I don't know if you're familiar with Masos. We're his friends."

"You all know Masos? Oh, I'm sorry. Many frightening things have happened these days. We have to be careful. You can go in now." The main Warrior's attitude did a complete 180-degree flip.

It appeared that Masos was quite well-known amongst the Beastmen. This was a good thing.

Link quickly thanked the two Warriors and secretly passed over some silver coins. "Treat yourself."

The Beastmen didn't have their own currency and just used human currency, so Link's coins were very effective. After slipping the coins to them, the two Beastmen treated Link even better.

The one on the left specially reminded, "Your two women are too pretty and might cause some trouble. Cover 'em up."

"Thanks," Link replied.

After entering the city, Link spent some money at a roadside stall to buy two loose beast hide cloaks. Felina and Nana put them on, covering their faces and curves.

To be honest, the inside of the Beastmen's city wasn't very well off. The road into the valley was jam-packed. Small stands one after another took up a good portion of the road. Feces was everywhere on the ground, and Beastmen with heavy body odor squeezed past each other. All the different smells mixed together into a nauseating scent.

The Beastmen acted crazily too. They pissed on the street, showed their private parts to flirt with the other sex, and even mated in the corner with people watching in interest. This would never be seen in the human world.

"Ugh, I hate Beastmen cities the most. I feel like I'm in a monkey kingdom every time," Felina whispered. Even though she was covered in the loose cloak, she'd felt dozens of harassing hands try to touch her as they squeezed down the path.

These Beastmen didn't really cross the line and just touched her, so she couldn't kill them just for that, right?

As for Nana... she was too fast and wouldn't get close to anyone. Even though the street was extremely crowded, no one could touch her. She was protecting herself instead of avoiding humiliation as a girl. Nana didn't have that type of conscience. She just wanted to avoid a sneak attack.

Link was having a hard time. In the previous game, there were uncivilized sights in the Beastman city too, but most had been censored. Entering the city, one would feel a primitive, barbaric, and straightforward atmosphere. This existed in the real city too, but he felt more shamelessness, dirtiness, messiness, wetness, and stickiness. It was disgusting.

If they didn't have to find the exiled god Elodim, he definitely wouldn't step foot here.

As they walked, Link asked, "Felina, can you feel his location?"

Felina caught a hand reaching toward her breast and squeezed, not letting go until the man yelled in pain. Hearing Link's question, she whispered, "The city is too messy. I can feel that he's here, but I can't pinpoint his location. We have to search carefully."

Link nodded and continued pushing forward. Half an hour later, he finally squeezed out of the market street at the valley's entrance. The land before him became vast. It was still crowded, and the ground was still disgustingly dirty, but at least he could breathe. He had the time to observe the surroundings too.

The valley was big with many paths and caves dug into the sides of the cliffs. Beastmen filled every cave. There were also some stone buildings in the valley. Each one surrounded by crude wooden cabins covered in ivy that looked like they would collapse at any time. Not only did the cabins lean against the stone buildings, but they also leaned against the stone wall of the valley. From afar, the layers upon layers of buildings were dizzying.

"This valley isn't that big, but I heard that there are at least 500,000 Beastmen living here. I didn't believe it before, but now I do." Link shook his head and sighed. He could only sigh at how efficiently the Beastmen used the space.

Felina wiped at her sweat and pointed at a tall stone building. "Look, it says Sleeping Giant Inn and looks okay. Shall we go rest inside?"

She wasn't tired—she just felt dirty and sweaty. She smelled indescribably of feces too. If she didn't wash up soon, she would go crazy.

"I was going to say that too." Link exhaled deeply.

Entering the inn, Link instantly felt like he'd returned to the human world. The spacious building was filled with the smell of cheese, and most of the people in the

lobby were humans. He was relieved.

Coincidentally, Link actually saw Masos.

The guy was eating lunch with his mercenaries. He saw Link as well and chuckled. "Ah, what a coincidence! You look like you're in a bad mood. Come, come, I'll treat you to a good meal!" With that, he raised a hand and told the server, "Three more roasted lambs and three cups of grain wine."

Masos was very enthusiastic while Link needed someone familiar with the situation to help. He walked over and sat with them. "It's really hard to get accustomed to this city." Link sighed.

Grinning, Masos said, "Everyone's like that the first time, but you'll get used to it. Compared to us, the Beastmen are indeed a bit behind, but they're straightforward and rarely lie. It's much easier doing business with them."

That was true. Beastmen could be described with one word: straightforward. Other than the shamans, most were like inflexible rods.

Soon, a Beastwoman server brought the food over. The so-called roasted lamb looked like a roasted pig, so Link tried it. It was tender and tasty. He took a sip of the wine and instantly felt better.

Felina had a shocking appetite. She was a typical foodie and forgot all about the earlier unhappiness as she started eating. As for Nana, she tried the unfamiliar food and then sat there primly, listening to the others chat. She looked like a lady.

The people were all discussing the interesting things about the Golden Plains. Mostly, it was Masos talking while Link listened.

As they talked, Masos suddenly asked, "Master Link, did you hear about what happened three days ago?"

"Three days ago? What happened?" Link had been focused on avoiding Isendilan and didn't care about anything else.

Masos sighed. "A Magician cast some sort of terrifying flame spell in the northern village of Deral. The entire village was destroyed, and no more than 200 people survived. According to a lucky merchant, it was a young man dressed in a dark red

robe. His hair was black-red, and his eyes were red too. Do you think the Red Dragon did it?"

Before Link could react after hearing this, Felina suddenly stopped.

"What's wrong?" Link noticed immediately.

"Masos just described Isendilan." Felina had paled.

"Isendilan?" Masos didn't know the name of this Red Dragon duke.

"He's the fallen duke and is very powerful, no less than Bryant from before. The Red Dragon at Holun was his underling," Link described the legendary dragon to Masos in layman terms.

Regular people wouldn't know how powerful the Red Dragon duke was, but everyone knew who Bryant was. If a dragon could be compared to Bryant and was so cruel and his underlings so terrifying—it was a disaster.

This time, Masos and his mercenaries turned ghastly pale. They were even more unnerved than Felina.

Masos sucked in a deep breath and said uncomfortably, "I heard about this yesterday. At that time, the Sky Shattering Warlord had just helped us to the White Cloud City, and we got the news that something happened to Deral. The Sky Shattering Warlord hurried over with three grand shamans and an elite Beastman army of 1000. Hearing what you said now, they're probably all dead now."

Link and Felina exchanged glances at this news.

After a long while, Link asked, "How powerful is the Sky Shattering Warlord?"

"He's a Level-9 Warrior. He apparently leveled up a month ago." Masos was a regular man, but he was very knowledgeable and described the Sky Shattering Warlord's strength precisely.

A Level-9 Warrior with three grand shamans and an elite Beastman army of 1000 soldiers could give Isendilan some trouble if they fought with the right techniques. They could even defeat Isendilan.

But if they were unlucky or Isendilan attacked first, all of them would be killed without a doubt.

Felina put her mouth to Link's ears and whispered, "I think this is our fault."

Yes, it was definitely their fault, and they even caused so many innocent civilians of Deral Village to lose their lives. Link felt very guilty.

Thinking for a bit, Link said to Masos, "The Sky Shattering Warlord isn't Isendilan's match and will most likely die. I want to help, but I'm afraid the Beastmen distrust me. Can you help be my witness?"

The three of them couldn't go against Isendilan, but with so many Beastman Warriors and a Level-9 Beastman Warlord, they could fight Isendilan and possibly even injure him gravely.

Masos drank all his wine and said boldly, "The warlord is my friend. I just don't have the abilities. Otherwise, I'd gone to help long ago. Now that you want to help, why would I refuse?"

They were all direct and bold people. Since they decided, they acted immediately. After filling their stomachs, they set off.

Just as they hurried out of the Sleeping Giant Inn, a blue-eyed black cat with shiny and silky fur jumped onto the inn's roof, silently watching the leaving group. When they disappeared, the black cat jumped down. It flashed into an alley and disappeared.

Chapter 325

Alas, a Legendary Dragon is Not Invincible

After Link once again left White Cloud City and reached its entrance, an in-game message appeared in his field of vision. Upon closer inspection, he realized that it was a mission.

Activate Epic Quest Series: Dark Legends

First Step: Corruption?

Mission: Find the Beastman army that was destroyed by the Legendary red dragon.

Reward: 100 Omni Points

Link fell speechless upon seeing this mission. What did this mission mean? Were the Sky Shattering Warlord and his troops already defeated?

This had completely destroyed Link's plan of fighting against Isendilan together with the Sky Shattering Warlord.

Felina knew something was wrong after seeing the changes in Link's facial expression. She then asked, "Master, what happened?"

Link knew that the in-game system had never lied to him. Many times, it would even provide him with additional clues. Now that it mentioned of the destruction of a Beastman army, it must be true.

He took a deep breath before saying, "I have a bad feeling. I'm afraid the situation with the Sky Shattering Warlord is not optimistic."

Felina was startled. A Magician would never have a bad premonition without any basis. This was especially so for a strong Magician like Link. If he said that something was amiss, he could not be wrong.

Masos heard Link's words as well. He was terrified as he knew Link's reputation in the

human world. His words were taken extremely seriously. Masos then said, "Their last message was just three hours ago. They mentioned that everything was fine. They had over 1000 capable Warriors and even Sky Shattering Warlord Holun. They should be able to hold their ground for a while even against a Legendary dragon. Am I right?"

Link could not mention the in-game system to Masos and gave up on explaining. He said, "Perhaps I was wrong. Let's go and search for them."

"That will do," Masos said and continued forward with a heart shrouded in worry.

Masos was highly respected amongst the Beastman community. When they heard that he was going to bring a few powerful Warriors to support the Sky Shattering Warlord, they even lent him a few battle wolves which allowed them to travel faster.

They could ride on the backs of these wolves when traveling on the rolling plains.

The wolves could cover a distance of 150 feet in a second and were extremely durable. They could run at that speed for an hour without stopping.

Although Link was more than used to such high-speed traveling, this was something new for Masos. He rode the wolf with enthusiasm, screaming at the top of his lungs as he sped. He seemed both excited and terrified.

After an hour, they had covered a distance of 60 miles and reached the battlefield.

Upon seeing the state in front of his eyes, Masos gasped, "Oh my lord, is this the strength of a Legendary dragon?"

On the plains in front of him, the area in a 900 foot radius was completely charred. There were many spots that were emitting a green smog. The bodies of the fallen Beastmen were strewn all over the charred ground.

They were completely burned from the inside out. Every so often when the wind blew past, cracking sounds could be heard. It was the sound of the dehydrated bodies splintering under the force of the wind.

"Felina, defend!" Link shouted seriously. He then jumped down from the wolf's back and carefully observed the battlefield.

"At least 700 Beastmen died in this battle. It was not a spell that resulted in this

destruction. This was merely Isendilan's dragon breath. He used it for a total of three times. That was all it took for the Beastman troops to be annihilated."

Link then continued forward. He then picked up a broken spear on the ground and said, "This Warrior was at least Level-6 in strength. He threw this spear towards Isendilan using the last of his strength. However, the spear showed no signs of impact, though the body of the spear is broken. Isendilan must have blown it back using the force of his wings... He is truly devastating!"

Link went further into the battlefield and saw three bodies huddling close together. They were in a better shape than the other bodies, retaining most of their body parts and suffering less serious burn wounds.

Apart from their skin, the interior of their bodies was still largely intact, though their flesh had been thoroughly cooked by the high temperature.

Link then cast a Detection spell and carefully observed the magic fluctuations in the area. After ten seconds, he concluded, "The three of them should be shamans. They did not attempt to protect themselves after witnessing the terrifying dragon breath. Instead, they combined their forces to cast an extremely powerful Divine spell. This spell could very possibly have injured Isendilan."

Beastmen placed their faith in the God of Light as well, though they preferred to call their priests and bishops as shamans. Their application of Divine Skills was also slightly different than the humans. Their spells were often more offensive in nature.

True to its name, Divine Skills are simply powers of the gods.

The three great shamans were akin to the archbishops in Hot Springs City. A Divine Skill cast from their combined efforts was sure to deal damage to any being in the World of Firuman, even a Legendary individual.

After a few steps, Link had found evidence of Isendilan's injury. There were a few crimson scales on the ground which were still warm to the touch. When knocked against one another, they emitted a low rumble that was clearly non-metallic. It definitely had a special quality to it.

"The dragon scales seemed to be broken. There was also dragon blood on the ground. Ah, there is a half-broken axe here. This axe... is Epic quality. There are clear liquid marks on the blade of the axe that has solidified. It is congealed dragon blood. This

should be the weapon of the Sky Shattering Warlord. He had managed to injure Isendilan with this Epic quality weapon... It seems like Isendilan has suffered greatly in this battle."

A Legendary dragon was incredibly powerful. He could destroy an ordinary troop in three dragon breath attacks. However, when facing against a Level-9 Beastman and three great shamans, he still paid a great price.

Link circled the battlefield for a long while before coming to a stop. He did not find a corpse powerful enough to be Holun. He knew that Holun must have escaped after the battle.

Link had already gotten a grasp of the situation. He then took the half broken axe to Masos.

Masos gasped upon seeing this weapon. He said, "I recognize it. This is Holun's axe. Oh my lord, has Holun died?"

Link shook his head and said, "No, I could not find his corpse. There is a total of 803 bodies around here. I believe that Holun must have left with around 200 of his troops."

"Escape? Since he has escaped, why is he not returning to White Cloud City?" Masos uttered in confusion.

Felina walked forward and said, "He must be trying to divert Isendilan's attention to prevent the Uda Town tragedy from repeating itself."

With Isendilan's strength, he might be able to massacre the entire city if he wanted to.

Masos fell speechless instantly.

Felina stared at Link and asked, "Where did they go?"

Link pointed to the East and said, "That way. From what I know, there is a huge lake in that direction. They must have been trying to make use of the lake water to defend themselves from Isendilan's flames."

If that was the case, then these Beastmen were too naive.

This would be a good way to defend oneself against an ordinary dragon. However, it

was futile against Isendilan. He had already obtained the power of the principles; his flames could even ignite and incinerate water.

However, this was not to say that there was no way around it.

Link then mounted the battle wolf and led the way. He said, "From the state of the battlefield, I suspect that Isendilan is also heavily injured. We are currently in the Golden Plains, the territory of the Beastmen. Isendilan probably would take caution and hide in a safe spot to recover. We should be safe in this period and have to rendezvous with them fast."

"Understood," Felina and Masos nodded as they said.

The traces of the Beastmens' retreat were obvious. After around six miles, they saw the body of a Beastman Warrior at the side of the road.

The Beastman Warrior seemed to be abandoned in haste. He had suffered burns on multiple areas, and his flesh almost melded together with his armor due to the intense heat. He appeared to be in pain.

Link said, "I believe that they have another reason for going to the lake. They must have been trying to ease the pain of burns on their body."

These surviving Warriors must have been burned as well. A red dragon's breath had a corrosive attribute to it. One would feel extremely uncomfortable after suffering a burn injury from a dragon's breath. Even if one were to survive the initial onslaught, most would die from the endless pain that tortured their body and minds.

Felina's face sunk as she said, "If those Beastmen were affected by Isendilan's flames, they might not live."

As a dragon herself, she knew how powerful Isendilan was.

On the other hand, Link was a lot more optimistic. He said, "There is actually a cure for the corrosion of a red dragon's breath. I have seen it once in a magic book. It is not very difficult to create."

"Oh, really?" Felina was slightly unsure. As a red dragon, she was immune to the corrosive properties of the dragon breath. She would naturally have no knowledge of ways to counter it.

Link nodded affirmingly and continued, "It's true. The main offensive property of a dragon breath is still its intense heat. The corrosive property is secondary and not that powerful. I remember the cure is called Pure Water Black Jade. It can easily neutralize the poison within."

When Link was playing the game, this antidote was a compulsory item if one wanted to defeat the Isendilan quest.

This was because one would be afflicted with the poisoned status the moment one came in contact with Isendilan's dragon breath attack. If this status was not dispelled, it would stack and accumulate, causing the player to lose a huge chunk of health per second. If one were to be afflicted with five stacks of such poison, they would suffer instant death.

However, alchemy potions were simply too expensive. In order to reduce cost, guilds would try to search for cheaper alternatives. Link's guild naturally did the same. The Pure Water Black Jade was something that they created. As it was frequently used and easy to create, Link could clearly remember the steps to brewing this antidote.

As Link spoke, they had covered another three miles. They saw at least ten other bodies along the way. This was not a good sign.

"Master, we have to hurry. They don't look like they are in a good state," Masos eagerly urged.

"I know... Wait, something is amiss."

Link cast his gaze into the sky and saw over ten black dots hovering in the air. Felina then did the same before she gasped, "It is Theron. The person beside him is Olisa. The rest are merely dragon beasts. They do not possess the dragon breath, though they are all at least Level-5 in strength."

"Olisa?" Link said in an incredulous tone. He clearly remembered that she was captured. Did the Dragon Valley overlook her threat to their race and merely exile her?

They were simply laying the path to their own deathbeds.

Link was horrified at the sight of these dragons, though it quickly turned into euphoria.

This meant that Isendilan's injury was probably more serious than he expected. If he was still able to battle, there was no need to summon so many helpers. They might even be able to defeat Isendilan without the Red Dragon Queen's assistance this time around!

Upon this thought, Link shouted, "We have to be quick!"

Although Isendilan was injured, they still needed the help of the Beastmen to defeat him, especially the help of Sky Shattering Warlord Holun. He was able to injure Isendilan in the previous battle, proving his capabilities.

...

In the sky.

Theron had noticed Link as well. His eyes widened in fear as he turned to Olisa and said, "Look, that is the Magician that prevented Todelron from resurrecting!"

Olisa's face sunk as well. She had once fought Link in the Dragon Valley and was nearly killed. She could still feel the chills running through her body upon seeing Link.

Olisa was extremely wary of Link. She quickly added, "We will not be able to defeat him. We have to find the duke quickly and kill this guy. No one can predict what he is going to do!"

Chapter 326

Straightforward Warlord

Theron and Olisa flew in the sky, getting further and further away from Link's group. They didn't seem to be planning on coming down to fight with Link.

The dragons flew high up and escaped quickly. If they didn't want to fight, Link's group couldn't do anything about it. They could only speed up and hurry over to the lake in the east.

After a while, Link suddenly stopped. He ran to the roadside and dug up a clump of green herbal medicine. As he dug, he explained, "This is the Cattleya orchid. It's the ingredient for antidotes. There are many here so come over and help."

With that, Masos, Felina, and Nana all came down from their war wolves and started digging up the herbs.

Three minutes later, Link had around ten pounds in his hands. "Okay, that's enough," he said. "Let's keep going."

They ran for around 20 miles, and a boundless lake appeared before them. It was the Crystal Blue Lake, the biggest lake in the Golden Plains. It was more than 40 miles wide and never dried. The Beastmen called it the sacred lake.

Felina had sharp eyes and pointed at the shoal. "Look, they're over there!"

Everyone looked over and saw more than 100 Beastmen scattered in the shallow water. They had taken off their hide armor, revealing their burnt red bodies. Though they were lying in the water, it couldn't relieve them of their pain. They still tossed and turned, crying out pitifully.

Some of the Beastmen had already stopped breathing, turning into corpses. They floated in the water, tossed about by the waves.

No one cared about them; they were all tormented.

After seeing these people, a message appeared in Link's vision.

Mission accomplished: Defeat?

Player Link +100 Omni Points

Begin next mission: Suspicious Beastmen

Mission details: Gain the trust of the Beastmen and receive help from them.

Mission reward: 100 Omni Points

Link immediately accepted it.

On the other side, Masos sighed when he saw this. "This really is a horrible dragon catastrophe."

Felina opened her mouth to speak but then stopped. Her fellow dragons had done this, and she couldn't refute it. She just felt extremely shameful. She involuntarily clenched her fists.

Link had jumped down from the war wolf and was walking towards the Beastmen. Hearing Masos, he said, "Masos, watch your words. Isendilan did this, but he can only represent himself. He can't represent the entire dragon race, just like how there are horrible humans too."

Masos flinched. He glanced at the quiet Felina and realized that he'd said something wrong. Running to Link, he pointed at a Beastman sitting quietly on a rock beside the lake. "Master, that's the Sky Shattering Warlord Holun."

Link saw him as well. This guy was abnormally big, at around seven feet tall. His muscles bulged, filled with powerful tension. The hide armor on him was a bit damaged, and his dusty brown hair was kind of burnt yellow. There were some burn marks on his skin as well, but he wasn't in bad condition.

He sat on the rock without moving, gazing listlessly at his struggling brethren. It was as if he couldn't hear the pained cries from the lake. Or rather, he heard them, but he couldn't do anything. He'd already done everything he could do.

Footsteps sounded. Holun looked over with his red eyes and saw four people who

looked like humans walking toward him... No, there were three humans and one Red Dragon... Ah, it was a Red Dragon!

Why was the damn four-legged lizard here?!

Holun felt something explode inside him. He jumped up from the rock and prepared to fight but realized he had no weapons. He instantly turned around and bent down to pick up the boulder.

He applied force, but the rock didn't bulge. It was much bigger than he'd expected and the part he could see was just the tip of the iceberg.

Holun roared in anger. Was a rock going against him too?

"Move!" he yelled. The Titan Battle Aura was activated.

There were countless cracks. Holun had shattered the rock with his bare hands. Hoisting up the boulder, he used all his might and hurled it at Felina.

"Die, dragon!"

The two-ton rock whistled through the air. It was two feet wide and cut the air with shocking power.

Felina was shocked. She knew she couldn't catch it, so she quickly jumped aside.

Boom! The rock crashed into the riverbank mud and sank in. Mud splashed in all directions while there was a shockwave visible to the naked eye.

Felina had just dodged and hadn't even steadied herself before she was slammed by the tidal wave of mud. She was practically swept off her feet, and her legs were already sore and numb. She almost collapsed.

At this time, Holun had already broken off another giant piece of rock. He held it high up and hurled it at Felina.

Seeing that Felina would get stoned to death, Masos hurried over and yelled, "Holun, stop! She's our friend. She's here to help."

"Masos? Did you leave the White Cloud City to die here?" But Holun still listened to

him and tossed the rock aside. He glared at Felina. "Help? Others can come help but not a dragon. I want to kill them all!"

Felina paled. Rather than becoming angry, she felt guilty. She wanted to apologize, but Link stopped her. "He's lost his temper," he murmured. "Your words might make things worse. Let me talk to him."

"Okay." Felina nodded lightly.

Masos had already explained to Holun why Link's group had come. At the end, he said, "I'm really telling you to the truth, Holun. They're here to help."

Holun huffed, his nostrils flaring. Fury still burned inside him. "The two humans can help but that dragon... I don't trust her. Make her leave. If I see her again, I won't hold back again!"

His threat was very heavy. Felina couldn't leave, but she couldn't stay either. In the past, she would definitely walk away without looking back. She wouldn't take the mistreatment.

However, the Beastman was stronger than her, and she wasn't confident in her own strength, so she lost her pride. Furthermore, a dragon had caused this. She felt that she had to make up for it.

Seeing her like this, Link sighed. She was such an innocent girl. If it were him, he would leave if the other party didn't accept his help. Then he would return after he became stronger and teach the guy a lesson!

Now, he had to stand up for Felina. He walked forward and said coldly, "Beastman, you should apologize to the lady for your crude words!"

"Apologize?!" Holun's repressed anger flared up again. "You want me to apologize to a dragon? Those damn lizards killed countless of my brethren. They killed the grand shaman and so many of my brothers. They're still in torment now, and I have to apologize to her? Human, do you want to die?!"

As he spoke, Holun looked left and right. He was looking for rocks to teach this human a lesson.

Masos hurriedly urged, "Ah, Holun, don't be angry. This girl really came to help. She

saved the people of the Uda Village before. The Magician helped too."

"Masos, scram. I'm going to teach this Magician a lesson today. Since he saved the Uda Village, I won't kill him."

Holun picked up the rock he'd tossed down earlier. He felt its weight and looked at the Magician. He was even thinner than Beastwomen, and this rock would definitely kill him. Holun tossed it down again and chose a smaller one. Weighing it, he still felt it was too much. He decided to not use a rock. A fist would do for such a small thing.

Waving his fist, he strode over to teach Link a lesson.

Link didn't hide, retreat, or use a spell. He pointed at the Beastmen Warriors in the lake and said, "They're gravely injured, but I can heal them. Would you rather waste time fighting with me and watch your brothers die one by one or..."

He trailed off. His words were effective.

The last moment, Holun was still intimidating. The next moment, he sagged like a leaking balloon. "What did you say? You can heal them?" He looked eager.

"Of course. That's why I came."

Thud. Without caring about his dignity as the Sky Shattering Warlord, Holun knelt down in the mud. "Save them! Please! I apologize for what I said. Please save them now!"

The change was so dramatic that even Masos who was used to the Beastman's temper was dumbfounded.

Link wasn't surprised though. Beastmen were much more straightforward than humans. They didn't care about pride. As long as they didn't feel disgraced, they would do whatever they want. Kneeling down in apology was child's play.

Link nodded reservedly. "Good, I accept it. However, Felina is my friend. You should apologize to her too."

Gritting his teeth, Holun glanced at the suffering Beastmen. After a few seconds of hesitation, he unwillingly apologized. "Sorry, I was too brash."

"It's alright. Indeed, I-"

Link knew that Felina was saying the wrong thing. Beastmen were straightforward and only respected the strong. If someone softened their stance, the Beastmen would think they were easy to bully and do that. Holun would definitely take advantage of Felina if she acted like this.

"Okay, Felina," he cut her off. "I'm going to look for some antidote ingredients. Take me there."

Holun also said, "Yes, yes, the Magician is right. Woman, stop wasting time and go save them."

See, he already guessed that he could bully Felina and spoke casually. If Felina continued to soften, Holun would get all over her.

Link scoffed. "Is that your attitude?"

Holun flinched and immediately changed his attitude. He slapped himself too, producing a crisp crack. "I'm sorry, miss. I spoke improperly again. Please don't be offended."

That sounded better, and they couldn't waste any more time, so Link said to Felina, "Let's go. The other ingredients are all in the lake. Take me there."

"Oh, okay." Felina's voice was rarely this gentle, but she'd felt warm inside from Link's protection.

She transformed into a dragon. When Link climbed on, she flapped her wings and flew towards the heart of the Crystal Blue Lake.

Holun didn't let out a breath until he watched them leave. "What's with this Magician?" he asked Masos. "He's so powerful. I can't even talk properly in front of him."

He didn't know the other's background, but there was an invisible pressure from the man's tone and expression. Holun couldn't act imposingly at all.

Masos smiled inwardly. He knew the reason—Link was powerful, but he also found Holun's Achilles' heel at once. No matter how strong you were, you'd still surrender obediently if the other had you in their palm.

He couldn't say that though. Instead, he had to make Link sound even better.

With a face of reverence, he said, "Oh, him? He's probably the strongest Magician in my race. I think that he'll be comparable to Bryant in the future."

"Bryant? Alright, I'll give it to him." Holun ran back to the lake and yelled, "Brothers, hold on! That human is the new Bryant! He's here to save us!"

The legendary Magician Bryant wasn't just a name to the Beastmen. To them, it was a title for the humans—a glorious title like the warlord of the Beastmen.

Hearing that the new Bryant had arrived, most of the despair in the elite Warriors disappeared. They started hoping.

Chapter 327

A Peculiar Way of Plastering Medication

Link and Felina did not go far. After a few minutes, Link pointed to a shallow area of a lake and said, "Stop here."

The lake was merely about three feet deep, and one could see the bottom of the lake clearly. Felina landed right into the water.

Link raised his wand and waited patiently. Just when Felina was about to ask, she felt a magic fluctuation behind her back. Following which, a spatial sphere around nine feet wide rushed into the water.

"Alright, I caught it," Link smiled. A water sphere then appeared in the middle of the lake. Within the sphere, a fish around six feet long could be seen being restricted.

This fish had no scales on its body. It was cyan in color and was flat in shape. Under the restriction of the Spatial spell, it was still struggling slightly, attempting to escape.

Link then explained, "This is a cyan eel, a water beast. The oil on its body has cooling purposes and is effective in neutralizing the poison from the dragon breath."

He then cast another spatial sphere into the air, and two seconds later, another cyan eel was caught.

The two cyan eels added up to at least 200 pounds. This was more than enough.

Link then changed the form of the spatial spheres to a spatial blade. After a few swishing sounds, the cyan eel was completely severed. Link had also separated the organs, flesh, and light green pure fish oil into different portions. The fish oil seemed to weigh around 22 pounds.

Link put away the flesh and the oil before saying, "Let's go."

Felina nodded and flew back immediately. She then asked along the way, "You mentioned the uses of the oil, what about the flesh? Is it useful as well?"

"Slightly, but not as effective as the oil. The flesh is mainly used for culinary purposes. It is delicious when used to make a broth," Link explained.

Upon hearing the word culinary, Felina's eyes widened. Her trip with Link had exposed her to many different delicacies that she had never experienced. She was originally in a bad mood, though the thought of food immediately made her hungry and expectant.

There seemed to be no return in the road to gluttony.

A few minutes later they returned to the lake. Link jumped down from Felina's back and stared at the Beastmen in the lake. They were still struggling and whimpering in pain. However, there were no new casualties. This was a good sign.

Holun immediately came forward and asked, "Master, how is it going?"

"It went well. I got the materials."

He took out the herbs that he previously harvested before casting a Spatial Sphere spell to envelop these herbs. He then activated the Spatial Slicer spell.

Three seconds later, these herbs had become a complete mush. Link then added in the oil from the cyan eel. This time, he used the Spatial Rend spell to thoroughly mix the ingredients.

Naturally, in order to prevent the complete disintegration of the ingredients, Link kept the intensity to a minimum.

The emerald herbs and the fish oil were mixed thoroughly amidst the vibrations, creating a peculiar reaction. The color of the concoction started turning darker and greasier. Around three minutes later, it had become a ball of dark green paste.

"It is done," Link stretched his other hand and lightly tapped the stone on his side, casting a Spatial Slicer spell and clearing spell.

The rough edges of the stone were completely smoothed out, and the Clearing spell purified the surface of the stone completely. Link then placed the completed paste on the stone.

"Alright, bring your men here and apply this medication to their bodies... Do not eat it... It tastes slightly weird."

Holun spat the paste he had just put into his mouth on the ground. The paste emitted a faint fragrance, which propelled him to give it a taste. Little did he know that it was this horrible tasting.

Masos was a lot more reliable in this aspect. He took a bit of the medicated paste and applied them on Holun's body. He then asked, "Old friend, how do you feel?"

"Hm?" Holun said in a confused tone, "It is cooling and refreshing. The burning sensation is gone!"

This is truly useful.

Holun immediately got to work. He ran to the lake and carried the heavily injured Warriors by hand while shouting at the same time, "Brothers, the medicine is here. Apply it quickly! Let me tell you, this feels as good as having a good night's sex!"

Although these words were slightly vulgar, it was extremely effective. Even a few seriously injured Beastmen were able to crawl towards the medication using their last bit of strength.

God knew what they had gone through.

They started applying the medication in an extremely unsightly manner. Before long, they were applying insane amounts onto their body, depleting the medication extremely fast.

Link quickly added, "You do not need so much, just a thin layer will do. Hey, don't eat it, it will not help."

Holun noticed that the medication was running low and shouted, "Brothers, save some of it for others! You, and you, why have you applied such a thick layer? Rub the excess onto your other comrades. Don't waste this precious medication."

Following which, Link and company stared with their mouth agape at the actions of the Beastmen.

Simply imagine over one hundred naked Beastmen with burns all over their bodies rubbing the slimy medication onto each other. As the injuries on their bodies healed, some of them even found the passion and energy to engage in intercourse... It was an unbearable sight.

"Oh, that feels good. I am in heaven!"

"It's so cooling, I am reborn!"

"Hey, what are you doing to my butt! I will break your treasure stick! Ah, don't come any closer!"

The situation was simply too chaotic. Link retreated for a few steps quietly for fear of being drawn into the mess. Felina had long run to a faraway spot in fear. Masos, on the other hand, stared at the scene with a bitter smile.

Nana was the only one who stared with curiosity and asked, "Master, what are they doing?"

Weren't they applying medication? Why are they huddling together and doing peculiar actions?

Link thought for a moment before replying seriously, "Perhaps their butt was also injured. They couldn't have reached that spot by themselves, so they needed the help of their comrades."

"Oh, the dragon breath is truly powerful. To think that it can reach so deep inside," Nana gasped in admiration.

Masos perspired profusely while listening to the conversation.

As the commander, Holun had probably seen many such instances. In fact, he was elated to see that his troops had regained their energy. He then ran to Link and said, "Master, your medication is truly incredible. You are my friend from today onwards. I will serve at your command."

As he said those words, an in-game message appeared in his field of vision.

Completed Quest Series Legendary Dragon Step 2: Suspicious Beastmen

Player Omni Points +100

Activate Step 3: Persuasion

Mission: Persuade Sky Shattering Warlord Holun to cooperate in the fight against

Isendilan

Reward: 50 Omni Points

Link chose to accept it and smiled at Holun before saying, "Do you mean that?"

"The Beastman race will never lie!" Holun seemed to have been insulted and patted his chest with full force.

Link then said, "I am prepared to face Isendilan... Oh, he is the dragon that you fought not long ago. I need your help."

Holun fell speechless immediately. A hesitant look appeared on his face as he took a step back subconsciously.

"Why... Are you afraid? Or are you telling me you only pick on the weak and fear the strong?" Link was not surprised at this situation. Anyone would cower in fear in the face of a Legendary dragon's power. Not to mention that Holun had experienced this power first-hand.

Therefore, Link used tried to provoke him into doing such acts. He knew that the Beastmen could not stand any form of provocation.

Sure enough, Holun immediately patted his chest as his eyes widened. He said, "Why would I be scared? I cannot wait to kill him with my own hands! However, I do not have a weapon now, I cannot possibly defeat him with stones."

"That is truly a problem," Link agreed. Holun's axe was destroyed, though this was not a huge problem. He could create a weapon for him easily.

"If you have high-quality materials, I can make a weapon for you."

Holun shook his head as he said, "No, that is not possible. My weapon is not an ordinary weapon. You are a Magician and not an ironsmith. How could you possibly do that? Furthermore, I would break any ordinary axe with simply an action."

Link would never expect to be rejected when he offered to help someone with the construction of his weapon. This would probably only happen with the Beastmen, who were not informed of the happenings in the World of Firuman. If he were to offer this in the human world, the doors to the Ferde Wilderness would probably be flooded

with volunteers.

Masos then started laughing as he patted Holun's shoulders. He said, "Oh Holun, my old friend, you have no idea. In the human race, Master Link is the top enchanter. You are extremely lucky to have him create a weapon for you!"

Holun could not believe his ears. His eyes widened as he said, "Are you sure? Can it be better than my Obsidian Axe?"

Link then waved at Nana and said, "Show him the dagger."

Nana walked forward and unsheathed the Last Nightmare. She walked to a stone more than three feet wide and slashed it lightly. With a light sound, the stone was split cleanly into two. The fractured area was also extremely smooth. Nana then put away the sword and returned back to Link's side with a proud expression on her face.

Holun stared at the dagger in Nana's hand and the huge stone on the ground interchangeably before he swallowed his saliva and said, "A dagger with such sharpness exist in the world?"

He was not impressed that the dagger could split open the stone, as he could manage that himself with ease. He was amazed at how effortless it was for Nana to slice open that sturdy rock. Furthermore, the fractured area was extremely smooth and showed no signs of cracking. This could only mean that this stone was not split open by brute force, but merely the sharpness of the blade.

This was terrifying and was completely beyond Holun's understanding of weapons.

"I created it," Link smiled as he said.

Holun immediately knelt on the ground as he said, "Master, as long as you can create an axe that is half as sharp as that dagger for me, I will do whatever you wish. I can even drink urine and eat feces without as much as a frown."

Link fell speechless upon hearing those words. He could not believe the words that Holun just blurted out. He then said, "Let's go back. I can only create the axe with good materials."

"That is no problem at all. The lord of White Cloud City has a treasure trove. He will definitely be generous enough to provide me with what I need."

...

In a low-lying valley, Isendilan lay on the floor covered in blood. His injury was on the right side of his chest. It was dealt by a Beastman.

The wound was nine feet deep. Upon the impact. The axe shattered into pieces, and many of the smithereens were still stuck in his body.

That was not all. The three great shamans cast a Divine spell which broke through his barrier created from the power of the principles with brute force. The power of the Divine spell then seeped into his body which depleted a great deal of his strength.

He was so weak now he could hardly fly.

"My lord, what do we do now?" Theron asked in a soft voice.

Isendilan was just about to speak when his eyelids twitched. He then said, "Stand guard outside. I want some rest."

Theron and Olisa exchanged glances and retreated as ordered.

After they left, a shiny black cat emerged from the bush at the corner of the valley.

"Why have you arrived? Are you here to gloat at my misfortune?" Isendilan grumbled.

"I am just taking pity on you. Unfortunately, you don't seem to be able to live long," the black cat said. As he said those words, he leaped a few times before landing on top of Isendilan's body.

Strangely, Isendilan merely shook his head to express his discomfort. He did not chase the black cat away.

"Those bunch of mortals cannot kill me," Isendilan sounded a little weak as he said.

"A hundred ordinary people would not be able to. But what if a Spatial Magician, a Level-8 Warrior, a level-9 Beastman Warlord and a great shaman combined their efforts?"

Isendilan fell silent for a long time before asking, "What should I do?"

"Listen to me. You can do this..." The black cat jumped to Isendilan's ears and whispered.

Chapter 328

Pillar Figure of the Humans

White Cloud City.

This time, Link didn't experience any crowding. Wherever the Sky Shattering Warlord was, the Beastmen would immediately move aside. It was like squeezing a stick into a can of sardines, forcing a path out.

Holun didn't kill the giant dragon and sacrificed so many lives, so he felt disgraced. The entire way, his expression was dark. He walked wordlessly with his head lowered, not slowing down until he reached the house of the White Cloud City's city lord.

The so-called city lord house wasn't bad. It was a stone longhouse with two levels and quite big as well. It was more than 100 feet long and wide. In the impoverished Beastman city, it was good, but in a human city, it couldn't even be compared to a rich merchant's mansion.

The city lord had come to wait for them by the gate early on. He was an old Beastman around 50 years old. Link could tell that he was very strong in his youth and probably was a powerful Warrior. Now though, he was frail and hunched. His muscles had shrunk, and his face was wrinkled.

When Holun saw him, he said brusquely, "Old man, my axe broke. The Master Magician said he can make a new one for me. Hand over whatever good stuff you have."

The old Beastman wasn't annoyed at all. He smiled warmly. "A broken axe isn't much. All that matters is that you're back. If you need material, you can take whatever I have that you need."

Holun looked less tense. "Time is tight. I need a new weapon as soon as possible. Take me there now."

The city lord nodded and said to the soldiers, "Take good care of the guests."

After the guards replied, he took Holun away.

"Follow me." The guard looked at Link with animosity and stared at Felina even harder. Only Masos was spared the looks.

It couldn't be helped. Beastmen were naturally suspicious of foreigners, and it couldn't be changed within a short period.

The inside of the stone house was alright. It was furnished with tables and chairs, and after everyone took a seat, a voluptuous Beastwoman came out to serve them wine. Her features were quite pretty, and she had naturally curled black hair. Her figure was hot too with a bit of wildness. She was an undisputable beauty even to a human.

"This is Charlotte," Masos explained to Link softly. "The city lord's youngest wife. She specifically treats the Warriors. If you like her, you can tell the city lord, and she'll spend the night with you."

Link was taken aback. He didn't expect the Beastmen to have this tradition. Obviously uninterested, he shook his head. "That's nice, but the Beastmen are too strong. I don't think I can take it."

Felina heard this and was unhappy. She glared at Masos. "Merchant, mind your business and shut up!"

Since no one entertained him, Masos shrugged and drank by himself.

After a few dozen minutes, Holun came with a big sack to Link's side. He tossed the sack down with a thud and said a bit proudly, "Master, all the good stuff is here. Do you think they're okay?"

Link opened the sack and checked each object.

There were indeed quite a few good things, but they were all unrefined ore. He saw orichalcum, silver compounds, thorium, obsidian, star copper, and more. There were around 20 different types.

Link thought for a moment and got an idea. He chose five fist-sized rocks and said, "This is enough. You can take the rest back."

"That's it? You can take more. No need to save anything." Holun only knew that these things were valuable but didn't know how to use them. He just thought that if he used all of it, the axe would be really, really powerful.

Link couldn't help but smile. Beastmen were truly ignorant and uncultured. Few in the race had any wisdom. All they knew were some basic common sense and experience. But because of this, they had simple thoughts and wouldn't think about nonsense. They could easily put their all into a battle and were perfect Warriors.

When they joined the allies in the previous game and received the weaponry supplied by the other races, they produced shocking combat ability. They were the most elite group in the army.

Later, the allies had been able to fend off the demon army's direct attack mostly thanks to the Beastmen.

Seeing that Holun was worried this was perfunctory for him, Link took out the biggest piece of obsidian from the sack. "Adding this will do. You know, an axe is only so big. More material will just be a waste."

This made sense, so Holun accepted it. He scratched his head and asked, "Master, when will I get my axe?"

"I'll do it as fast as possible. During this time, I hope you can go find more helpers. You know, a giant dragon is hard to deal with."

Holun could relate to this deeply. "You're right. That dragon is honestly troublesome. Here, I'll go find Avatar. That guy's more powerful than me!"

Avatar, the Glorious Warlord, had unbeatable combat skills. The strongest human Warrior was Kanorse, the Dawn Swordsman. He had almost perfect techniques, but in the game, these two had fought, and Kanorse couldn't even block 30 of Avatar's moves. It was obvious how powerful this Beastman warlord was.

"We also need a shaman," Link reminded. Divine power was indispensable against legendary power.

"Okay, I will go find the grand shaman."

"That should be enough. Go."

Holun was impatient about revenge and didn't want to waste another second. He turned and left. When he passed Charlotte, he reached out and squeezed her boob and said seriously, "Charlotte, when I defeat that dragon, I'm gonna do you for three

nights!"

The Beastwoman glanced at him and patted Holun's crotch. "Then you have to come back alive."

"Wait for me!" Holun left the house with the expression of a tragic hero.

Link drank some wine and started working on the axe after a short break.

He didn't plan on changing the axe's original appearance or weight because Holun was already used to it. Changing it could affect his performance. Link didn't plan on adding some special magic effect to the axe either. It was too complicated, and Holun's straightforward brain wouldn't be able to use it. Link just planned on creating the sharpest battle axe.

As for magic... there was only one spell that could work. The effect would strengthen Holun's power and endurance to the max. In other words, it could turn him into a war machine that wouldn't tire out on the battlefield.

If he could do this, Holun had to have endless vitality.

A regular spell couldn't do this. He had to use a "blood-sucking" spell. Here, the blood was another name for "vitality."

Blood-sucking spells can be both good and bad but it doesn't involve much power from the soul, so it doesn't count as black magic. There might be some problems with humans, but the Beastmen don't care about this so I'll use it.

With that thought, Link started to construct his first slightly-demonic weapon.

...

While Link was doing his best on the axe and Holun was hurrying around gathering manpower, a human dressed as a scout raced across the Golden Plains on a horse.

This man wasn't a stranger—it was wandering vigilante Skinorse. He'd wanted to join the Norton Army and go with Link, but Link was busy, and he couldn't wait, so he went to the North first.

Because of his power and extraordinary sneaking abilities, he made many victories

and was already the major of the MI3.

Coming to the Golden Plains this time, he only had one goal: give Link a letter in the Dragon Valley.

The reason was simple. The Dark Elves of the North were becoming more threatening by day, and the shadow of the Divine Gear was thickening. There were more and more demons, and everyone could sense that the Dark Elves were about to unleash their final attack.

How could Link, such a renowned Battle Mage, be absent during the time of crisis?

The reinforcements from the dwarves and Yabba people had asked about Magician Link as soon as they arrived at the Orida Fortress. When they heard that Link wasn't there, their expressions all darkened and they seemed dejected. It was as if the humans were nothing without Link.

For every moment that Link was away, a message for help would come his way. Even if he was at the end of the world, the messengers would risk their lives to find him. He'd now become a pillar of the human race, just like Aymons was to the Dark Elves. Countless people were counting on him. He had to be there!

Racing down the vast grassland, Duke Abel's words echoed in Skinorse's mind. Find him as fast as possible. We need his wisdom! I heard that a powerful human Magician appeared in the White Cloud City. Perhaps I should go look there.

Skinorse had a feeling that that human Magician was the Master Link he was looking for.

Chapter 329

The Black Cat Is a God?

White Cloud City

While Link was busy crafting an axe for Holun, Felina was not idling around, she took Merchant Masos with her and circled around White Cloud City in search of the exiled god Elodim.

However, after an entire day of searching, she had not gotten any results. She clearly felt that he was right here in White Cloud City. It was strange that she did not even see a phantom of his appearance.

She had a feeling that the exiled god was avoiding her on purpose.

By late night, Masos and her returned to the Sleeping Giant Inn feeling lethargic after a day of futile work.

Link was also busy the entire day. He was just about to rest when he saw Felina. Looking at her dejected expression, he said, "It seems like it didn't go well."

Felina nodded and said, "I didn't find him. I have this feeling that he is playing catch with me. At times, I even have this feeling that he was staring at me in some secluded corner."

Masos was present as well. He had followed Felina around the entire day and was extremely tired. He felt as if his legs were breaking.

The three of them then made their way to the hall of the inn before finding a table to rest their weary legs. Masos massaged his legs as he asked, "May I know who you are looking for? If you are to tell me, I may be of help."

Felina did not know if she should divulge the secret to Masos. She then stared at Link to which he gave a reassuring nod.

She thought for a moment before she said, "I have no idea how he looks like now as

well. I can only roughly tell his location. He is an exiled god and possesses unimaginable wisdom. We hope to find this person and obtain countermeasures against the Divine Gear from him."

"You don't know his exact appearance?" Masos frowned as he stroked the beard he had just tidied. He then said, "Even if you were to give a vague description, I would be able to help you find him. However, I cannot be of any help like this."

It was truly a dead end.

Link then fell into deep thought. He drank the beverage that was served as he thought about the peculiar magic book by Elodim he had read some time ago. He could get a sense of Elodim's character from the book.

After half a minute, Link said, "Although I have no idea what he looks like. He is definitely a strange one. Yes, extremely strange. He seems to be angry at everything in the world and is extremely arrogant, belittling everything around him... He should have another habit. He likes to sit on the roof while staring at the starry night sky."

Felina shot a glance at Link quizzically and said, "Link, what even..."

"I once read a magic book written by him. It was a peculiar yet powerful book filled with vulgarities and anger. Through his writing, I could sense his character. It should be some sort of intuition."

Words were the embodiment of a writer's soul. If a reader were to immerse themselves fully in the writing of an author, they could feel the very sense of their soul and their being. This interaction was extremely mysterious. Usually, people who could achieve this were exceptionally focused and patient people who possessed a strong mind.

Link was one of them.

After Masos listened to Link's explanation, his eyebrows twitched slightly.

Link knew that Masos was on to something and asked, "What did you want to say?"

"In White Cloud City, there is a being that fits your description perfectly, though it is a cat and not a human. It is an extremely intelligent cat," Masos said in an incredulous tone, though he truly felt that the cat was the being Link and company was looking for.

"A cat?" Felina and Link stared at this merchant expectantly, waiting for him to divulge more information.

Masos then nodded seriously and said, "Yes, a cat!"

He then described this cat in greater detail, "This cat has extremely shiny fur. From afar, it looks as if he's enveloped in a godly aura. It has a slender body and is extremely fast, able to capture its prey in an instant. It was a common consensus in the city that the cat was special, believing that it could defend them against evil spirits. I have seen it a few times as well, and it behaves exactly like the way you described. One night, I even saw the cat squatting on the roof of a wooden building, staring at the stars. I thought it was interesting at that time and threw an acorn at him. He then stared at me with a deadly stare that sent shivers down my spine."

That was strange.

Felina munched at the food that was served in a daze. Although it was delicious, her focus was completely elsewhere. She said, "The queen once told me that this exiled god had basically no powers. The only special thing about him is his immortal soul. If that is the case, do you think he might have revived using the body of the black cat?"

This might just be possible. Link was starting to get interested with this peculiar black cat.

"Masos, do you know where this black cat is?"

Masos then shrugged his shoulders as he said, "I have no idea. It appears out of nowhere. After all, who would bother keeping track of where a cat is. This is strange though. I would always see him around every so often before, but after you guys arrived, I stopped seeing him entirely."

Thinking back on Felina's experience, Link quickly came to a conclusion, "This black cat is likely who we are looking for. Although he is trying to hide from us."

"Why is he doing that?" Felina frowned. They were merely trying to ask a few questions. Furthermore, he was a god; even if he was exiled and had lost all his powers, there was nothing they could do to him. What was he afraid of?

"Perhaps he just does not want to see us. Or even... He might have found a way to escape this cage confining him. He probably thinks that we would ruin it for him," Link

predicted.

Link did not pull this out of nowhere. He had derived this from the actions of the exiled god. The god was unsatisfied with his current state. He wished to regain his freedom and be unshackled from the World of Firuman. Would he ever let go of this chance if he could? Clearly not.

What could help me escape the World of Firuman? Divine Gear Dark Serpent?

That was not possible. According to the Red Dragon Queen, the Dark Serpent had already appeared three times. Elodim was also the one who helped expel the Dark Serpent for its past two appearances. This meant that the Dark Serpent was not his chance.

Link suddenly remembered the words of the Storm Lord's sword.

The Storm Lord's sword had mentioned that the world was going through some peculiar changes. The thing that was instigating these changes was probably Isendilan's revival techniques.

He described the spell as the destruction of this world's principles, a rift in time-space, and the disintegration of the world

Disintegration of the world? If the world is truly destroyed, wouldn't he be able to escape? Furthermore, Isendilan is also a red dragon. He could similarly, feel the presence of this exiled god and could approach him for help. Could it be that Elodim and Isendilan had combined forces, allowing Isendilan to obtain the revival technique?

At that instant, thoughts flashed through Link's mind. They were extremely terrifying and sent chills down his spine.

These were merely his conjectures without any proof. He could not say these baseless accusations as no one would believe them.

Felina did not notice Link's discomfort. She was still worried about the black cat as she said, "If a cat was truly avoiding us, there was no way we could find it. What should we do?"

Masos shook his head and said, "There is a method."

"Speak," Link's eyes brightened. Following which he said, "Wait, Felina, is he near us?"

Felina then took around ten seconds before she shook her head and said, "No, I cannot feel his presence. He must have known that I was looking for him."

"Alright then, Masos, speak."

Masos whispered, "I have heard rumors that this black cat is extremely gluttonous. He would appear in places where delicacies await, especially when fish was involved. He likes it so much that he will not be able to control himself."

"Not able to control himself? Please elaborate," Link pressed.

Although this story is slightly absurd, it seemed acceptable for a Magician who had written a vulgar and peculiar book. After all, he was simply a strange person.

Masos drank his rice wine as he continued, "This is a legend of the dancing black cat. Everyone in White Cloud City knows that if you wish for the black cat to dance, you will have to capture a fresh fish from the Crystal Blue Lake before boiling a pot of tasty fish broth and putting it on the roof. After a while, the black cat would arrive and enjoy his meal. Say nothing for the first time and continue doing so for a few more times. When the time is ripe, you can negotiate for a dance in exchange for more fish broth. After which, when the black cat is finally full, it will present a dance for you... Naturally, this is just a legend, though all legends usually contain a fraction of truth in them. Am I right?"

Link nodded. This legend definitely proved that this was possible. Furthermore, they were already at a dead end. They would have to take anything that was given to them.

"We can give it a try." Link nodded and quickly filled in the plan with more details, "We cannot be the ones doing this, especially Felina. This would increase his wariness. An ordinary Beastman should be the one doing this. This black cat doesn't possess any powers. The moment it appears, it should be easy to capture him."

Masos confirmed once again and said, "That is a simple task. I can find someone to do this for me. Are you sure that this black cat possesses no powers?"

Felina nodded and said, "Yes, he will just be slightly faster than normal cats."

Masos was still worried and shot a glance at Link. From his perspective, Link was the

most reliable.

Link smiled as he said, "If he has the strength to rebel, why would he harbor such hatred? If he is indeed powerful, how could you attract him with merely some delicious fish broth?"

Upon hearing those words, Masos heaved a sigh of relief. He then clapped his hands and said, "Then consider it done. If the legend is true, I can bring the cat to you tomorrow."

If the cat had no powers, it would be akin to capturing a cat with faster movement speed. This was simple.

Chapter 330

You're Demons, Not Mortals!

The next day, Link completed the battle axe.

He was this fast because the axe's structure was honestly too simple. He only included one spell into the entire thing.

It was 160 pounds, five feet long, and the blade was 1.3 feet. Under the coordination of Link's enchantment spell, the various rare materials melded together, resulting in a strange amber-colored crystal. It was semitransparent and crisscrossing red runic strands could be seen. At a glance, they looked like veins.

It had a cold metallic glow on the surface, and the amber darkened as it got closer to the blade. The blade was extremely dark, rather than transparent, and gave it a heavy feeling.

The battle axe was done, but Holun wasn't back yet. Link wasn't in a hurry either. He put the axe away and started reading his book.

Around dusk, Masos knocked on his door. Link opened the door and saw Masos holding a cage. It contained an abnormally smooth-looking black cat.

"You really caught it?" Link was speechless. Did it really fall for the trick?

Masos laughed heartily. "It was easier than I expected. I just used a bird net, closed it, and it was inside, heh."

Felina heard the commotion and came out. She was in disbelief too. Circling the black cat, she nodded at Link. "My bloodline sensing tells me that it's him."

"Put it on the table," Link said. He could also tell that this cat was different from others. Its emerald eyes were very bright, like pure opals. One couldn't help but keep staring at it, meaning that it had a strong spirit.

Masos placed the cage on the table. "It indeed is a bit strange, and it's really fast too.

After getting caught, it just squatted there, soundless and unmoving."

Just as he said, the cat was quiet inside the cage. Its limbs were close to its body, and its eyes were half-closed. It purred as well as if it was resting with its eyes closed. Link circled it and studied it closely, but it still didn't move. It was as if it couldn't see Link.

"Felina, can it understand us?" Link asked.

"It should, but it probably can't talk." Felina was uncertain. This cat seemed quite unique from the appearance, but it shouldn't be that special. It's possible that something happened when the exiled God went into it, causing the black cat to lose some functions."

Link continued observing it. After a while, he felt he wasn't going deep enough, so he took out his wand and petted the cat with his Magician's Hand. The black cat looked at him lazily. It let Link probe without fighting back.

"It's a female cat... but Elodim was a man 800 years ago, right? Possessing a female cat was probably an accident. Can he get used to it?" Link asked curiously. As he spoke, he kept his eyes on the cat. If it could understand him, it should have some reaction.

But he was disappointed. The thing continued to lie in the cage, half dead. Its stomach rumbled and other than its appearance, there was nothing special about it. It looked just like a gluttonous cat.

"Is it possible that when he possessed the cat, he sank into a deep sleep to protect himself?" Felina suggested. "Otherwise, why would he be so easy to capture?"

Masos pursed his lips. "Seems like it. I can't believe that something like this is a god. He's just a lazy cat."

Link was annoyed. He'd come for pointers, but if the other was always like this, what use was there?

Something felt amiss when he looked at the cat. After thinking for a bit, he finally realized what was wrong. "Masos, didn't you say that its personality is like how I described? If it can preserve its personality, how can it be so ordinary? Furthermore, this guy was avoiding us earlier, and now it's acting like this. I'm sure it's pretending!"

"Pretending?" Felina studied the cat. It was still sleeping inside the cage. She didn't

think so.

"We'll see if we try," Link said.

It was already the evening and time for dinner, so Link said, "Doesn't it like fish? Felina, I have blue rock salmon. Take it to the inn's chef to cook it well. It'll be our dinner."

"Okay." Felina took the fish out.

After half an hour, a server brought a pot of fish soup into the room. As soon as it was brought to the door, the thick fragrance floated in, lifting everyone's appetites.

Gulp. Felina swallowed thickly.

Link studied the black cat. It was still lying on the bottom of the cage without moving as if it wasn't interested. This wasn't logical.

Masos realized too. "That's not right. I caught him using regular fish. It can't be compared to the big chef's fish. It wanted to eat so badly back then. How come there's no reaction now?"

Link and Felina exchanged glances. They had the answer already.

"It can at least understand us. It's definitely pretending right now. Maybe it doesn't want to reply to us, or maybe it feels embarrassed about being caught so easily."

Masos laughed loudly. "It is embarrassing to get tricked by a regular guy as a god and be stuffed inside a cage. Tsk, if it were me, I wouldn't want to talk either."

Since they got to this conclusion, Link felt reassured. He was worried that the god had lost consciousness, but now, he only had to worry about how to make it talk. For this, Link would follow the Red Dragon Queen's solution: cater to its interests.

Link smiled. "Then we'll just let him stay in the cage alone. I'm hungry. Come, let's eat. Let me tell you, the blue rock salmon is fresh and tender but with a little firmness. It's ten times more delicious than regular fish!"

With that, Link gulped down a mouthful of the soup and sighed. He was completely satisfied. The inn's chef was truly good at his job.

The soup had a milky color. With one gulp, the tender, smooth, soft, and tasty flavor hit the nerves on the tip of his tongue. It transformed into beautiful electric currents, flowing into his brain bit by bit—unforgettable.

Masos got the clue. He took a sip, and his eyes brightened too. "I can almost see the beautiful scenery of the Crystal Blue Lake," he praised. "I can die happy after tasting this perfection."

Felina didn't talk. She used her actions to show the deliciousness of the soup. While Link and Masos were talking, she'd already eaten a bowl of fish. The way she shoveled food into her mouth was the best proof of the taste.

Nana was curious too and tried a small bite. She felt that the taste was extraordinary, so she sat beside Link and took one small bite after another like a kitty.

The black cat in the cage was still unmoved. Its stomach continued rumbling, and nothing seemed to have changed.

However, Link discovered that the rumbles would pause. He also saw its whiskers tremble at times and its nose would move slightly too. The actions were minuscule, but Link saw it all. Let me see how much longer you can pretend for, he thought.

With that in mind, he continued saying, "The most beautiful part of life is being able to taste all kinds of delicacies. Masos, I heard that there's another special fish in the Crystal Blue Lake called the Blue nightfin snapper. Soup made from it is enough to make one go wild. Is that true?"

Masos nodded. "Indeed, but it's very difficult to catch the Blue nightfin snapper. A Beastman fisherman can get one per month if he's lucky. They're very expensive as well. One fish costs ten gold coins. Regular people can't afford it."

With that, Masos glanced at the black cat. He smiled and said, "This kitty loves fish, but I'm sure it has only eaten regular fish made with regular techniques. Blue rock salmon, red damask fish, and silver swordfish are rarer. No one would feed a cat with them. As for the Blue nightfin snapper, I'm sure it will never get a taste."

Felina laughed at that. "It's only ten gold coins. That's too cheap. How about we buy some tomorrow?"

Link nodded. "Sure. The chef of this inn is really talented. I'm sure he can make good

use of the amazing taste of something as rare as the blue nightfin snapper."

"Nana wants to eat too," Nana said.

"No problem," Link answered with a laugh. He glanced at the black cat again. It wasn't snoring anymore. It closed its eyes and curled up on itself, burying its nose in its stomach.

Link guessed that it couldn't hold up for much longer, so he continued.

"Hey," he said to Masos. "When I was at the East Cove Magic Academy, my advisor Herrera really liked delicacies. She found some of the best chefs, and I got to enjoy the food as well. Back then, I ate a type of fish called the black pike. The chef used excellent knife technique to slice the fish into translucent sashimi thin as paper. Then he made a sauce called 'dragon breath chili,' and we would eat each piece with the sauce. That taste... mm, so good."

Masos laughed when he heard that. "I know about that method. It first came from the Leo Kingdom in the South. A palace chef invented this method. The black pipe is its common name. The official name for this dish is garra lamta. Apparently, the king had some disease and wouldn't eat anything. He became so thin he was practically a bag of bones. But after eating the fish, he was so content, and he recovered. At that time, he rewarded the chef with 300 gold coins!"

Felina was very into the story. She sighed and said, "Ah, you're making me want to try all of them."

Link agreed. "I know, right? I also ate—"

"Enough!"

A crisp roar came from the cage. The black cat jumped up, its emerald eyes wide open and its hair sticking straight up. Its tail was standing up like a sword. It glared at the people enjoying the delicious food for half a second before subconsciously looking at the soup. Its small pink tongue licked its nose, and its intimidating aura weakened.

"You're not mortals. You're all demons!"

Chapter 331

There Is No Stopping the Disintegration of the World

Sleeping Giant Inn.

The black cat actually started talking. Masos was bewildered at this scene though he quickly recollected himself and said, "Tsk, did I really capture a god?"

Link nodded and said, "You can tell from the way he speaks. Only a god would call us mortals."

Masos then stroked his beard as he laughed, "I can brag about this for generations to come."

The black cat gave him a cold stare before he sneered, "A few generations? You will be lucky enough to live your life in peace."

Masos was suddenly reminded of the weight of the situation. The black cat seemed to ignore him after shooting him a glance.

Masos suddenly felt a cool breeze on his back. Although this cat was in a wreck now, he was still a god. If he ever recovered his powers, Masos would definitely be in trouble.

"I don't feel good. I'll be going back to rest," Masos said as he quickly made his leave.

Only Link and Felina were left in the room.

Link was not afraid of the black cat. He sat beside the table and observed the cat quizzically before asking, "How do I address you? Do I still call you Elodim?"

"A name is merely an alias. Call me whatever you want." The black cat assumed its languid appearance once again. It no longer stared at the fish broth that was some distance away from him, though his nose would still twitch ever so often.

"Why are you hiding from us?" Felina asked.

"I like to do so. What can you do?" the black cat said impatiently.

"I'm afraid that is not all." Link tapped his wand lightly on the table, emitting a clicking sound. He had a calm expression on his face as he stared at Elodim with an unmoving gaze. No one knew what Link was thinking about.

Elodim felt guilty upon seeing Link's face. He immediately stressed, "Like I said, it's none of your business!"

Link merely sighed and turned to Felina before saying, "Forget it, we are not in a rush anyway. We will eat our dinner in peace and discuss the rest tomorrow."

Felina naturally had no objections. She then started eating the cyan eel meat. There were still large amounts of fish broth left. The both of them ate with relish.

A few minutes later, Elodim could not withstand the temptations anymore. He leaned to the side of the cage as he eyed the fish broth expectantly, pleading, "Hey, mortal. Let's make a deal."

This was not fully due to his gluttony. After his power was sealed, there was only this much he could pursue in life as a cat.

What else could he do?

Usually, when he was hungry, he could only steal food from the nearby stores. However, he could only do so occasionally. If he was ever caught, he would be in a miserable position. He did not wish to die once again. Using a dead body to revive was not as easy as it seemed. When he died in an accident the previous time, he had to lie in his tomb for six months before a black cat somehow graced the area.

That miserable past was too much for him to recall.

After obtaining the body of the black cat, he could only catch birds and rodents for food. He could only eat them raw as no one would cook his prey for him. Although he would not die if he starved, the discomfort from a starving stomach could very well drive him crazy.

He had to endure the nauseating feeling every time he ate a mouse just to satisfy his

hunger.

He knew that if he were to please a mortal using his cute and attractive figure, he would definitely be able to lead a good life as a house pet. However, he was a god! How could he do something like pleasing a mortal! That was preposterous!

Link was just sucking on a fish bone as he turned around and laughed, "Do you want to have some?"

"I... do not want it. I only want to discuss some things with you!" Elodim used the last of his willpower to suppress his urges and replied affirmingly, turning his head in the meantime.

Link then ignored him.

Felina was starting to pity the black cat. She whispered, "This is not very nice. Should we give him some?"

Link shook his head and said, "You do not have to take pity on him. He has never ever taken pity on us."

In his heart, Link added, You have no idea what he is planning. This guy is not someone to be trifled with.

However, Link did not say those words out. They were merely his predictions. Furthermore, Felina would not be able to help. There was no reason to make her unnecessarily worried.

After a filling meal, there was still a lot of food left, though Link had no plans on giving any of it to the black cat. He cleaned the oil off his mouth and told Felina, "Rest early, I will interrogate him in the night."

"Alright," Felina nodded before she left. After all, she had no idea how the Divine Gear worked. It would be futile to stay and do nothing.

At long last, there was only Link, Nana, and the black cat left in the room.

Nana sat on a chair at the side and ate the fish bit by bit. She seemed to be constantly intrigued by it, even playing with the bones. Link then allowed her to entertain herself while he walked towards the cage and whispered, "Isendilan approached you. Am I

right?"

The black cat's eyes widened, and his pupils dilated. It took him a full second before he recollected himself and said, "He is a red dragon. It is normal for him to be able to find me."

"You taught him the revival spell right?" Link said.

The black cat fell silent again. After ten seconds, he nodded and said, "You have quite a good brain for a mortal. You are right again."

"He promised you freedom?" Link's questions seemed disjointed, though he knew very well the black cat could understand him perfectly.

"No." The black cat shook his head before continuing, "He is merely a larger worm in my eyes. He does not have the power to give me my freedom. Freedom is something that I fight for. He merely brought me a delicious meal while feeling self-righteous that he had stolen a revival spell from me."

"He does not know that terrible consequences of the spell?"

"He should know a bit of it, though, he is not very clear. I don't think he will use it that often... It is indeed a strong spell. He will not be able to help himself. As long as he continues to use it, haha, Magician, you should know what will happen."

The black cat did not conceal his plans at all. The reason was simple. The plan was already like a carriage that had set off, the coachman none other than the Legendary dragon Isendilan. The road ahead was extremely foggy and was a one way trip to the abyss, though Isendilan seemed to be oblivious to it, charging ahead aimlessly.

No one could stop this carriage. It would eventually descend into the abyss.

The expression on Link's face did not change. He spoke in a calm voice, "Isendilan's greatest flaw is his arrogance. He completely ignores the power of mortals. If I am not wrong, he has just suffered a loss. He should be heavily injured. Am I right?"

The black cat stared at Link and sighed, "If not for my reminders, Isendilan might really die in your hands. However, you do not stand a chance now."

Link was startled upon hearing those words. He gasped, "I'm afraid you have also

taught him a new Divine spell."

"Haha, you got it, though I do not have a reward for you," The black cat said as he squinted his eyes to stare at the fish broth on the table. He said, "Why don't you bring me a bowl of fish soup while it is still warm. If I am happy with how it tastes, I might bring you along in my escape. As for the Beastmen, you should stay out of it."

Link laughed and sat motionlessly in his position. He then sighed, "Little guy, you know how to cause trouble."

The black cat then said, "Mortal, are you sure you want to talk to me like this?"

Link ignored him. Instead, he turned to Nana and said, "Nana, the dagger."

Nana immediately took out the Breakpoint dagger.

Gliding his fingers across the sharp blade of the Breakpoint Dagger, Link laughed, "I don't think I need to explain how special this dagger is."

The black cat retreated for a few steps before nodding his head, saying, "It can destroy the point of singularity."

"Then, tell me. Can this dagger destroy your immortal soul?" Link glanced menacingly at the blade of the dagger while using his enchanting spells to smoothen out the golden exterior.

The black cat then shook his head firmly and said "There is no use. My immortal soul is indestructible!"

However, Link realized that the black cat kept his gaze on the dagger the whole time, instinctively displaying an alert posture. This meant that he viewed the dagger as a dangerous weapon that could probably hurt him permanently.

Link then laughed as he snickered, "I do not like to put my fate in the hands of others, even if they are a god. Therefore, I have decided to test this dagger out on your immortal soul. I will even use this dagger against Isendilan, to see if he is truly as powerful as he says. Do you think my plan will work?"

As Link said those words, the candle flames in the room flickered, casting an ominous illumination on his face. His voice was also extremely soft, to the point where a person

would think he was bewitched.

Every sentence he said struck fear into the heart of the black cat. By the time he was done, the black cat had retreated all the way to the edge of the cage.

Link squinted his eyes and continued, "I am a Magician, and naturally, I am not adept in wielding daggers. However, my magic puppet can do this exceptionally well. She is extremely fast as well. Even if I open the cage and allow you to run around the room, you would not be able to travel more than three feet without getting caught. Of course, I do not like to push people into a hopeless situation, so I am giving you a chance."

Upon saying those words, Link turned to Nana and said, "Nana, clean your hands. I need a favor from you."

"Alright then, I am already full." Nana cleaned her hands on the tablecloth and took the dagger over from Link's hand.

Link then turned to the black cat and said, "I will open the cage. When I do so, you will run with all your might. My magic puppet will try to pierce your skull with this dagger. If you can escape from this room, we will not bother you any longer."

Link then placed his hands on the metallic cage door and cast an enchanting spell, changing the structure of the metallic lock bit by bit.

"Nana, are you ready?" Link chuckled.

"A simple request," Nana played around with the dagger as she said. Under the illumination of the candlelight, the dagger reflected a cold brilliance into the eyes of the black cat. Nana's eyes stared unblinkingly at the metallic cage door. The moment the black cat emerged from the cage, she would follow her master's order and put an end to its life.

Link then turned to the black cat and said, "Elodim, what about you? Are you ready to face your fate?"

The black cat stayed silent, though it retreated far away from the cage door.

The cage door was opened. Nana eagerly stared at the door, though after a long time, the black cat still sat motionless inside the cage. He seemed to have no intention of escaping.

Link then smiled as he asked, "What is happening? Didn't you want freedom? Why are you afraid now that I have given you this opportunity?"

The black cat then lay helplessly on the ground as he said, "Mortal, you have won. Let me have a good meal, and I will teach you a Divine spell more powerful than the one I taught Isendilan."

"Tsk, it seems like you still choose death," Link stared at him in contempt.

These Divine spells would definitely be detrimental to the World of Firuman in one way or another. The balance of the world would be greatly disturbed each time. This would accelerate the world's descent into the abyss.

If he used these Divine spells to go against Isendilan, the World of Firuman would quickly descend into destruction. Even if Link did not understand the exact workings of a Divine spell, he could easily guess it.

An amicable relationship never existed between Link and the black cat. Since the beginning, their interests were conflicting, and they had to tread extremely carefully to prevent themselves from falling into a trap. This was especially so for Link, who was still a mortal and was more likely to lose in this battle of wits.

Therefore, he had to be ruthless.

Nana then walked forward with the dagger in her hand, ready to end the life of this black cat.

The black cat caved in, "Stop, make her stop! I will tell the truth."

Link then stretched his hands to block Nana's way before he calmly said, "You have one last chance."

Link was simply too calm. He did not reveal any emotions in this entire conversation. This made the black cat extremely uneasy. He had no idea if Link would truly destroy him. If his immortal soul were to suffer a blow from the Breakpoint Dagger, he would at the very least be seriously injured.

He could not afford to take the risk.

After a long sigh, the black cat whispered, "It cannot be stopped. From the start, there

were no brakes in this plan."

Chapter 332

Let's Die Together

Sleeping Giants Inn.

The black cat's words shocked Link. He couldn't help but ask, "Will it be useless even if we kill Isendilan?"

"Yes. It's too late." The black cat shook his head and uttered the answer that threw them into despair.

Link couldn't accept it. "Even if the divine spell has damaged the World of Firuman, the world is able to repair itself. How can it be useless?"

The black cat laughed. "Heh, Magician, you know quite a lot, huh? But you must know that some poisons will only weaken someone while others are fatal. This divine spell belongs to the latter."

Seeing that Link still hadn't given up, he continued, "Let me explain it like this. The World of Firuman is a piece of glass. My divine spell has made a tiny fissure in the glass. It looks fine, but as long as the world continues to operate, the fissure will continue growing and growing until it covers the entire world. Then, boom, Firuman will shatter like glass. The difference between Isendilan using the resurrection spell once or ten times is just how soon the world will fall apart."

"Is there no way to fix it?" Link asked.

The black cat shook his head. "Perhaps, but what does it matter to me? I wish this cage would have shattered earlier. Anyways, I can't do anything."

Link's brows knitted slightly. "How much longer do we have?" His voice was frigid.

The cat shrunk subconsciously and then relaxed. This was just a mortal, and he had nothing to be afraid of. "Based off of the current situation, there are at most 20 years. That means that even if I don't do anything, I'll regain my freedom in 20 years."

With that, the black cat grew happy. He meowed at Link a few times. "Mortal, even if you kill me, you'll only live 20 more years than me, and you'll only destroy my physical body at most, hehe."

Link lowered his head in deep thought.

He could search for a way to repair the crack within the 20 years. If he couldn't do so, the game would be over. That was his situation now.

During this time, Isendilan couldn't continue to cast the divine spell or else the rate of damage would increase.

Under these circumstances, Link had two choices: The first was run from the Golden Plains and have the Beastmen leave as well to reduce clashes with Isendilan. This was obviously unrealistic.

Isendilan had legendary power. If one became his enemy, they couldn't just escape if they wanted. Furthermore, the Beastmen wouldn't listen to his orders.

That left the second solution: kill him as soon as possible.

As for this black cat... Link sighed. He should commit his all at this critical moment.

"Hey, what are you spacing out for? Too scared?"

The black cat laughed. His voice was crisp like a little girl, and his face was round. When he spoke, his tail swished, making him look adorable. However, this was an ancient creature that had been alive for who knew how long. The cuter he looked, the stranger Link felt.

"Don't be scared, mortal. The world ending is a very fast process. It'll be over in a bit. You won't feel any pain, and it would already be over so don't worry about all that. Give me some fish, won't you?"

Link didn't refuse this time. He filled a bowl with fish and placed it before the cage. "One bowl of fish for one of Isendilan's lives."

The cat agreed quickly. "Sure!"

It wasn't his life, so he didn't care. It just meant that he would have to wait longer to

escape the cage and he could wait. Tasting the fish, he couldn't help but let out a meow and start gorging.

Link's voice sounded again. It had no inflections and was neither slow nor fast. He just spoke very casually. "I'll have Nana bring you around. From now on, no matter what happens, if I die, Nana will stab a dagger into your brain. If I get hurt, she'll stab you in the same place as my injury. Nana, will you remember that?"

The black cat had very ordinary strength, and Nana was on a totally different level. Hurting him was as easy as squashing an ant.

"Nana will remember!" Nana said in her lovely voice, nodding seriously.

The black cat froze. He suddenly felt extremely frustrated, and even the delicious fish became tasteless. "Mortal, you're so evil!"

This meant that even if the world fell apart, he would still get killed. Then what was the point of doing all this?

Link played with his wand and smiled. "If I'm going to die, then let's die together."

"I'm done eating!" The black cat waved his paw and smacked the wooden bowl to the side. Then he ran to one side of the cage, curled into a ball, and growled angrily to himself.

Ignoring his temper, Link took the bowl from the cage. Then he used the Magician's hand to pick up all the spilled fish and soup and said, "The Spider Queen Lolth's Divine Gear, the Dark Serpent, has entered Firuman again. Its soul swallowing skill is too powerful. I need a way to stop it."

"Go away! Don't talk to me!" The black cat was pissed.

Link didn't lose his patience. He cleaned up the soup and said to Nana, "Watch him. If he runs out, stab him through the head. From now on, he can't be more than 100 feet away from me. If he does, kill him. That is your most important mission now."

"Understood." Nana nodded and stared unblinkingly at the cat with her big eyes. It looked like she was ready to stare at him until death.

Reassured, Link turned and walked to his room. Not long after he lay down, a "little

girl" started screaming from the living room. "Ah! Damn you magic puppet! Damn you, Magician! Damn Firuman!"

Link flipped over and ignored him. He continued sleeping.

Nothing was said the entire night.

The next morning, as soon as Link opened his bedroom door, Elodim walked over obediently. He rubbed his head against Link's heel and meowed sweetly. "Magician, you win," he said. "Give me a bowl of well-made blue nightfin snapper in exchange for the solution against the Dark Serpent."

Link smiled instantly. He bent over to pat the cat's head. "That's the way, little thing."

The cat would rather claw Link's face, but there was a scary magic puppet standing beside him with a dagger. He didn't dare do anything impulsive.

He could only cry in his mind, Ah, whatever. I can't believe that someone as wise as me would fail so completely. When can I make a comeback?

After washing up, Link went to eat breakfast in the main hall of the inn. Nana reached out, and the cat sighed. He jumped into her arms and Nana, holding the cat, followed behind Link.

Whatever, at least she's pretty. If it was an ugly hag magic puppet holding me, it would be even more torturous, Elodim thought weakly.

In the main hall, Link saw Masos and Felina.

Seeing the obedient black cat, Masos opened his eyes so wide they almost fell out. "Master, how did you tame it? It wasn't like this yesterday."

Isn't this a god? he thought. Can gods be tamed too?

Link didn't explain his exact tactics and just smiled. "Felina, he agreed to help."

"Really?" Felina was happy. "I knew you'd have a way."

Meow. The black cat sighed and squirmed. He rubbed softly against Nana's breasts. They weren't much, but they were still soft. He could manage in this place.

Link stayed in the inn for the next few days. He didn't do anything other than learn how to undo Isendilan's divine spell from the black cat Elodim.

The black cat was powerless, but he was sharp, intelligent, and had bottomless knowledge. If he wasn't evil, he would definitely be the best Magician advisor in the world.

Sadly, this guy liked being tricky even when threatened. Link had to be guarded when communicating with him. Even though he learned a lot, it was exhausting to be so cautious all the time.

Three days later, the black cat was finally satisfied. "You can finally use your brain. If you use this solution, you can fight against the divine spell I gave Isendilan."

"Perhaps." Link was still doubtful. He didn't know the theories behind divine spells at all. Knowing the effect without knowing the cause was the most annoying thing in the world. He couldn't trust the black cat at all.

Isendilan's matter was finally settled, but Link didn't allow the cat to rest. He made the cat start calculating the principle power of the Dark Serpent.

He had the data left behind by the Maiden of Truth integration gear. With this, the black cat could calculate the Dark Serpent's strength. Of course, this required time.

While he was busy, Holun returned.

The moment he got back to the territory where Link was resting, he yelled, "Master, where's my axe?"

Link was at his table reading. Nana stood beside the table with the bored cat. The scene was the definition of calm.

Hearing the door open, Link took out his wand and waved lightly. The axe that had been rested against the wall flew at Holun.

Holun caught it and started studying it.

The axe looked similar to his previous black light axe, but he felt like something was different. After checking carefully, he realized that it had become prettier, but he didn't know how. It just felt like the chest of the city lord's wife, Charlotte. Once he got his

hands on it, he couldn't let go.

He made some mock slices, and it whistled through the air. The weight was suitable and basically had no difference from before. Anyway, it felt right in his hands.

After a few more swings, his hand itched to try it, so he hacked at the stone wall. There was a soft thud, and the axe met some resistance before slicing out of the wall.

Holun looked at the wall. There was a millimeter-wide cut in the wall. Touching the hole, it was smooth as glass. Holun gulped and swallowed heavily. He hugged the axe tightly as if it was his lover.

"Master—"

"Are you done testing it?" Link interrupted.

"Yes, yes, I'm so satisfied."

"Good. Then get out and close the door." Link waved his hand. This big Beastman was too noisy.

"Ah, ah, I'll go now. You do you," Holun said timidly. He snuck out of the room and gently closed the door. Then he tiptoed out of the hallway until he left the inn. Finally, he couldn't keep it in anymore, and he exploded like thunder.

"Hahaha, come, come, come. Come look at my axe! I'm telling you, it's like divine gear! Avatar, come, come, look at my divine gear! Hey, Shaman, come look at my sacred battle axe!"

Hearing this, Link couldn't help but bury his face in his hands. This was so awkward. If an enchantment Magician heard Holun, he would laugh until his jaw dislocated.

The black cat couldn't stand it. He reached out, combed his whiskers, and licked his paws. Then he uttered, "Huh, Beastmen are all idiots!"

Chapter 333

A Black Cat with No Integrity

The Beastmen truly gave it their all in this fight against a terrifying dragon.

Two warlords were sent to the battlefield. They were the Sky Shattering Warlord, Holun and Glorious Warlord, Avatar respectively. Five great shamans also arrived. It was rumored that the Beastman race sent half of their great shamans for this mission.

Apart from these powerful individuals, over two thousand Elite Knights appeared as well. Their main purpose was to defend against the berserk Beastmen and not to fight against the Legendary dragon.

Quickly, Link saw Glorious Warlord, Avatar.

He was about the same age as Holun, around thirty-five years of age. He braided his hair neatly and seemed a lot more reserved than Holun. He did not seem to possess jarring trademark fangs, and he carried a war hammer around. A red flare would sparkle ever so often around the war hammer. This was the force of the fire elementals.

Avatar was a man of few words. He would not be as active and dramatic as Holun. He merely bowed slightly when he saw Link and said, "Lord of the Ferde Wilderness."

He had clearly done his research and knew Link's identity. This was a lot better than Holun.

To show his courtesy, Link respectfully gave a Beastman greeting in return, saying, "It is an honor to meet you, Avatar."

Avatar was the strongest person in the Beastman race. He displayed a sense of maturity not found in other Beastmen. In the game, Avatar was the one who unified the fractured Beastman race and became the king of the new Beastman Empire.

Following which, he went against the will of his people and changed their perception of other races. He then led the Beastmen to join the allied forces to fight against the Demon Army.

He was also the first Beastman to attain the rank of Legendary and at the same time, the strongest Warrior in the Camp of Light.

When Holun died, Avatar was already the lead commander of the allied army. He led a 70000 strong army to fight against a 60000 strong Demon Army, resulting in huge losses on both sides.

He also lost his life in the fight against Nozama, though Nozama paid a heavy price in order to kill him. Nozama's left arm was broken, and his ribs suffered the full blow of the War Hammer's attack. This forced him to retreat into his Demonic Fortress.

It was only after this incident that some players managed to take on the Demon Fortress mission and fight against Nozama.

It could be said that Link did not kill the Lord of the Deep while he was at his full strength. The reason why his team could succeed was due to the sacrifices of many powerful individuals before them.

Therefore, Link had the utmost respect for this Beastman.

Following which, Link met with the great shamans. After they had gotten to know one another, they set off immediately.

The Beastmen did not know Isendilan's exact location; they could only return to the battlefield to search for clues.

However, although they had no idea, Link knew exactly where Isendilan's hiding spot was. Specifically, it was the black cat who gave him the information.

Elodim whispered in Link's ears as they moved forward, "Go towards the Crystal Blue Lake. Isendilan should be recovering somewhere around there. There are two dragons beside him and over 20 dragon beasts. There are also 1000 berserk Beastmen guarding him."

"How do you know all this?" Link asked softly.

"I have met him a few times. I am extremely clear about his strength. Furthermore, I had just met him a few days ago. He is in serious trouble. His chest was split open completely. I predict that he needs at least half a month to recover," Elodim seemed to have abandoned all his principles for delicious food. He had sold off Isendilan

completely.

"Alright then," Link had a new impression of this black cat. He had to observe Elodim's every action more carefully from now onwards.

Link could not convey these messages directly. He then thought for a moment before he approached Avatar. This Glorious Warlord had a good reputation and naturally became the commander for this mission.

"Lord of the human race, for what reason have you come?" Avatar spoke in a Shakespearean manner. He was extremely cautious this entire journey as well. After every road, he would send a few Beastmen to scout the surrounding area, only proceeding after making sure it was safe.

There were neither Warrior schools in the Beastman community nor were there people with such knowledge to impart. It was merely his talent that allowed Avatar to reach this level of skillfulness with war tactics.

"My magic has told me that Isendilan is just at Crystal Blue Lake. We simply have to head there."

"Are you sure?" Avatar asked skeptically.

"I am sure."

Holun, who was standing by the side, nodded as he said, "Master is extremely powerful. If not for his appearance, all my brothers would have been dead."

After a short moment of silence, Avatar chose to believe in Link. He raised his volume and shouted, "We will go this way."

Upon hearing those words, an in-game message appeared in Link's field of vision.

Epic Series Quest Step 3: Persuasion Completed

Player Omni Points +50

Step 4: Slay the Dragon!

Mission 1: Destroy Isendilan's pawns and prevent him from reviving them.

Mission 2: Destroy Isendilan

Reward 1: Player will obtain 100 Omni Points for every pawn destroyed.

Reward 2: Upon killing Isendilan, player will obtain the fourth Bryant's Scroll of Enlightenment.

Link chose to accept the quest.

He had one Scroll of Enlightenment in his hands which he had already understood to the very core. It could double his Mana Recovery Speed. While it sounded powerful, it was actually the weakest of all the scrolls. The other scrolls were much stronger than this. If not for the fact that he had no time, he would have already set off on a mission to find them.

To think that the in-game system would offer him one as a reward.

After a while, Link said, "My magic is telling me that Isendilan has many pawns protecting him. There are red dragons, dragon beast and even a large number of berserk Beastmen. Be careful."

"Thank you for your warnings," Avatar said and nodded as he proceeded with great caution.

Two hours later, a scout suddenly pointed to the sky and said, "Look, there is a dragon in the sky!"

Everyone stared into the sky and saw a blurry figure hovering above. Felina was the only one who got a clear view of the figure. She said, "That is a dragon beast. It is level-6 in strength. From the looks of it, he should be a scout that Isendilan sent."

Avatar immediately frowned and said, "Is this to say that he has noticed us?"

Link nodded and said, "Dragons have better eyesight than eagles. There is no way he could have missed us."

Avatar immediately brandished the War Hammer he was carrying on his back and hollered, "Prepare for battle!"

The Elite Knights were originally traveling in a sparse formation. However, upon the

command, they went into neat rows and stood at alert. It was evident that they had been trained well. As they were all Avatar's underlings, it also clearly displayed his efficacy as a commander.

Although such a neat and clustered formation would be effective in dealing with ordinary enemies, it was not wise against a dragon who could use a wide-area dragon breath attack. Link then whispered, "The dragon breath attack is destructive and wide. If we continue in this formation..."

Before Link completed his sentence, Avatar had already understood what he meant.

He raised his War Hammer and hollered, "Spread out!"

The Elite Knights then spread out in an orderly manner. Each of them was exactly 45 feet apart. They had clearly trained for this as well.

It didn't take long for Isendilan to appear with his pawns. The one leading the way was Theron with over 20 dragon beasts behind him. Olisa was well-protected in the center of the dragon beasts. Isendilan then trailed behind the entire group.

A large group of berserk Beastmen then traveled on the ground. There were around 1000 of them.

Previously, Isendilan had suffered great damage when dealing with the Beastman army. This time, he chose a strategic position. One would have to get past all his underlings in order to even reach him.

Isendilan truly possessed a formidable army, at least on the surface. The strength of his army looked like it could dominate the Beastman army anytime, especially the group of flying dragons in the air. They had completely dominated the sky, giving them the aerial advantage.

Avatar's expression changed slightly upon seeing the huge army and hollered, "Defensive formation! Shamans, Windwalker spell!"

A skeletal, old shaman came forward with a human-faced totem in his hands. He then plunged the six-foot-long staff in his hands into the ground and started dancing fanatically around this staff while muttering some peculiar chants. Following which, he released a ferocious howl, causing a white light to envelop every comrade on the battlefield, even Link.

Link found himself surrounded by a defensive whirlwind spell. At the same time, he felt extremely light. He then took a step forward and realized that he could cover nine feet with an effortless step.

"What convenient strength." Link could tell that the Elite Knights had become extremely fast. As they ran, phantoms of their shadows could be seen lingering at their previous location.

Sky Shattering Warlord Holun then grabbed his new axe and hollered enthusiastically, "Haha, I will kill you oversized lizards with my weapon!"

Avatar then began to make arrangements systematically, "Holun, bring the Elite Knights to fight with the berserk Beastmen. I need you to eliminate them within ten minutes!"

They had an advantage with 2000 Knights and one Level-9 Warlord against 1000 berserk Beastmen.

"Leave it to me!"

"Haler, Mursa, Delta, you will help me deal with the dragons in the sky."

"Understood," the five shamans nodded as they replied.

Link was speechless at this arrangement. Although he was a Level-9 Warlord, it was simply too brazen to deal with all the dragons in the sky with just six people. There was even a legendary dragon in the mix. He must be really confident in his abilities.

However, Link also knew that Avatar had no choice but to delegate it as such. Before Avatar asked him for help, Link said, "I will help you deal with the dragon beasts. You only have to focus on the red dragons."

There were around 20 dragon beasts in the air, and they have spread out far apart from one another. They were Level-6 in strength and were extremely agile. It would reduce a great deal of pressure if Link were to help deal with these troublesome little creatures. Avatar then nodded at him with gratitude.

Taking advantage of the tie before the battle began, Link turned to Felina and said, "You will deal with the dragon beasts later on. Stay far away from Isendilan."

"I understand."

"Nana, bring the cat with you and help Holun with the berserk Beastmen. Try to defeat all of them in five minutes so that Holun can help deal with Isendilan!"

"Understood," Nana stared at the black cat in her hands. After thinking for a moment, she stuffed the black cat into the cleavage before she tightened her leather armor.

"Hey, let me go! I will die from the speed you are traveling at!" The black cat struggled constantly, clearly trying to break free from Nana.

"Good little kitty, I will take note of it. Don't worry," Nana patted Elodim's head lightly to comfort him before stuffing him back into her armor.

The black cat then reluctantly yielded.

On the other hand, Isendilan did not have any plans to begin with. His gaze had been set only on one person this whole time. He stared at Link as he said, "Little guy, I have searched high and low for you!"

This human Magician not only destroyed his revival spell but also caused him to suffer serious injuries. He was now the number one target.

He only had eyes for Link.

As for the black cat? Elodim was simply too far away and too insignificant. Furthermore, Nana had stuffed Elodim into her armor, making him even more inconspicuous. Due to all these factors, Isendilan seemed to have left out this important detail.

Chapter 376 – Don't Think, Just Do It!

"Charge!" Glorious Warlord Avatar yelled.

He pointed his battle axe at the Wild Beastmen. The Elite Wolf Knights immediately began waving their weapons and charging towards the Wild Beastmen while yelling.

The Sky Shattering Warlord Holun rode a white wolf. He was at the front, and his voice was the loudest. "Come fight! You cockroaches, take my Divine Gear!"

Argh! The dragons in the sky separated. They rushed down, targeting the Wolf Knights below.

These elite soldiers were at Level-4 on average with a few at Level-5. To regular people, this was extremely powerful. Even Wild Beastmen were only a bit stronger than them. However, they couldn't put up a fight against the powerful dragons who were at least Level-6.

Link also rode a wolf, following the Wolf Knights. Seeing that the dragons were about to charge into them, he pointed his wand at the sky. "Demon Slayer!"

Whoosh! A crystal-red whip formed in the air before him. Like a fiery snake, it extended dozens of feet in an instant, charging towards a dragon at the speed of light.

Light flashed in the sky. Then there was a terrifying crack. The dragon was hit square in the chest. This was Level-8. How could a Level-6 dragon take it? It actually exploded in the air!

Bloody rain began to fall. This was only the start.

The red whip was like the call of the god of death. It moved at will within the 300-foot range. There were four dragons in the proximity. They all exploded within three seconds.

Link didn't stay in place. He urged the wolf left and right, rushing to wherever dragons were about to attack the Wolf Knights. Before he arrived, the fatal whip would already be there.

Boom, boom, boom! Three more dragons burst apart.

The dragons cried out. They hovered in the sky without daring to descend anymore. The Magician down there was too frightening! Only a few seconds had passed, but half of them had died while the Wolf Knights were unharmed. They couldn't keep doing this!

Avatar had his eyes on Isendilan and two other giant dragons. He spared a glance at the battlefield. Seeing this, he was relieved.

The flying dragons weren't a threat, and fewer of his soldiers would die. The human Magician lived up to his reputation. This was very good.

On the other hand, Isendilan grew impatient. "You two," he muttered, "distract that Magician. I am going to cast spells."

The situation was to his disadvantage. The enemy included two Level-9 fighters, five grand shamans, a Level-8 Dragon Warrior, and an impossibly fast magic puppet.

Faced with this, even Isendilan could be defeated from a slight mishap if he tried to fight directly. Thankfully, he had another solution. When Theron and Olisan charged towards Link, Isendilan flapped his wings and flew higher. A few seconds later, he was 3000 feet in the air. Legendary Dragon Power began to surge inside him.

Rings of crystal-red light wrapped around him, forming a 300-foot-long ring. Terrifying waves of power continuously streamed from the ring of light. Streaks of red mist appeared like lightning. They increased and spread in all directions.

The entire sky started changing color. The dark red halo spread, darkening dozens of miles. The white clouds turned red as if they were set on fire.

The ball of fire and light was like the end of the world. A voice came from within. "Mortals, tremble in fear! Have a taste of world-ending Dragon Fire!"

That was his battle technique. It was very simple and violent!

No matter how many enemies or powerful fighters he faced, he only needed to take advantage of his flying abilities and cast this super divine spell. Then the world would turn silent.

On the ground, everyone stopped fighting and looked up in a daze.

Theron was about to pounce on Link. Seeing the spell, he froze and asked Olisan, "We'll die from the duke's spell too, right?"

Olisan nodded. "After this spell, other than him, no one else will survive... but he'll definitely resurrect us."

Hearing that, Theron wasn't afraid anymore. He continued charging at Link. But even though he wasn't afraid, the Wild Beastmen and flying dragons were panicking. They didn't get the resurrection treatment. If they died, then they died. The duke was clearly ready to kill them all so why should they keep fighting?

They turned and ran.

On Avatar's side, a grand shaman's voice trembled as he said, "The situation is bad. That dragon has gone crazy. His divine spell is really, really scary. It can destroy everything!"

As a Level-9 fighter, Avatar also felt the immense danger. It almost felt hopeless; even more hopeless was that the opponent was thousands of feet in the air. He couldn't even fight back.

He could only wait for death!

Holun also stopped killing. Furious, he pointed his axe at Isendilan in the air and roared, "You coward! You ugly cockroach! Come down and fight me!"

"Mortals, tremble! Despair!" Isendilan obviously wouldn't come down. He loved the feeling of peace right before the attack.

On the ground, Nana had stopped chasing the Wild Beastmen too. She returned to Link. Taking out a dagger, she pointed at the black cat's head and asked, "Master, should I kill it?"

The black cat struggled and finally poked its head out of Nana's collar. Looking at Link, it pleaded, "Stop waiting. If you keep waiting, the divine spell will come. Destroy it!"

Link had no other chance. Glancing at Nana, he said, "Do it if it goes wrong."

"Hurry! I'm not lying!" The black cat truly felt wronged now. It really didn't lie this time. Why didn't the human trust it?

Ignoring it, Link took out his wand. He raised it to the dragon in the sky and said, "Poirotson Axina Thacca Morata, unlock!"

The first half was a name. More specifically, it was the black cat's true name.

A god's true name was not merely a name. It contained a great amount of ancient contracts and laws. Saying the true name was summoning that power. The last word—unlock—was to summon the specific type of power.

Link's sentence was like a curse. It meant, In the name of the god's true name, summon

the ancient contract to unlock all power of distortion in the world.

Isendilan's divine spell used the power of distortion.

As soon as Link finished, a fist-sized ball of white light appeared at the tip of his wand. It stayed for half a second before a thin white beam of light shot out. It was extremely fast. In a flash, it snaked into the thick red halo around Isendilan.

At this time, the red lightning-like fog inside the halo had stretched more than 1000 feet in all directions. The entire sky was dark red as if the end of the world was about to come.

But as soon as the white light dug into it, everything changed.

Boom, boom!

Thunder cracked amongst the red fog instantly. At the same time, countless bits of frost-white lightning spread along the red lightning-fog, quickly dissipating it. After three seconds, all red fog disappeared. Similarly, the redness in the sky disappeared too. The sky became clear again.

Finally, the protective red shield around Isendilan disappeared too. Within it, layers of frost-white lightning enveloped Isendilan. Under the lightning, Isendilan was as still as a statue.

This only lasted for a moment. Then his body started dropping.

Holun was dumbfounded. This was the first time he'd seen a dragon fall for no reason. What exactly happened?

Avatar saw it clearly though. He was shocked and happy. "The human Magician did it. He's falling, and this is the best chance to kill him! Follow me!"

Theron and Olisan were also dumbfounded.

"Why isn't the duke moving?"

"The Magician did it. I don't know what spell he used!" All Olisan felt was disbelief. The duke's power had been strong enough to destroy everything within dozens of miles. How could it be defeated by a white strand?

What spell was this?

Boom! Isendilan crashed straight into the ground from thousands of feet in the air.

He fell at around 500 feet per second. He crashed into the soft grassland, and this obviously wasn't enough to hurt the impossibly strong dragon. However, the lightning restricting his movements didn't disappear completely after the fall. He was still numb.

"I knew it! I knew that Magician would ruin things! Dammit!" Isendilan yelled. He flapped his wings, trying to fly again. However, his wings were sore and weak. Try as he might, he could only hover slightly.

Avatar reached him now. With the shaman's spell on him, Avatar dazzled. Five colorful elemental balls spun quickly around him. His battle axe slammed down on Isendilan's leg without hesitation. "You can't escape!"

The Sky Shattering Warlord Holun arrived at almost the same time. When he saw Isendilan fall, he knew this was a rare chance to kill the dragon. He immediately gave up on the Wild Beastmen and rushed over.

"Ah, cockroach, have a taste of my Divine Gear!"

Before he arrived, there was buzzing. His body started flashing. This was the sound of the shaman casting spells on him.

The God of Fire's Wrath!

The God of Wind's Power!

Wild Tide of Thunder!

The Shield of Earth!

The Barrier of Metal!

When Holun got closer to Isendilan, he was glowing just as brilliantly as Avatar. Under the grand shaman's reinforcement, his power had increased by 50 percent!

"Die!" He slammed his axe at Isendilan's other leg, almost simultaneous with Avatar's

attack.

Faced with the full force of two Beastmen Warlords, Isendilan couldn't try to block it. Even worse, he was still numb. He tried to retreat with all his might. While retreating, he activated shields. As expected of a Legendary fighter, he instantaneously activated a Level-9 spell.

The crystal-red power enveloped him, forming a two-foot-thick shield of Dragon Power.

The next moment, there was an explosive sound. Holun's axe first hit the shield. Light burst and the power of different elements clashed with the shield. Finally, it exploded like beautiful fireworks.

Holun's power was terrifying too; even Avatar wasn't his match. He'd also received Link's battle axe. It had absorbed a great amount of vitality from killing the Beastmen earlier. Now, Holun felt vigorous to the max. The axe had reached a level he could never reach before.

With the additional elemental aid, Isendilan's spell couldn't stop the axe. It shattered immediately.

On the other hand, Avatar saw this and realized that the axe could destroy the shield. He purposely slowed down and attacked the moment the shield broke. This hit met no resistance. It landed squarely on Isendilan.

Boom! With the muffled thud, Isendilan's twelve-foot-wide leg was crushed. Flesh and blood splattered. A shockwave visible to the naked eye went through the leg. It instantly distorted and became crippled.

Isendilan cried out in pain. The lightning around him finally disappeared. The numbness became faint under the immense pain as well.

"Go away!" He flapped his wings furiously. A violent gust of wind blew by.

Avatar immediately flipped over. He sprawled on the ground, clutching the dirt, so he didn't get blown away. Holun didn't dodge the hit though. Rather than reacting slower than Avatar, it was because he wasn't as skilled in predicting.

He was blown into the air from this hit. In mid-air, Isendilan opened his mouth wide.

Dragon Breath came spewing out, going straight to Holun.

The moment between life and death, Holun instantly activated his Battle Aura at full force to stop the Dragon Breath. However, Legendary Dragon Breath was too powerful. His Battle Aura was being consumed at an impossible speed. If this kept going on, he would be baked alive in two seconds.

Am I going to die? The thought flashed past his mind.

Just then, white light lit up around him and disappeared. An instant later, Holun's surroundings changed drastically. The scalding Dragon Breath was gone, and he was under Isendilan. He was right in front of the dragon's belly. Under it, two six-foot lumps of flesh dangled. It was the dragon's balls.

A great opportunity!

Holun's mind was simple. He didn't wonder why he suddenly arrived here. He just thought that he had to do it!

Chapter 334

A Legendary Conflict

When the white light appeared, Isendilan was already on guard.

When Holun appeared beneath him, Isendilan cursed, "Damn it, it is that Magician again!"

He was in dragon form and was a lot clumsier. It was too late to dodge the attack. He had to defend himself against the attack.

A light humming sound could be heard, and Isendilan's abdomen area was covered in a thin layer of crimson mist. The mist seemed extremely thin, though Holun's speed greatly decreased when he entered the range of the mist. He was at least ten times slower, inching his way forward.

Holun did not realize this as well. He stared at the target above him with a death stare. He felt as though he could reach him in the next moment.

"Ha, giant lizard, I will destroy you!" Holun chuckled.

However, in an instant, he realized that the giant lizard got incredibly fast. He was just at his top speed a few moments ago. How could he have teleported away from his attacking range?

"How is this possible? How can he be so fast?" Holun gasped. He could not understand this at all.

This is the power of Spatial Magic. The victim would usually not feel any peculiarities. From the victim's perspective, the other party was the peculiar one. Link was familiar with these techniques as well.

Just when Isendilan was about to escape from the attack, Link pointed his wand at Holun and shouted, "Restore!"

Mana surged into his wand, and an incredible aura surrounded Holun. Ripples

appeared around his body. Fine arcs of lightning could be seen on the boundaries of these ripples.

These flashes of lightning were the by-product of the clash of Spatial Magic between Isendilan and Link.

From Holun's perspective, the giant lizard was just about to escape his attacking range when he seemed to receive the blessings of the gods, experiencing a sudden increase in speed. He then once again charged towards the giant lizard.

This was simply too strange. Even a dim-witted guy like Holun could feel the peculiarities, though he was too lazy to understand the theories behind it. He simply charged ahead!

"Hahaha, giant lizard, I am here again."

Isendilan knew that Link was the one behind this. However, he had simply no time to deal with him when so many powerful individuals were on his heels. He merely cursed in his heart.

This Spatial spell had earned him some spellcasting time as well. A crimson brilliance once again appeared, enveloping his body in a casing of dense crystal.

This crystal structure looked slightly strange. Upon closer inspection, one could see red thorns hidden within the structure.

This was no longer a Level-9 spell. This was a legendary Defensive Spell—Crimson Thorn Barrier.

Crimson Thorn

Level-10 Legendary Spell

Effect: Makes use of the power of the principles to construct a giant force field. This barrier can defend against all mortal spells and rebound 50% of the damage back to the attacker.

At that moment, Isendilan displayed his prowess as a Legendary individual. He constructed this barrier instantly. Link knew exactly what Isendilan was doing, though he did not have enough strength to prevent it from happening. He could only watch as

Holun charged into the pit of fire.

The next moment, Holun's battle axe clashed right into the crimson crystal barrier.

A blinding brilliance emanated from the barrier, though it was not destroyed.

When a spell reached a Legendary level, it would have attained a qualitative change. No amount of attacks under the Legendary level would be able to go against it.

Holun gave a scream of pain before he flew back onto the ground. He even dropped his battle axe as he fell. His hands were drenched in blood as he gave an expression of excruciating pain.

"What kind of barrier is this. Damn it, it hurts!" Holun lay motionlessly on the ground, though his voice is still full of vigor. It seemed like he would live.

Isendilan would not let that happen. He lifted his leg and attempted to drive it down onto Holun.

He would definitely smash Holun simply by using the strength of the dragon form.

A white light enveloped Holun before his body disappeared. When Holun appeared once again, he had already returned to the shaman's side, together with his battle axe.

An old shaman then walked over immediately and plunged his human-faced totem staff into the ground, before dancing fanatically around it once again. Amidst his dance, green light ripples could be seen emerging and floating towards Holun.

Holun's wounds then recovered at a speed visible to the naked eye.

At the same time, the other four great shamans were not idling as well. They all plunged their staff into the ground and started dancing in unison.

Isendilan immediately bellowed with rage. Previously, his beloved Legendary Barrier was destroyed by the exact same peculiar dance. He would not fall for the same trick twice!

"Die!"

Isendilan completely let down his guard as he charged towards the great shamans. He

then opened his mouth and released a dragon breath attack.

Each of the great shamans was already planning on sacrificing themselves. They continued to cast the Divine Spell and gave up on dodging or defending.

As the dragon breath attack was about to hit the great shamans, a blinding figure leaped from the ground. It was the Glorious Warlord, Avatar.

Avatar released his Battle Aura, causing his body to be enveloped in a dual gold and red colored brilliance. He then took the full blow of this dragon breath attack.

He could only withstand the pressure for a total of three seconds, though any delay would be good at that point.

"To think that an ant would block my way! How intriguing!"

With a loud bellow, another dragon breath attack was released. Avatar then leaped up once again as he prepared to block it once more.

He was prepared to die for this mission!

At that moment, translucent ripples appeared on the trajectory of the dragon breath attack. It was originally extremely concentrated and powerful, though each time it passed through a ripple, the intensity of the flames slowly dissipated. By the time it passed through the fifth ripple. The dragon breath attack merely had the offensive power of normal flames.

One second later, when the flames passed through Avatar's body, he merely felt a slight warm sensation. It did not deplete much of his Battle Aura.

Isendilan knew exactly who was behind this. He turned towards Link and said, "Magician, have you had enough?"

Link had not only hindered him but also toyed with him a few times, causing him to end up in such an embarrassing state. Isendilan hated Link to the point of no return.

However, Isendilan still had not lost his mind. He knew that the greatest threat on the battlefield were still the shamans who were dancing like a bunch of monkeys. He had to destroy them.

"Theron, Olisa... Damn it!" Isendilan wanted his underlings to deal with Link. That was when he realized that both of them were getting toyed around by Nana. They could not afford to help him.

That was to say, no one could restrain Link.

Isendilan's rage had reached a boiling point. He gritted his teeth as he stared at Link and said, "I don't believe that you can block my Legendary spell! Principle: Disintegration

Principle: Disintegration

Level-11 Legendary Spell

Effect: Condense space into an unimaginable state before expanding them rapidly to cause an explosion. They will appear in high intensity and frequency throughout a 900 feet radius.

(Note: Mortals, run for your life)

Isendilan opened his mouth, and a spatial sphere appeared from his mouth. When the spatial sphere first appeared, it was the only one on the battlefield. However, as it hovered in the air, it began to split into two, before becoming four, eight and filling the atmosphere with countless small spatial spheres.

Explosion sounds then appeared consecutively, as though an endless thunder was rolling across the sky.

Avatar was the first victim. He was hit by a spatial sphere only the size of a fist. However, after the explosion, this Level-9 Warlord was blown away. He then landed in a distant spot 600 feet away. Although he did not suffer many injuries, he was completely in a daze.

That was not all. The spatial spheres then gave chase. It seemed like they were not stopping until he was dead.

There was no way he could defend against that.

"Have we failed?" Avatar stared at the Legendary dragon from a distance as a sense of despair rose in his heart. This dragon is simply too intimidating. They were not his

match.

The spatial spheres continued to expand and were about to reach Link.

Link was already preparing a countermeasure when Isendilan was casting this spell.

He was so focused that everything in his field of vision seemed to slow down. He then quickly thought, Purchase Legendary spell!

The Legendary spells available for purchase flashed through Link's mind. Link quickly chose a Level-11 Legendary spell, Miracle Aura.

Miracle Aura

Level-11 Legendary Defensive Spell.

Mana Cost: 17300 Mana Points

Effect: Creates an incredible aura that extends for a radius of 1200 feet. Allies who possessed this aura would be temporarily invincible and unaffected by almost all attacks.

(Note: This is simply a miracle!)

Link had set his sights on this spell a long time ago.

Link had 250 Omni Points and could purchase this Legendary spell with ease. This was also the only Legendary spell that he could afford to use with his current Maximum Mana. The other Level-11 Offensive-type spells had a Mana Cost of above 20000. It would be pointless even if he bought it. Link still had 13500 Mana Points left. He then used the remaining 140 Omni Points on his Maximum Mana and drank a perfect Mana Recovery Potion without hesitation, recovering 2000 of his Mana Points. Coupled with the Clear Thoughts effect of the Flame Controller's Robe, his Mana Points reached 18000, while his Maximum Mana was 18500.

This was just enough to cast the Miracle Aura spell.

When the Disintegration spell arrived, a light blue aura enveloped Link. The moment this aura appeared, it extended to cover the entire area within a 1200 feet radius.

In this area, the knights, Felina, Nana, the great shamans, Holun, and Avatar were enveloped in a thin layer of a Legendary barrier.

The next instant, the Disintegration spell reached the peak of its destructiveness.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A rumbling sound similar to thunder rang across the area. The area within the effect of the spell was utterly destroyed. Dirt splattered everywhere as many fissures opened up on the ground. However, when this destructive force came into contact with the blue aura, it was surprisingly unable to penetrate through its defenses.

Isendilan's prided Legendary spell was completely shut down by a human and amounted to nothing.

This was terrifying!

"How can this be?" everyone gasped. At that moment, all enemies and foes stared at Link with a bewildered expression on their face.

"Legendary spell? Have you ascended to that level?" Isendilan stared at Link with widened eyes and retreated subconsciously.

Link still maintained a calm demeanor. He only had 700 Mana Points left, and his Miracle Aura spell was almost destroyed by the Principle: Disintegration spell.

However, it would turn out fine. The great shamans had completed their channeling of the Divine Skill.

"Wrath of The Wild!"

A shaman stared at Isendilan as he spread his arms wide open, shouting the four words with pride. A rainbow-colored light beam then appeared from the center of his chest, hitting Isendilan straight on the chest.

Crack!

The Crimson Thorn Barrier surrounding Isendilan was completely shattered. He was unable to maintain his balance in mid-air anymore. Furthermore, the Divine Skill seemed to be circling around him and restrict his powers.

The Crimson Thorn Barrier had also reflected half of the strength of the Divine Skill back to the shaman. The shaman then looked as if he was pushed by an intangible force before he turned into a mist of blood.

"Die!" Holun hollered. He had already recovered from his injuries, and he rushed forward.

The Glorious Warlord also took a deep breath before he charged towards Isendilan. He knew that this would be their last chance to kill Isendilan.

Link then assisted the two of them once more.

A series of light flashed at the tip of his wand. A few spatial spheres then appeared on the trajectory of the two Warlords. Both Holun and Avatar seemed to be traveling faster than ever, the distance between Isendilan and the two of them shortening each time they passed through a spatial sphere.

They were originally 300 feet away from Isendilan. However, after the effect of these spatial spheres, they covered this distance in less than a tenth of a second.

This was simply too fast. Isendilan had no time to react. He had not even recovered from the impact of the Divine Skill.

He had nowhere to run.

Holun swung his axe with full force and released all his Battle Aura. He struck at Isendilan's neck, causing a deep wound that extended to the midpoint of his throat.

Boom! Avatar, on the other hand, went straight for the heart. He used his War Hammer to strike mercilessly at the heart.

Isendilan's body then jerked slightly and began to trip over his own steps. He looked as if he was drunk.

"Die! Die! Die!"

Holun continued attack Isendilan as though he felt no fatigue. However, these blows were nowhere as powerful as his first one. It merely worsened the injury by a bit.

Avatar was already lying on the ground. He had given it his all in that last blow. He

could not even move his fingers now.

If Isendilan was still not dead, he would be out of options.

Isendilan's pupils began to lose their shine as he stumbled. His consciousness was fading away. However, after a moment, golden threads began to appear on his body.

He was planning on reviving himself!

"Nana!" Link shouted.

Nana was in the middle of a fight against Olisa. Upon hearing the command, she disappeared in an instant. The next moment, she was already beside Isendilan with the Breakpoint Dagger in her hand. She then started severing the golden threads mercilessly.

As the golden threads lost their shine, Isendilan also slowly lost his hopes of being revived.

It did not take long for Nana to finish severing the threads. Isendilan then collapsed on the ground as he breathed his last.

He was dead.

The Legendary Red Dragon Duke who could fight on the same level as the Red Dragon Queen was dead.

Theron, Olisa, and Felina immediately stopped fighting as they stared at Isendilan's fallen body. It was as though a mountain had just collapsed.

The legend of a dragon was over.

But the legend of a human was just beginning.

Chapter 335

Letter from the North

Whether for good or evil, Isendilan was monumental to the dragons.

Not only was he a duke, but he was also the first non-royal figure to reach the Legendary level within the past five thousand years. His death represented the end of an era.

Theron and Olisa froze for a while before leaving without looking back. Isendilan was dead. The future he'd promised was now a fantasy, and everything they did was meaningless.

The Wild Beastmen retreated like a tide as well. They'd lost all will to fight.

Felina stood dazedly, staring at the mountainous dragon corpse. As a dragon, she didn't regret killing Isendilan; she just felt sad.

No matter how strong one was, no one could escape the fate of death.

At this time, Isendilan wasn't completely dead yet. He still had one last breath, and he stared at Link, a few hundred feet away, with his listless eyes. He couldn't figure out why he died at the hands of a human. Even if Link had some special trick, Isendilan was ten times more powerful and had the Divine Spell. How could he lose?

While he was trying to figure it out, he suddenly saw the magic puppet in the near distance. A black cat snuggled in her bosom, a small head peeking out and sneaking a glance at him.

"Ha... ha... It's you... Magician, one day, you'll die to the hands of that cat too," Isendilan uttered his last words. He let out a long breath and slowly closed his eyes.

Elodim looked at the dragon, speechless. You're dead, and you still cause trouble for me.

He scrambled out of Nana's collar and leaped onto her shoulder. A grin blossomed on

the cat's round face. "Don't listen to his nonsense," he said to Link. "Look how powerless I am. How can I hurt you?"

Link didn't comment. He walked over to Avatar, who was lying on the ground, and asked, "How are you?"

Avatar smiled weakly. "Alright. I'll be fine after some rest. Lord Ferde, I'm honored to fight alongside you."

This human Magician made the biggest contributions to the final victory. If not for him, all of them would die at least twice.

Link chuckled and pulled Avatar up. "All of us were indispensable."

Holun walked over too. He was excited at taking revenge and started yelling when he saw Link. "Master, the axe you gave me is honestly like Divine Gear! And I would randomly change places a few times. Did you do it too? That's so cool, but sadly I'm not strong enough. Otherwise, I'd kill that dragon with one blow."

As he spoke, he kicked the dragon corpse to vent his anger.

Link didn't know how to continue the conversation with a brute like Holun. He could only say, "As long as you're satisfied with the axe."

"Satisfied, I'm totally satisfied... I heard that bathing with dragon blood will make you bulletproof. I'm going to try." His train of thought moved quickly. His focus switched as he talked and ran over to rub dragon blood all over him.

Link shook his head helplessly.

Becoming bulletproof with dragon blood was a lie created by the lord of a territory tormented by an evil dragon. Its point was to tempt people to kill the dragon. Only Holun would believe something so stupid.

Avatar was embarrassed too and sighed. "That's just how he is. I'm sorry."

"No, he's straightforward," Link said with a smile. Looking at the mountain-like corpse, he suggested, "This is still a duke. What do you think about letting the dragons take care of his body?"

Avatar thought for a moment and nodded. "You're right."

If he was a regular Beastman, he would definitely want to torture the body to take out his anger. However, Avatar considered the dragons' feelings. They were still a powerful race and becoming enemies wasn't a smart move.

Link turned to Felina. "This is done, and I found the black cat. Would you like to report back to the Red Dragon Queen?"

"Uh... oh... okay," Felina agreed, nodding. She looked down. Wanting to speak but stopping herself multiple times, she finally sighed. She glanced at Isendilan's body and back to Link before transforming into a dragon and flying towards the Dragon Valley.

Isendilan had died. She must bring this message back as soon as possible. As for Link... they were just friends.

There was nothing much after that. Link prepared to return to the White Cloud City to rest for a few days. After his Mana recovered, he would set out and return to the Norton Kingdom.

On the way back, the Beastmen were extremely respectful. The wolf knights and grand shaman would all bow before speaking to him. Halfway there, a Beastman scout suddenly ran over. There was a human on the horse behind him.

Link looked over and saw someone familiar. He then realized that the newcomer's armor was the dark leather armor of the MI3 with its emblem. He could guess why the man was here.

The wolf knight stopped in the distance and bowed to Link. "Master, this man is looking for you."

Link nodded and explained to Avatar, "This is a scout from the Norton Kingdom. He's my friend and is probably here about the Northern Dark Elves."

"Oh, then you two talk." Avatar nodded and distanced himself from Link.

Skinorse walked his horse over. He saw Avatar and Holun in the distance and shocked flashed past his eyes. When he was beside Link, he said, "Lord, I heard from them that you've just defeated a legendary dragon?"

"Indeed. We're on our way back to rest and ran into you." Link nodded. After thinking for a moment, he asked, "How's the North?"

At this, Skinorse grew serious. He pulled out a scroll and gave it to Link. "The specifics are here. Take a look."

The scroll contained the Norton army's magic seal and Duke Abel's personal stamp. This was confidential information.

Link undid the seal with practiced ease and started perusing the content.

The Dark Elves have started wildly summoning demons. Currently, the ratio of Dark Elf Warriors to demon Warriors is now six to four. There's also a succubus who calls herself Misamier. She's terrifying, and no one is her match. Aymons fused with the Divine Gear and practically sealed off the Black Forest. No one knows what's happening inside. The king, the church, Master Anthony, Dirk, king of the dwarves, Milda, High Elf Princess, and I all believe that the Dark Elves may perform their final attack at any time. We are on the cusp of danger. Master Link, we need your power and wisdom.

Link didn't expect things to be at this state. He collected the scroll and said to Skinorse, "It seems that we must depart immediately. Wait a moment for me to say goodbye."

"Yes, Master." Skinorse nodded respectfully. He was much calmer now, and his airhead feelings had decreased.

Link steered his wolf to Avatar.

"Is the situation bad?" Avatar guessed from Link's expression.

He nodded. "Yes. Unfortunately, I can't return to the White Cloud City now."

"In that much of a hurry?" Avatar was slightly shocked.

"I can't waste a second." Link was already regretting sending Felina back. If she was here, he could save a lot of time.

Avatar pondered for a long while before saying, "Go then but remember, you are the friend of the Beastmen forever."

Link nodded. He gestured at Skinorse and Nana and waved farewell at the Beastmen. He left their procession.

Holun had been with the Beastmen Warriors but seeing Link leave, he found it strange. He charged over on his wolf and asked, "Master, where are you going? Aren't we going back to the White Cloud City together?"

"Something similar to Isendilan's problem happened in the Norton Kingdom. I must hurry back."

"Ah, I see." Holun scratched his head. He wanted to say something, but Avatar's voice rang out.

"Holun, don't waste the Master's time. Come back."

Helpless, Holun could only say, "Then be careful on the road. I'll go back now."

Link continued forward.

Holun returned to Avatar and whispered, "Why did you stop me? Master Link helped us so much and is our friend. Why can't we help him?"

"I obviously know we should help." Avatar glared at him. "But our strength is too loose right now. How can we be of use? We need to create a strong army before we can help, understand?"

"Ah, I see. That makes sense." Holun nodded earnestly.

There was more than Avatar didn't say but Holun wouldn't understand the clash of interest between races.

On the other hand, Link raced forward on his horse. Behind him, Skinorse said quietly, "Lord, those Beastman are powerful and respect you. They can be reinforcement."

Link glanced at him and nodded lightly. "You have sharp eyes. They can be strong reinforcement indeed, but they're too loose now. We need to wait a while."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you see the Warrior with the battle axe just then?"

"That leader's? He's strong, very strong, and I see the ambitious in his eyes." Skinorse nodded.

Smiling, Link said, "He's a leader with foresight. If I'm not wrong, he'll become the king of the Beastmen very soon. At that time, he'll come with his army even without our invitation."

Skinorse was stunned but still worried. "Beastmen are powerful Warriors. If they're united and have such a powerful leader, I'm afraid—"

"That is a problem to consider." Link nodded. He looked far into the blue sky and mused, "This wouldn't be a good thing in times of peace. But now, a heroic Beastman leader is much better than someone untalented. As for fights between our races, that's in the future. Let's get past this first."

If they couldn't get past this, everyone would be dead. There would be no future.

Skinorse didn't reply anymore. They galloped side by side. Just then, the black cat lying on Nana's shoulder suddenly said, "Link, I have two pieces of news for you—one good and one bad. Which one do you want to hear first?"

Chapter 336

The Grounded Yabba Airship

The black cat suddenly spoke, causing Skinorse to jump in fright. However, Skinorse had experienced things from all over the world and had seen many unbelievable things himself. Therefore he was quickly able to regain his composure.

He gazed at the black cat perched on Nana's shoulder unmoving and laughed. "This cat is cute."

The black cat rolled its eyes at Skinorse and said indifferently, "When I'm talking to Link, mortals like you shouldn't butt in."

Its voice was very clear and bright. Coupled with its round face and eyes that were half closed as though asleep, it gave off an impression that it couldn't care less. Seeing it would make one want to grab it and give it a hug.

Skinorse laughed once more and said, "Hehe, how interesting. You talk really big. Could you possibly be the cat god?"

The black cat's eyes were half opened, and it said lazily to Link, "Are you going to listen to me, or let this mortal continue interrupting me?"

"Alright, go ahead," Link said. He smiled apologetically to Skinorse, thinking of the confrontation between him and the black cat. "Let's go with the bad news first."

"The bad news is, Isendilan used two other divine spells, causing the rift to expand greatly. Because of that, the energy from the Sea of Void is entering into Firuman and causing the density of Mana to increase rapidly. In one year, it will be double from now, and in two years, quadruple. The Mana would build up to a point where Firuman can no longer handle the Mana and Boom! This place will become a great big firework."

Skinorse was stunned. He swallowed his saliva, saying to Link, "Lord, this cat is talking nonsense right? Isn't Firuman doing fine?"

Link didn't answer Skinorse. He had been prepared for the black cat's news. "How long

do we have?"

"About 15 years. Unless something unexpected happens, there's no way to undo it. Anyway, I've got no ideas."

"What about the good news?"

"Good news is, I've figured out the rule of the Dark Serpent, and I know the way to defend against the dark magic. If you want to learn it, it'll take about half a month... But this magic will require huge amounts of Mana. You won't be able to handle it alone and will need to construct a large magic seal."

"No problem, you can begin teaching me now," Link said. His current Maximum Mana was 18500 points. After slaying Isendilan, he had about 700 Omni Points. This enabled him to raise his maximum Mana to 25500 points.

It seemed like a lot, but if he were to consume all his Mana completely, it would only be enough to cast one Level-11 Legendary Attack magic spell. He definitely wouldn't be able to deal with the dark magic alone.

As for the collapse of Firuman, it sounded very serious, but it actually wasn't. They still had 15 years which was a pretty long time. The most important danger right now was the Dark Serpent, and they could decide what to do with the rift after getting past this obstacle.

Meanwhile, Skinorse could feel his heart thumping. He had no idea how true the black cat's words were, but judging from Link's serious expression, he was sure that it was 90 percent true.

"Sir, you're joking... Right?" Skinorse asked once more. He was holding on to the thin thread of hope.

The black cat turned to look disdainfully at him. "Pitiful mortal, do I look like the type to joke?"

Link nodded his head. "It's true. Regarding the rift, it's good enough that you know about it. Don't spread it."

Skinorse suddenly felt like there was no more hope in life. "Sir, is there any way to repair it?"

Looking at Skinorse, Link didn't continue giving him extra pressure and stress. "Yes, there is."

Skinorse let out a sigh of relief and pat his chest. "That's good, that's good. Gave me a shock."

The black cat disdainfully rolled its eyes again before it began to lick its paw.

They hit the road again, and along the way, the black cat began to teach Link how to resist the Dark Serpent's dark magic. It was very deep and obscure. Out of curiosity, Skinorse attempted to listen in on the conversation. Within three minutes, his head already felt like exploding.

Compared to this, he'd much rather play with the pretty magic puppet girl. The other party's reactions were very interesting, and it kept him entertained to no end.

Three days later, Link arrived on the border between the Golden Plains and Norton Kingdom.

This time, Link headed directly north, so they were traveling towards the northeast. After exiting the Golden Plains, they arrived at the perilous Hengduan Mountain Range.

This was the continent's biggest mountain range, spanning over 600 miles. Within it lived the Yabbas, Dwarves, and other Barbarian tribes.

The majority of the mountain range was covered in perilous terrain, with narrow paths that only mountain goats could traverse. Link and his party slowed down their pace by a lot.

At this point, Link no longer recognized the way. Fortunately, Skinorse was very familiar with the geography of the continent. He explained, "From here, we will pass through the Hengduan Mountain Range, about 800 miles long. After exiting the mountain range, we will need to walk for another 130 miles. There's a region there that would bring us straight through a corner of the Dark Forest. It could be dangerous."

Link asked, "Is that the fastest route?"

"Probably. Based on our current speed, we'll get there in about half a month," Skinorse

replied.

"Half a month? That's quite a long time. Do you know where the Yabba city is?" Link's idea was to use the flying spell Storm Eagle to fly a short distance to reach the nearest Yabba city. Once there, they could use a flying ship to get to Orida Fortress. This way would save them a lot of time.

Skinorse waved his hand, saying helplessly, "The Yabba city is hidden deep within the mountains. There are also many hidden barriers surrounding their city. I'm not a Magician, and I don't really know their location."

Link only had a rough idea on where it was, and that was only from his experience in the game. Now, in reality, there would definitely be some differences. If he just went there without being able to find it, they would waste even more time.

Link also could not do anything. "Then let's pick up the pace."

He decided that he would use the Storm Eagle to help them travel the last part of the journey. That would help them save a lot of time.

Hengduan Mountain Range's trails were difficult to traverse. They were many steep cliffs around, and Skinorse's warhorse had fallen, breaking its leg. The wolf from the Beastman tribe was more adapted to this terrain and carried Link forward, bounding from rock to cliff agilely.

However, Skinorse was the one leading the way. Link had no choice but to let him use Nana's wolf while Nana herself had to walk.

In this manner, they rushed forward for two days when they suddenly saw black smoke coming from a forest in a valley up ahead. Every once in a while, there would even be sounds of explosions. They could vaguely make out flames in the distance. Clearly, there was a huge fire up ahead.

"What's going on?" Skinorse's curiosity was piqued.

Link immediately cast a Traceless spell on the group. "Come, let's go take a look."

The three of them increased their pace, climbing up onto the mountain cliff. Then, they descended down into the valley where they entered the thick forest. After walking for another three miles, they finally found the source of the flames.

"It's the wreckage of an airship! It just crash-landed!" Skinorse carefully approached the airship to inspect it.

"Wait, come back! There's a demon in the sky!" Link warned.

Through the dense canopy, he could see ten black figures with black wings circling in the sky. Each of these figures was about 13 feet long, with a wingspan of over 16 feet. They held weapons that emanated black gas.

Based on the aura, these demons were at least Level-6 or Level-7. There was even a level-8 Warrior among them. Looking closely, there were many corpses around the area. Some of them were Yabbas, while others were demons. There was also a dark elf and his mount, a black winged condor.

"Those are Winged Howlers, a high tier demon. They're very hard to deal with and will let out ear-piercing shrieks. They can also reach high speeds of 600 km/h," Link said, carefully observing the situation.

The airship was already covered in the sea of flames, and the flames were reaching tens of feet high. Even where they were standing, 160 feet away, Link could feel the heat from the flames.

Obviously, the airship was no longer serviceable.

Skinorse said skeptically, "This place is 300 miles from the Black Forest. Why would these elves and demons come here, and why are they attacking the Yabbas? Based on what I know, the Yabba cities have heavy fortifications and numerous magic cannons on their walls. They also have many high-level magic guns. It's not wise to attack them."

Link kept his silence. Based on his memories of the game, the Yabbas were exterminated by the combined force of the Dark Elves and the demons. It wasn't because the Yabbas were weak. No, they just had too few people, and even fewer Warriors, less than twenty thousand. These Warriors were all spread out among the various cities.

At the same time, they were also overconfident in their military superiority based on their magic abilities and magic cannons, airships and high-grade magic guns. Besides using rune stones to hide their cities, they had few other defenses.

Ultimately, there was a traitor within their clan.

Because of the collusion between the internal spy and aggressors, the Dark Army paid a huge price in order to successfully destroy the Lariel, the capital of the Yabbas. Following that, the surrounding cities were sequentially destroyed, and all their populations killed. It was very cruel.

Now, the situation was happening again, and furthermore, one year earlier than in the game.

Link had no way to know if the airship was unexpectedly attacked or if the Dark Army had mobilized their forces. He needed more information.

In the game, after the Dark Elves conquered the Yabba cities, they gained huge benefits, including the mighty magic cannons. They also gained the magic airships that could transport huge amounts of troops, and this gave the allied forces no small amount of trouble.

It was important for them to figure out the situation.

"Lord, are we attacking?" Skinorse asked softly.

Link shook his head. "No, these Winged Howlers fly very quickly and are now quite dispersed. If we let even one escape, it would bring us a lot of trouble. We'll wait for them to go before searching the surroundings for survivors. We can ask them what happened."

Chapter 337

The Yabba Race Currently Being Massacred

At first, Link didn't have to care about the Yabba race since the Orida Fortress was in danger. However, he vaguely felt that something was wrong.

He felt that Aymons sealing off information from the Black Forest not just to prepare for the final attack. Aymons was probably taking advantage of the humans' fear of the Divine Gear to secretly attack the Yabba city.

If the Dark Elves had powerful magic muskets and airships in the last battle, it would be a disaster to the Orida Fortress and the entire Norton Kingdom!

This worry meant that Link had to find out about the Yabba race's current situation.

He waited patiently in the forest for half an hour. The screaming winged demons finally left. They didn't go toward the northeastern Black Forest as he'd expected and flew northwest instead.

This meant that they probably had another mission, which increased Link's worry.

"Let's go take a look," he whispered.

Skinorse led the way, and Link followed. The two of them used the forest's vegetation as protection and snuck past the still-burning airship frame. The fire had weakened quite a lot, and they didn't feel the heat beside it.

Walking up to a Yabba corpse, Skinorse started studying carefully. "This Yabba man is wearing an engineer coverall. He's probably an engineer. There's an emblem here of blue wings and gears. Master, do you know what it is?"

Link thought back to the previous game and quickly found the corresponding information. "The wings and gears mark should be the emblem of the City in the Sky, Pollol. The Pollol City is one of the Yabba's important cities. They're especially skilled in creating magic airships... This situation is bad. Continue searching for clues. We must know what's going on."

Skinorse nodded. He circled the airship and checked every corpse.

There were a dozen bodies of demons on the ground. Other than the hard-shelled armor that only demons had, they had nothing else so Skinorse and Link couldn't find out anything other than what kind of demon they were. There were seven or eight Dark Elves. All of them had an emblem on their armor of a moonflower wrapped around a bloody sword.

"These are members of the elite Dark Elf air force, the Wings of Moonlight. Why are they here?" Skinorse's voice was filled with shock, and the worry on his face deepened. It was clear that he'd thought of something.

After searching for a while longer, he suddenly called out, "Master, look, this Yabba man has a hidden letter."

The letter was very deeply hidden inside an inner layer of the corpse's clothes. The demons had searched this body before but just couldn't find this letter.

This showed how skilled Skinorse was. His acuity was almost like gut instincts, and he could easily find critical clues.

He handed the letter to Link. It had the same City in the Sky emblem, but there was no magic seal, so there was no obvious magic aura. Opening the envelope, he took out the letter, but it was white. There was nothing on it.

"A blank piece of paper? Why would he hide it so secretively?" Skinorse was watching, and he found it strange.

"It's not blank." Link shook his head. Every enchantment Magician was almost instinctively sensitive to the elements of the material. Link was so as well. The moment he received the letter, he felt that there was something about it hidden.

"Element Detection." Link cast a Level-1 enchantment spell.

Ding. A ball of powdery light appeared out of thin air and sprinkled onto the letter. Something miraculous happened.

There really was writing on the blank piece of paper. Because of the different material, it absorbed the element detection powder differently as well. Words appeared on the paper instantly.

The letter was written in the Yabba language. Skinorse was illiterate, but Link could read it, so he read it out loud in the human language.

"Respected human general, my race has suffered violent attacks from the Dark Army. We don't know how many there are, but from the current situation, there seems to be more than 30,000 soldiers. Half of them are demons. Our city is in extreme danger. Practically all the civilians in the nearby towns have been killed... Lariel is on the brink of danger as well... I ask for your reinforcement as chancellor of the High Mountain Council."

This was a letter for requesting reinforcements. It was written to Duke Abel of the Orida Fortress.

Link looked back at the airship. From the damaged frame, he could guess that this was not the main airship that the Yabba race used. Instead, it was an extremely fast airship for sudden attacks. It was longer and narrower than the ones Link had once made. There were fewer magic muskets on it as well.

It was obvious that it had burst out of the siege to ask for reinforcement but still couldn't escape from the Dark Army.

The more Skinorse thought, the more shocked he became. "No wonder there was no action from the Black Forest these days. I can't believe they were attacking Yabba cities without us knowing. They must want to receive their magic muskets and battle airships!"

Link nodded and said, "There's still not enough written on the letter. Let's follow the trail and see if there are any Yabba survivors."

The Yabba airships had come under fire long before they crashed. They had been exploding as they flew and lay scattered on the ground. The trail was obvious.

The two followed the visible airship parts everywhere and went northwest. After around one mile, they reached a large patch of thick grass. Skinorse suddenly stopped.

"Master," he whispered. "I feel something wrong. I think someone's on us."

Link felt it as well. The opponent had some odd trick that allowed him to see through Link's Traceless spell. However, Link didn't feel much danger despite having eyes on him.

After thinking for a moment, he said, "It should be a Yabba survivor. If I'm not wrong, his magic musket is pointed at our heads right now."

"Having their magic musket pointed at my head... doesn't feel good." Skinorse's handsome face had a wry and uncomfortable smile.

In Firuman, the dwarves were the first to invent the magic musket. The dwarves and Yabbas lived in a mountain range, and they often traded with each other. The magic musket was powerful but didn't require much physical strength so the thin Yabbas grew to love it. They developed the weapon and created many powerful muskets. With it, they became known for their musketeers in the mainland.

In Firuman, "having Yabba muskets pointed at one's head" had become an idiom that meant absolute death.

On the other hand, Link was searching for the Yabba. After around three seconds, he shook his wand, and a sesame-sized dot of light flew out soundlessly.

Buzz. With a light sound, the spatial sphere expanded, successfully restricting the target 150 feet away. Then firelight came from behind the grass. The musketeer had fired subconsciously at the shock.

Sadly, it was useless.

"Let's go. He's over there."

Skinorse had rushed over already. He saw two Yabba people hiding in the grass—one man and one woman. The man was covered in blood and unmoving on the ground. The woman was half-kneeling, a musket with a scope propped on her knee, aimed at where they had been.

Of course, these two people were no longer a threat. They were restricted by the spatial sphere and were so slow they were basically frozen.

In that strange space, Skinorse saw something extraordinary.

He saw a beautiful flame bloom from the muzzle of the Yabba woman's musket. Inside the flame, a spinning bullet flew forward bit by bit. It looked so slow, but the bullet was able to produce rings of ripples in the air.

It was beautiful.

Master Link's spell is unbelievable, he thought, impressed.

Link walked over as well. Seeing the two people, he observed them and said, "The man is too heavily wounded and pretty much bled out. He can't be helped. If the woman doesn't treat her leg wound, she won't live for more than three days."

As he spoke, Link activated a Soundproof Barrier and canceled the spatial restraint.

The Yabba musketeer's movements sped up, but the musket's sound was muted within the Soundproof Barrier. Link then canceled the spell.

"Who are you?" The musketeer's face was bloody and full of vigilance. She wasn't dumb—when she spoke, she aimed the musket at the ground.

Link introduced himself. "I am Link Morani, the lord of Ferde. As you can see, I am a Magician."

Skinorse introduced himself as well. "I am the famous wandering vigilante, Skinorse... uh, hey, are you listening to me? Why are you crying? Am I that awesome?"

Before he could speak, the Yabba musketeer gaped at them and tears started streaming out of her bright eyes.

"Master Link, our city is destroyed." Ignoring Skinorse, the Yabba woman choked out, "The Dark Army invaded the City in the Sky and killed everyone in sight. My father, mother, and brother were all killed. They even ate my brother... They're all dead. The city is in a sea of fire. My home is gone."

Who was Skinorse? She didn't know, but the lord of Ferde, the most powerful human Magician, Link, was known throughout the continent. Link worked with the Yabba race often and Elin, the Lady Fortuna, spoke highly of him as well. All Yabba people were familiar with him.

In their eyes, Link was powerful, fair, benevolent, kind, wise, and basically everything good.

At this time, the Yabba musketeer had just experienced the biggest tragedy of her life. Seeing a strong figure she could rely on now, her tense feelings collapsed, and she

broke down sobbing.

Skinorse had been disappointed at first but listening to her, he fell silent too. He'd only joined the army recently, but he had experienced too much tragedy already. He thought of the comrades who had died in the Northern battlefield, thought of their last cries, and thought of the rookies crying hopelessly before the demons.

He also remembered how in one mission, he had a smart girl as his subordinate. Her name was Lily. She had deep blue eyes and a pretty cherry-like mouth. She really liked Skinorse; she would run after him, asking questions, and called him "brother." She gave herself to him too. At that time, Skinorse even wanted to marry her.

But in the Black Forest, she was ripped apart by a Fear Demon. Her head was torn off, and the beautiful thing rolled to where Skinorse was hiding. The two deep blue eyes stared at him listlessly as if asking why he didn't save her.

Skinorse felt his eyes grow hot and his vision blurred.

"I'll go see if there's anything around here." He wasn't willing to cry before the others. With that utterance, he turned around and started investigating around.

Link couldn't escape. He had to take up the role of a kind elder now. Patting the musketeer's shoulder, he said, "It'll get better. Everything will get better. Now, I'm going to treat your wound. Tell me what happened in detail, alright?"

"Yeah." She wiped her eyes and nodded.

Chapter 338

An Impenetrable Defense Zone

Hengduan Mountain Range

Based on the fragmented recounts of the Yabba musketeer while Link was treating her, Link could more or less figure out the details of the Yabba situation.

The Yabba population was about two million strong, and they had nine great cities. As of now, three had been defeated, including the sky city Pollol.

Currently, the Dark Army was besieging Lariel.

Their ship was an assault airship that had flown out from Lariel along with five other ships. Ten battle airships engaged the main force of the Dark army in order to create a distraction for them. However, the Dark Army relentlessly pursued the assault force without care for their own lives.

By the time the high-speed assault ships reached here, they had all been destroyed. Their mission to get help from the outside was a failure.

Among the musketeers, the male who lost the most amount of blood breathed his last breath. Seeing this, the female musketeer couldn't hold herself back anymore. Tears were streaming down her face.

"Go on, cry it all out." Link softly patted the musketeer's head. At the same time, he cast a soundproof barrier around them.

The musketeer hugged onto Link's leg and burst into tears. Much later, when her face was completely covered in grime and tears, she finally calmed herself down. Wiping her face, she said, "I'm sorry, your clothes are dirty. Thank you, my lord."

Seeing that she had recovered herself, Link took out a clean handkerchief to clean her face. She didn't move, allowing Link to do so. This made Link feel like he was taking care of a child.

After he was done, he asked, "What about Elin? Do you know of her situation?"

Elin had left a few days before him. Although she said that she was escorting the people to the islands, her return would have her cross the path of the Dark Army's advance. He was worried about her.

"Lady Fortuna? She's now in Lariel. She was the one who advised us to send out people for help. She also said to break out of the blockade and abandon the city because Lariel was doomed to fall... I'm not sure how true her words will be, but all her predictions so far have been true, so nobody would dare to take her words lightly."

Link let out a sigh of relief. At least Elin was safe.

At this point, Skinorse returned. He seemed calm, but his eyes were still red. "My lord, the situation is not good. The demons are doing a sweeping operation to hunt for survivors. I just saw a squad of them walk past."

It was indeed bad news.

Link thought for a moment, then said to Nana, "Please carry Melinda."

Melinda was the name of the female musketeer. Nana was just a little shorter than Melinda by less than three feet. Yet, although Nana was almost the height of a human child, she effortlessly carried Melinda onto her back.

"Let's go, we'll continue rushing to Orida Fortress and bring them news of Lariel as well." Link again cast a Traceless Spell.

Since the Yabba city could manage to get people out of the blockade to send for help, it showed that they could hold on for some time. If Link could get their news to Orida Fortress, they could gather troops to head north in aid of the Yabbas. The Dark Army would then have to face a pincer attack from two sides, and this would lessen the pressure on the Yabbas.

Link actually respected Aymons.

Under the limited time condition of the Dark Serpent, he managed to seize the opportunity to pull so many tricks. Only Aymons could have done this.

Damn it! It was a mistake not to have just killed him the last time!

The group continued to rush onwards. The wolves were too conspicuous, and so they decided not to use them but continue traveling on foot. When they encountered areas that were difficult to traverse, Link used the Level-0 spell Levitation, Lightweight, and some other basic sells to assist them. Sometimes, he would also have Nana carry him over. They were able to maintain a relatively fast pace.

After proceeding for another six miles, Skinorse, who was in the lead, raised his hand and signaled for them to stop. He ducked behind a tree and got Link and Nana to do the same. Then, he slowly pointed to foliage up ahead, mouthing with his lips, "Watch that foliage."

Link squinted his eyes, staring.

Up ahead was a hazelnut forest. Amidst the dense branches of the forest, in the crown of one of the trees, there was a monkey-like figure sitting there, not moving.

This "monkey" was about three feet tall and had two fleshy wings with sharp tips. Its skin was a dark red, and there were two horns growing from its head. At this moment, its wings were wrapped in itself as it nested in the tree crown. The only thing visible was a pair of black eyes that were unnoticeable unless you looked really carefully.

Skinorse continued mouthing as he explained, "In the Black Forest, this creature is everywhere. The Magicians say it is a low-level demon, but I call them "Red Monkeys." Its battle prowess is average, about the same as a level-4 scout. However, there are many of them in the black forest. They're very astute and will usually notice us first. When they do, they let out a sharp call that can be heard from less than a mile away. After that, other red monkeys will continue transmitting that call. Very soon, the high-level demons will come. Even if we kill it before it calls, high-level demons will still come, because they have a signal that they call out every ten minutes... Listen."

Skinorse motioned his hand to his ear to signal for them to listen. One second later, Link heard a sharp Jiiiii sound, something like that of a bat. The sound traveled out, and moments later, the forest was filled with jiiiii jiiiii sounds responding to the first one.

"Based on the sound, it seems that the red monkeys have locked down the whole of this forest. How annoying! We've got to be really careful from now on."

Link finally understood how Aymons managed to achieve a complete information

lockdown. With the eyesight of these red monkeys and the battle prowess of the high-level demons and ghouls patrolling around, there was no way for anyone to escape or hide. Human scouts would just meet an early end once they entered.

Skinorse was among the best among the humans already. If even he had no way to deal with this, then no one would.

To make matters worse, because the entire forest was now locked down, even if they managed to sneak through it would cost them a lot of time. Lariel was in an extremely tight situation now, and they needed to get to Orida fortress as soon as possible. What could they do?

Link looked at the red monkey and paused, thinking. "How big are the high-level demon patrols?"

Skinorse thought for a while then gave an estimate of the size of one patrol. "In the black forest, one patrol would be about ten men strong. There would normally be three high-level demons and seven ghouls. Once they hear the signal from the red monkeys, they'll arrive within three minutes.

Link asked again, "What species are the high-level demons?"

"Among them, there are Fodor Flaming Demons, Fear Demons, Dimensional Demons, Succubi, and about five others, a total of ten types. The Dark Elves have been aggressively summoning demons, turning the whole forest into a hellish abyss," Skinorse replied.

Link asked, "These demons have roughly Level-8 strength, am I right?"

"Yes."

This was about enough information. Link evaluated the information he had. "If they're able to reach within three minutes, that means that in a radius of a mile, there will be one squad of high-level demons. The red monkeys call out every ten minutes, so if we attack immediately after their next call, we will have 13 minutes to move ahead. If we mix in other fake signals, then we'll be able to delay them further... Okay! We'll go into action after the next call."

He decided to forcefully break through.

"Okay," Skinorse nodded.

Seven minutes later, the red monkey called out again. It was as though it had a clock in its body. The timing was extremely exact.

The moment it called out, Link threw out a dimensional ball. "Spatial Rend!"

He did not use any tricks but attacked directly.

Thud. The Level-4 red monkey had no way to resist the force of the dimensional attack and couldn't even last one second before turning into a lump of meat. It had no chance to even make a sound.

"Let's go, hurry up!"

Skinorse once again took the lead, with Link and Nana following close behind. Along the way, Link constantly erased the tracks that they made. He was very careful but also very efficient.

Along the way, they were discovered by other red monkeys. However, the moment those red monkeys opened their mouths to call out, Link immediately locked down on their location with a soundproof barrier. Simultaneously, he cast a Spatial Rend Spell on them, instantly killing the monkeys.

Link's reactions were becoming faster and faster, and the monkeys had no chance to even call out.

Ten minutes later, the red monkeys began to call out to confirm each other's locations. Not long later, they discovered that some of their companions had not responded.

Instantaneously, the forest exploded like a beehive. Jiiii! Jiiii! The red monkeys began to call out, and the sounds they were making were extremely shocking and fear-inducing. However, there was also a benefit.

With them calling out, Link was able to pinpoint their locations better.

"How long will they call out for?" Link asked.

"About half a minute. This is to help the patrol squads determine our location," Skinorse replied.

"Half a minute? That's fine."

Link waited for half a minute. As Skinorse had said, the red monkeys stopped calling out. Immediately, Link unleashed his attacks, using Spatial Rend to soundlessly kill the red monkeys, leaving no traces behind!

"Alright, let's go." Link waved his wand, and the group continued rushing forward. At the same time, he erased their tracks and left misleading tracks in their place.

He was by now very proficient at this, and the misleading tracks were very effective. Along the way, the red monkeys had already called out three times, but the high-level demons had yet to find them.

They maintained their pace rushing forward.

"After not being able to find us for so long, they'll go crazy soon. They'll probably break out of their patrol routine and activate more patrols. We've got to be more careful!"

...

Amidst the forest, two patrols had already been activated. Although they followed the tracks left by Link, they could not find the intruders.

After coming up empty-handed multiple times, the leader of the patrolling teams sensed that something was wrong. He ordered a ghoul behind him, "You, report back to the base that something is off. Some slippery rats have entered the forest. We need reinforcements."

"Understood!" The ghoul rushed back to deliver its report.

Chapter 339

The Demons are the First to Benefit

After a period of rushed travel, Link's group made their way over for more than 40 miles.

Here, there was a drastic change in the mountain's geography. There were rocks everywhere while the trees and vegetation lessened. The view was wide, and there were fewer places to hide.

This was both a pro and a con.

Here, Skinorse whispered, "The red monkeys disappeared. It appears that we've left their blockade."

Link let out a breath of relief. He'd been fully focused while traveling down the mountain path earlier. Every time a red monkey discovered their traces, he would kill it at once and make sure it would be executed flawlessly. This really did use up some energy.

He looked at Melinda on Nana's back and asked, "How's the wound on your leg?"

"It's alright. It doesn't really hurt anymore." Melinda looked at Link with wide eyes filled with reverence.

This reassured Link. He glanced at the black cat. It was pretty obedient—probably because it tasted some benefits at the Crystal Blue Lake. Now, it hid inside Nana's shirt with only a head peeking out.

Seeing that Link was looking at it, it narrowed its emerald eyes and meowed as if saying, Jealous? Well, that sucks because this is my personal seat.

Its appearance made the others really want to beat it up. At least, Skinorse had glanced at it many times already. It seemed that he was about to yank the cat out from Nana's collar and jump in himself.

Link didn't have time to bother with it. He turned to Skinorse and said, "How much farther away is Orida?"

Skinorse was very familiar with the North. Hearing the question, he composed himself and looked down at his watch. Then he looked at the sun, took out a triangular thing, measured the angle, and came up with a calculation. "I think there are around 700 more miles. If we continue forward, we'll pass through the southern corner of the Black Forest after 400 miles."

"We can't go into the Black Forest. How about this? We'll take a detour south, and after we get to a safer place, I'll summon a Storm Eagle. The spell can help us fly around 60 miles."

The Storm Eagle consumed a great amount of Mana. Link now had a maximum of 18,500 Mana Points, but this could only last for five minutes. The Storm Eagle's top speed was around 1500 feet per second, so they could fly 60 miles in five minutes. He still had to save some Mana so while this spell looked cool, it wasn't that useful.

Skinorse had no objections, of course. Crossing through the Hengduan Mountain Range was honestly too dangerous. One mishap could have them end up surrounded by high-level demons. It was like flirting with death.

Everyone turned and started going south.

After around half an hour, a gorge appeared up ahead. It was extremely narrow; the narrowest place wasn't even 15 feet wide. From the distance, it seemed to be entirely closed up. The walls on either side were very steep; on average, they were more than 2500 feet high. If one stood in the gorge and looked up, one could only see a sliver of the sky.

It was very windy in the gorge. Perhaps the wind passed through some unique rock formation because they kept hearing cries and it was hair-raising.

Melinda curled up on Nana's back in fear and explained softly, "This is the Wailing Gorge. It's more than 30 miles long and contains many branches and caves. It's like a maze once you enter it, and it's really easy to get lost."

Skinorse had heard of the Wailing Gorge before. "This gorge has many legends," he said. "Legend says that there's a horrifying secret hidden here. Someone had buried countless treasures but put an evil curse on each one. Anyone who tried to get the

treasure died. Apparently, one thousand years ago, the last emperor of the Goldweed Dynasty retreated into the Wailing Gorge with his last army and never came back out... Anyway, it's really dangerous."

Link knew a lot of information about the gorge as well, but they were from the past game. In the game, there were at least ten storyline quests, both big and small, hidden in each fork inside the gorge. Many parts were still off-limit to players even later in the game.

This was a mysterious gorge filled with unknown danger.

After thinking, Link asked Melinda, "Is there a way to bypass it?" Unless there was no other way, he didn't want to pass through the creepy place.

"I don't know." Melinda shook her head. "We've only ever flown past with our airships."

"What if we pass from the walls on the side?" Skinorse suggested.

"That might work... wait, probably not. Look there!" Link pointed to the sky behind them.

Skinorse and Melinda turned around to see many blurry black dots appear in the sky. Counting quickly, there was more than 100. Without a doubt, the demons must have caught up.

"I can feel that these demons are really powerful and there are too many of them. We're not their match so we can't go on top. We have to enter the gorge!" Link said.

The gorge was narrow, and the walls on either side effectively blocked the enemies' vision. It could greatly decrease the aerial threat.

Faced with more than a hundred high-level demons, this was their only choice.

"They sped up. They probably saw us." Skinorse's voice was a bit panicked.

Link decisively used Teleportation. They disappeared at the gorge entrance under the white light. When they reappeared, they were already inside. The transmission spell could make the enemy lose them temporarily, winning them more time.

"Traceless!" Link cast another invisibility spell on them all. Not only would this spell

hide their bodies, but it would also block their voices, auras, and anything else that could be used to track them."

"We can't beat wings no matter how fast we run," Link said. "Speeding up won't help. We can only try to hide from their pursuit."

As he spoke, Link cast another spell: Pursuit.

Pursuit Spell

Level-5 Secret Spell

Effect: Borrows mysterious power from time to point out a safe path for the user.

(Note: It will tell you the right answer.)

There was a small puff, and faint white mist appeared in Link's eyes. The thread of mist extended forward, pointing out the way forward.

"Follow me." Link followed the white mist and strode forward.

Faced with more than 100 high-level demons, Skinorse was a bit panicked too. He had fought with many high-level demons in the Black Forest before, and he knew clearly how terrifying they were.

As for Melinda, she had no idea. At this time, she clung to Nana tightly, and even her musket was trembling with her. Only Link was as calm as before. He was the anchor of this temporary team so they would do whatever he said. No one would object.

...

Whoosh... rustle... The flapping of wings created the sounds of air moving. A group of demons flapped their wings and landed at the entrance of the gorge.

There were more than 120 of them. Most were Winged Howlers and above Level-7. One-third of the group was at Level-8. This was a very powerful force.

It would be unimaginable in the past, but recently, the demons summoned from the Abyss were less restricted by the laws. The reduction of the power had lessened. The demons summoned to the World of Firuman were all strengthening at incredible

speeds.

Now, their strength was already at a terrifying extent.

Link was probably the only one who truly knew why. Faced with this, he could only chuckle bitterly.

Who would be the first to benefit once the Mana density of the world rose? It was not the humans, not the High Elves, not any of the natives. The first to benefit were the ones who were already powerful in the foreign world—the demons!

This kind of delay existed in the previous game too. For more than five years, demons dominated the World of Firuman without any restraint. There wasn't a single person strong enough to fight them in the entire world.

After five years, the strong of the various races started strengthening as well, until they could restrict the demons.

"I saw them disappear here." A Winged Howler sprawled on the ground, carefully investigating the footprints on the ground. His two hooked noses twitched without stop. A few seconds later, he had another conclusion. "General, their scent is in the gorge's wind. They're inside."

The general in question was shrouded in black mist and his features difficult to see. The only feature that could be seen clearly was the two eyes glowing with misty red light. His wings were different from the Winged Howlers.

They had a layer of membrane on their wings while he had black wings. And instead of one pair, he had a smaller pair under the large wings.

He landed slowly and shook his body. The wings transformed into a black mist that melted into his body and a hollow voice sounded. "The human Magician has a very special status. Try to capture him alive."

"General, capturing a Magician alive is playing with fire," a Winged Howler said, discontent. Capturing someone alive meant holding back and doing that in a life-or-death battle was flirting with death. No one would be willing to do so.

Crack. With the crisp sound, the demon suddenly spun and flew into the air. A ball of black mist slowly dissipated where he had been standing. No one had seen what the

general had done. He was too fast.

"Remember, I'm not discussing with you. I am ordering you! I like giving people the chance to redeem themselves but one chance. Understood?"

The black shadow bent over slightly, staring at the fallen Winged Howler with blood-red eyes.

The Winged Howler was at Level-8 but was defenseless before this black shadow. He was unwilling but didn't dare show it. "Yes," he muttered.

"Good." The black shadow straightened and pointed down at the gorge. "The wind pointed out a direction, but it won't do so forever. We must hurry."

Chapter 340

But I'm Right Behind You

The Wailing Gorge

Wuuuu wuuuuu!

A gust of wind blew past, and instantly, it created a sound like that of children crying. It wasn't just a normal cry either, but more like a heart-rending cry that was forcefully pushed out. It made people who heard it feel like their heart was being squeezed, and it would make their hair stand on ends.

In the gorge, it was very dark. Although there were clear skies for a hundred miles all around, the amount of light inside was minuscule. Perhaps it was due to the walls blocking the light inside the gorge. In some corners, it was as dark as night.

After a moment, the wind blew in again from the front, carrying with it the smell of rotting corpses. Who knew who these corpses belonged to, or even what creatures they were?

Skinorse rubbed his shoulders, edging closer to Link. However, he still explained, "The wind in this ghastly place is very strong. I'm starting to feel cold too."

The Yabba musketeer, Melinda, didn't say anything, but she gripped on tighter to Nana's clothing. Every now and then, she would look backwards, as though afraid that there would be a black claw that would grab onto her and drag her away.

Link was still in a better situation. He was occupied with casting spells, and this kept his mind from wandering off. Therefore, he looked somewhat calm.

As for Nana, she opened her eyes wide, looking left and right in curiosity. After all, it was her first time coming to a place like this.

The black cat was naturally not the least bit scared, but it had its own troubles. "MEEOW! Let go, you scaredy cat! Stop grabbing my ear!"

Melinda had grabbed onto the cat's ear, squeezing onto it tightly no matter what the cat did. This caused the cat a lot of frustration on the journey through the gorge.

The group of them thus proceeded like this through the strange place. After walking for about half an hour, they heard a sound of rustling carried by the wind.

They looked up and could make out the figures of two 12-foot-long Winged Howlers flying overhead.

The group immediately backed up. Although they knew that the Howler had not discovered them, they still reduced the sound of their breathing nonetheless, trying to remain as hidden as possible.

Only after the demons had flown off, Skinorse softly said, "These two demons look very strong, much stronger than me. Could they both be Level-8 demons?"

He had the strength of Level-7, but while facing these demons he could feel immense pressure from them. This showed that the demons were clearly a full stage higher than he was.

Link nodded his head. "Indeed, they're both Level-8 monsters. They're probably about ten times stronger than you."

Skinorse was speechless. Ten times! How could he even fight them?

A full ten minutes passed before he spoke again. "Why do I feel that the demons have gotten much stronger than before? They weren't this strong a month ago."

Link naturally knew the reason but chose not to say it. He simply said, "Perhaps the demons that Aymons is summoning are stronger than before?"

Skinorse did not doubt what Link had said. He cursed, "Aymons is mad! All the Dark Elves are mad! They're going to do themselves in some day."

Not long after the two demons flew off, the group heard footsteps coming from behind them. At the same time, they also heard voices speaking in the demon's language. Skinorse and Melinda had no way to understand it, but Link had done some research into the language spoken in the abyss, and he could vaguely make out the gist of what he heard.

"This damn gorge! How many passages are there?"

"Where do you think those little rats are hiding?"

"Who knows. They might be huddled up in some hole. I'm just annoyed at the commander's orders. Capturing a Magician alive? That's just suicide!"

"Hush! Don't let the commander hear you. You know his temper."

"Let him hear me then! What, can't we speak the truth?"

There were eight demons in this group. They took advantage of their superiority in numbers to walk brazenly through the gorge, not bothering to hide their position.

The demons were huge, and their speed was also fast. Looking at the situation, it would only be minutes before they caught up. This was different from the situation with the demons flying overhead. The gorge was only ten feet wide. If the two groups engaged in combat, the demons would definitely notice.

Link glanced around and suddenly spotted a human-sized hole. The hole was pitch dark. Nothing could be seen within. However, Link could make out the sound of wind from the other end of the hole. That meant that there was an exit at the other end of the tunnel.

These demons were huge, above nine feet in height. The hole was rather small, so they would definitely not be able to enter. It would be much safer than walking normally.

Link pointed at the tunnel. "Let's go in."

"Lord... can we not? I think it'd be better if we just ran faster," Skinorse said. Looking at the hole gave him the chills. The tunnel was pitch dark, and there were even weird noises coming out of it. Furthermore, what made them even more afraid is that, in order to escape the demons' pursuit, they would have to grope their way forward in the darkness with no light. Who knew what they would find inside?

Melinda was about to burst into tears at this point. She didn't say anything but pouted her small mouth at Link. Her face was pleading. Clearly, she did not want to go in either.

Hearing the footsteps behind getting closer, Link said determinedly, "Stop dilly-dallying; quick go in! Skinorse, you're first. Nana, follow him, save him if anything

happens. I'll bring up the rear."

Although they could run quickly, could they hope to outrun the flying demons? Furthermore, if they ran, they would make even more noise and expose their own position. Perhaps that would lead to even greater trouble.

Entering the tunnel was definitely the best solution.

As for what they might encounter inside the tunnel... well, they would deal with it when the time came. It would definitely be easier to deal with than the pursuing demons.

Link's command was absolute, and Skinorse could not think of any other way out either. He could only grab his dagger in his right hand and feel his way forward with his left hand, creeping forward one step at a time in the darkness.

Nana quickly followed. Link went in last.

Just as the group was about 90 feet into the tunnel, behind them in the passageway they came from came the sound of footsteps running past. The demons had arrived and walked past the hole.

Link carefully listened to the sounds of the footsteps go by. Just as he let out a sigh of relief, the demons suddenly turned back and Link heard a sound. "Hey, there's a hole here."

"I feel that there's something suspicious about it."

"Let me smell it."

There was the sound of something sniffing, and in a few moments, a demon voice said, "Indeed! There's a scent on the walls. They've definitely gone through here!"

"This hole is so small; we can't go in! How do we get them?"

"It seems that only someone of the commander's size can fit inside. Should we inform the commander?"

"Of course! Hee hee! Let the commander go in alone and attempt to catch the Magician."

Upon hearing this, Link again let out the breath he was holding back.

The scent on the walls was probably because of Skinorse's sweat. Just this little bit of trace had given them away. The demons were definitely astute. Fortunately for them, only the commander demon could chase them inside here, and Link was confident of dealing with one commander.

Thinking about this, Link said, "Hold up."

Skinorse and Nana stopped and watched as Link took out his wand to draw out magical symbols in the air. With each stroke of his wand, one line of glowing light appeared in the air.

His speed was very fast, and in about ten seconds, the air was filled with the light of radiant magic runes. Link pointed the staff towards the stone wall and said softly, "Seal!"

The runes flew up onto the stone walls. Clang! The cavern walls shook slightly, as though a hammer had knocked into it. Immediately, a magic formation emerged on the walls.

Following that, the tunnel started to change.

As the magic formation glowed with light, a magic door appeared behind Link. The magic door's surface was rough and looked like a mountain wall. It gave the impression that it was a dead end in the tunnel.

That was not enough. If it were just the magic door, the magical aura emanated from the door would easily be detected by the opponent. Then, they could easily break through the barrier.

Link continued drawing more magical symbols. Ten seconds later, another set of runes appeared.

"Seal!"

Clang! The sound appeared again, and this time, the runes appeared on the magic door. When this magic formation was completed, the magical aura of the door immediately disappeared. Now, it looked no different from an ordinary door.

Skinorse could not spot any defects in the door. If he hadn't just come from the tunnel, but discovered the door on his own, he would have assumed it was part of the stone wall and be tricked by it.

The black cat also praised, "Hey, isn't this one of the tricks I taught you? Not bad, you're already putting it to good use. You're definitely smart, much better than that blockhead Isendilan."

Link shook his head, saying, "According to the demons, the commander is really incredible. This may not be able to trick him. I'm merely using it as a warning system."

If the magic door was broken through, Link would detect it and know that the demon commander was catching up. He would then be able to make preparations.

He said to Skinorse, "Okay, let's continue. Go forward another 300 feet, then I'll be able to safely give us some light."

Skinorse felt a lot more relieved and continued feeling his way forward in the darkness.

The tunnel gradually grew wider. After about 300 feet, what was originally tall and wide enough for just a single person suddenly expanded out. From the echoes of their footsteps, they could tell that the tunnel had gotten bigger.

"Lord Link, are you still behind me?" Melinda asked, suddenly feeling frightened.

"I am," Link replied. Hearing his calm voice made Melinda feel a lot more reassured.

However, it was at this moment when there was a wuuuuu sound coming from the tunnel. As a strong gust of wind blew past them, it made them lose their balance for a moment.

The strange wind blew for about three seconds, and then, just as suddenly as it had begun, it stopped.

The one in the lead, Skinorse, let out a sigh of relief and forced out of laugh. "That gave me a fright. I was afraid something would happen."

The group of them continued walking forward.

However, after ten seconds, Skinorse suddenly called out, "Hey, Nana, what are you doing beside me? I brushed your hand just now.

The next moment, Nana's clear voice sounded out. "But I'm right behind you."

At this moment, Skinorse felt like his heart was going to stop.

Chapter 341

The Night King's Sadness

The Wailing Gorge, cave.

Nana was behind him, so whose arm did he just touch?

Skinorse felt goosebumps all over him, and cold sweat sprouted all over his back. He had the sudden urge to get up and just run.

Poof. Link cast an illumination spell and weak light lit up the cave. Under the dim yellow light, Link saw two pairs of wide eyes and two faces filled with terror. One was Skinorse, and the other was Melinda, the Yabba woman.

As for Nana, she was how she always was. The black cat was curled inside Nana's shirt, licking its paws as if the outside world had nothing to do with it.

As for the surroundings, the cave tunnel was already very spacious. It was 50 feet wide and more than 15 feet high. There were pebbles scattered all over the ground, and to the left, there was a huge ten-foot tall semicircular boulder that blocked everyone's line of sight. Many stalactites hung down from the ceiling of the cave. There were two dark tunnels up ahead, one of which had wind traveling through, creating eerie keening sounds.

"N-nothing? But I clearly felt something. It was soft and kind of warm." Skinorse was about to cry. He flattened himself against the wall and gripped daggers with both hands in a defensive position. Only like this could he be slightly at ease.

Whoosh. Link cast another light spell. He lit up three in total, and three fist-sized balls of milky white light flew out. One was stuck above Skinorse's head, one stuck onto the ceiling, and another turned and flew behind the boulder in the upper left.

The space was instantly illuminated, and everything became clear. No blind spots were left. Skinorse was a lot more reassured. Gripping his daggers, he inched towards the boulder. He thought that it was the only possible hiding place. If that thing he touched really existed, it had to be here.

He was already prepared to fight.

Three feet, six feet, nine feet... After six more feet, he would be behind the boulder. Here, Skinorse pounced using his experience and rolled forward after landing. He ended in a half squat behind the boulder, his dagger before him and ready to go in either direction.

If there was someone hiding behind the boulder, Skinorse would charge like this to ensure he wouldn't be attacked.

"Where is he? Where? Still no one?" Skinorse felt that he was going to have a mental breakdown.

The cave was only so big, and this boulder was the only hiding place. If there was nothing here, then what the f*ck did he touch?!

"Skinorse, m-maybe you imagined it?" Melinda asked timidly. She was curled up on Nana's back as if she wanted to disappear.

Skinorse lost his confidence. He lowered his head and looked around. If that guy really existed, there should be footprints on the ground. Skinorse started suspecting that he'd imagined it because there were no footprints at all.

"Lord, do you sense anything wrong?" Skinorse felt that he was so nervous that he made a mistake—and a rookie mistake at that.

Link didn't speak after casting the light spell and carefully investigated the surrounding marks. At this time, he'd already found some abnormal marks.

"You were right. You probably did touch something. Look here," Link said, pointing at the center of the boulder.

Skinorse looked over. There was a small scrape at the six-foot point. It was a fresh mark as well. It seemed that the thing had gone deeper into the cave.

"It probably flies, and after you accidentally touched it, it was scared too and immediately flew away. It's silent when flying or it's very quiet and was covered by the wind in the cave on the right."

While speaking, Link ended the light spell, only keeping the one on top of Skinorse's

head. "If I guessed correctly," he continued, "there should be some abnormal things in this cave. The thing we just ran into should be like a detective sentinel."

In the game, these sentinels were called "Night Whistles." They were a type of trained bird unique to the Wailing Gorge. If a Night Whistle was discovered inside a cave, it was a sign that there was definitely a storyline quest inside.

If Link was correct, the one right ahead was called "The Night King's Sadness."

Sealed locations like caves had fewer geographical details, so this place was practically identical to the game. When the familiar semicircular boulder appeared, Link immediately confirmed his guess.

After knowing this was a storyline quest, Link felt relieved but also annoyed.

The reason was simple. The final boss in this quest, the Night King, wasn't too powerful but the way to win was really messed up. If the player had bad luck, they would feel like smashing their head against a wall.

The quest was called the Night King's Sadness, but it could easily end up being the player's sadness.

Link had done this storyline quest at least 100 times in the game. He passed after completely wracking his brain every time just to win a double mount that the Night King dropped.

When he got it, Link swore that he would never come to this messed up place. But now, in real life, he was back.

On the other hand, Skinorse heard that there were sentinels and scratched his head. "Lord, there are two roads up ahead. Which way should we go?"

"The left side, the one without wind," Link said.

"Ah, but the right side has wind. That means there's an exit." Skinorse didn't understand. He liked adventures, so he knew this type of basic knowledge.

Link had already gone toward the left. "The wind isn't natural. It's a wind element spell. I can feel that it will end up as a dead end."

Actually, Link couldn't tell at all. In his opinion, this wind was exactly like natural wind. Link only knew because he'd fallen for the trick before.

This was the first trick of the Night King's Sadness. The pioneer gamers would see that the left was still while the right continuously had wind. They would instinctively feel that there was something in the right and go that way.

However, the result was the wind would lead them into the maze-like tunnel and run into a bunch of wind element creatures. There were usually two endings after choosing the right side. One, the player would accidentally attract too many creatures and get killed; two, the player would get completely stumped by the maze and return to the cemetery to be resurrected. (The game didn't have the Hearthstone.)

The ones who could exit the maze were either geniuses or were lucky enough to win the lottery.

The tricks here could be used on rookies but also experienced players. Link was now completely focused. He was ready to deal with the Night King's traps.

Link's words were very reliable. Since he said the right side was a dead end, Skinorse walked towards the left without any hesitation.

"Wait, let's leave a mark behind."

With that, Link walked to the right entrance. He pointed his wand forward, and a light spell appeared, flying deep into the cave. The spell had a unique characteristic—it had a very, very long range.

Its Mana structure was introverted and very stable. After completion, it would steadily release light until all the Mana inside was used up. The Magician didn't need to consume energy during the process to maintain its existence. This resulted in its super long range. Basically, the light spell could be shot as far as one could see.

Link controlled the spell along the tunnel. Unsteadily, it flew 650 feet before sticking onto the wall.

"This spell can last three minutes," he explained. "The entire time, it'll release large amounts of Mana aura—"

Before he could finish, the black cat stuck out its head and said, "And then the demon

general will charge into there and end up in the maze. Meow, Link, you're evil. I like it."

Link shrugged in admission.

Deep inside, he was impressed. As expected of a god, the black cat immediately understood the inner structure of the cave. Of course, even though it looked extremely cute, it was actually cold inside. It would sacrifice anything for freedom, which was evident from his actions.

Link was still cautious of it.

Hearing their words, Skinorse was rest assured. Under the guidance of the light above his head, he took the lead and entered the left cave. He walked forward while Link stayed behind to erase their marks. He wiped away all the footprints, spell auras, odors, and everything else.

The path was mostly smooth, and nothing abnormal happened.

The further they went, the more spacious the cave became. After five minutes, Link suddenly felt something. Then he heard a boom come from behind them.

"What's that?" Skinorse's footsteps faltered.

Link was a bit surprised by this. "My Magic Door was broken in. It seems that the demon general truly is powerful and we can only fool him for so long. Don't worry. Let's continue."

After around 300 feet, there was suddenly a glowing Magic Door before them. A sentence was written in magic runes. Mortal, what is the biggest lie in life?

There were three choices under it: love, power, and wealth. There was a blank space after it, as well as an explanation below it. If you want to enter, answer the question.

Seeing this, Link sighed. This was first trick for experienced players. In the game, countless good men were wrecked by this Magic Door.

Chapter 342

Mind-boggled to the Point of Desperation

In the tunnel

Skinorse walked in front of the magic door, inspecting the words carved on the door. "Hmm, this door... Power, Wealth, Love... These are all life's great lies. However, they aren't really the greatest."

Using his dagger, Skinorse drew some lines on the door. As the sharp edge of the dagger brushed the surface of the door, it created a sharp scratching sound. However, it did not even leave a mark on the door. Skinorse turned to Link, saying, "Lord, this door is really sturdy. How are we supposed to break through? Don't tell me we really have to answer the question?"

As an adventurer, Skinorse felt that it could not be so simple.

The black cat in Nana's bosom looked at the door. "Meow, this door is really interesting."

Saying so, he ducked back into Nana's chest, not bothering to speak further or explain the method to get past the door. Looking at it made Skinorse's gums itch.

Link looked at the door and sighed to himself. In his previous life, he was played to death by this very door.

At that time, he was still inexperienced and had come with some friends to explore this dungeon. Upon reaching this door, the group of them had sat down discussing the topic of what life's greatest lie was. Their discussion lasted three days and three nights. Finally, because of some accident, they realized they were tricked.

Link walked forward and, using his wand, wrote down a line in the blank space on the door. "You are the greatest lie!"

Life's greatest lie?

How could there be anyone answer to this question?

The most hateful thing about this door was that it used the players' self-doubt to lead them on. The more the player thought about the answer, the more they would wrack their brains to come up with more and more answers. However, all of that was just wasting the player's time.

The answer was simple. The key to opening this door had nothing to do with the complicated looking question. The only purpose for the question was to con you.

The moment Link wrote this on the door, an illusory voice sounded out from the door. "Wrong answer."

This response from the door was also a con.

In most situations, when someone tells you that your answer is wrong, you would naturally reconsider what the correct answer could be. However, that would just mislead you deeper and deeper into the con.

Ultimately, this trap made use of the player's self-doubt to keep them from proceeding. During the game, many teams were toyed with in this manner by the Night King.

"Lord, the answer is wrong," Skinorse said.

Look, this fellow fell into the trap.

Link replied, "If I were the creator of this magic door, I would not bother putting a real answer. If I'm not wrong, these are the only four words that this door knows."

As he said this, Link selected "power."

As expected, the door immediately replied, "Wrong answer."

"Then how do we enter?" Melinda asked.

"Don't rush," Link replied.

Link walked around the magic door until he reached a part of the door not under the light. There was a normal looking stone sticking out from the stone wall.

Link took a clean cloth and lay it on the stone. This was to ensure that he did not leave his scent behind. Then, he pressed down hard onto the stone. Suddenly, the stone was pushed into the wall! Immediately, the magic door started ringing, and after three seconds, it vanished.

"What...!" Skinorse suddenly felt that the world was truly treacherous. A simple trap like this could have led him around in circles forever. How would people dare to adventure like this?

"Alright, don't worry, let's go in!" Link instructed urgently. The magic door made a lot of noise before it vanished and would surely have alerted the pursuing demons. They definitely could not afford to dally any longer.

After they entered the passage, Link pressed down hard on another similarly normal looking rock. Ringgg. After ringing again, the passage they were in lit up, and two seconds later, the magic door was back in place.

This magic door was a very high-level door with the strength of Level-8. Link hoped that it could delay the demon commander. It would be the best if the commander fell into the trap and wasted time solving the riddle. Even if he didn't but used brute force to break through the door, Link could use it to gauge the demon commander's true strength.

Once the magic door was reformed, Link warned the rest, "Later on, we've got to be more careful. There could be Assassins appearing at every trap we encounter. Also, watch your step, don't step into any holes. Any of them could be dangerous.

The trickster door was only the beginning. After passing the door, there were all sorts of other traps that made adventurers nervous or irritated. Without knowing it, they could find themselves in trouble.

Skinorse swallowed his saliva. Earlier, he had been tricked by the magic door and was feeling less confident about himself. However, he was the only Assassin with the highest agility in the group. Therefore, he still went ahead to scout for traps.

The path behind the magic door was very wide, about ten feet wide and five feet high. Magic lamps hung on both sides of the passageway. Under the dim light of these lamps, the passageway could be seen clearly enough. Link stopped his light magic.

"Watch out, these lamps aren't meant to guide us, it's for Assassins to conceal

themselves. As we walk in this lit place, we would naturally feel more at ease and let down our guard. Also, because of the flickering light, it would distract us from focusing on the shadows and help to conceal any Assassins hiding inside. In this situation, we have no way of knowing when the Assassins may rush out."

"What should we do then?" Melinda asked. She was currently standing under the glow of the lamps. As she looked around, she could see dark areas but couldn't see anything in them.

"Well, it's easy. I've got a way," Skinorse replied. He took out an eyepatch and used it to cover his eyes. With one eye covered, he looked like a pirate.

Link immediately understood what he was doing. "Great idea!"

With one eye covered, they could walk around in the light with no worries. When they entered the darkness, they could take off the eye patch to see normally as the eye covered by the eye patch would already be acclimatized to the darkness.

Hearing the praise, Skinorse was delighted. "Heh heh, I learned this from a pirate. Whenever they pilfered others, they would often rush from the brightly lit deck into the darkness below deck and back again. Without this trick, they would have more difficulties adjusting to the change in vision.

The group continued walking. After about 3 minutes, Skinorse suddenly raised his dagger and cast out his battle aura, looking very fearsome.

Clang. The moment he cast his battle aura, Skinorse was knocked backwards by a figure cloaked in the darkness. He staggered a few steps back, trying to stabilize his footing. His both hands gripping the daggers were also hard at work fending off the attacks emerging from the darkness.

"Look out below! Levitation!" Link shouted, then immediately cast a spell onto Skinorse. The moment his spell was completed, Skinorse had stepped onto a piece of stone slab.

Because of the effect of the Levitation Spell, he did not step down onto the stone slab but only brushed the surface.

The trap did not trigger.

Immediately, Link followed up by throwing a dimensional ball the size of a sesame seed. The dimensional ball exploded directly in front of the Assassin, constricting the dark figure's movements.

The group was finally able to see the figure's features.

Its body was shrouded in a dark green fog, making it look like it was covered in a dark green cloak. Looking carefully, it didn't seem to have legs and was levitating in the air. It also didn't have a face, and here its head was supposed to be was completely covered in the dark green fog. It looked very much like a specter.

Amidst the fog, there were two crystal claws that glowing with red light.

At the moment, the claws were clashing against Skinorse's daggers over and over again. Each time they clashed, the crystal claws would glow a little brighter. After many clashes, the crystal was now glowing brightly, and they even seemed to be emitting a red fog which vaguely sparked with electricity.

Those with some fighting experience could tell that these pair of crystal claws would soon unleash a terrifying attack.

However, it didn't have the chance.

Link spent 1000 Mana on this Spatial Shackles Spell. The spell was over Level-8 while this Specter Assassin was only Level-7. It had no way to resist.

Its movements slowed down until they came to a stop.

Skinorse took advantage of the opportunity to regain his bearings. He looked at the stone slab he had nearly activated, noticing an array of creamy white runes flashing on the slab. It would have activated a lightning trap.

Normally, he would have easily noticed this trap, but in the midst of being sneak attacked, his concentration was fully directed at fending off his opponent's attacks and had no time to look at where he was stepping.

If he had been alone, he would certainly have stepped onto the slab, activating the lightning trap. Even if he did not die in the trap, he would be paralyzed. In a place like this, that was essentially the same as dying.

He rejoiced in his heart and rushed over with his daggers aimed towards the Specter Assassin.

Puff puff puff. His daggers pierced continuously into the fog-covered body. However, it was as though he was stabbing into the air, and Skinorse could not feel any resistance from the stabs. His opponent also showed no signs of injury.

"Don't tell me it can't be killed?" Skinorse exclaimed.

"This is a specter, its body is completely spiritual and normal attacks have little effect. Nana!"

Nana rushed forward, drawing out the dagger that would make even exiled gods nervous. The dagger slashed across the specter's body. Whoosh. The specter was ripped into two halves. The dagger had also slashed across one of its crystal claws which immediately split like a jelly bean, spilling out red light.

After being cut in half, the Specter Assassin dissipated into smoke. Its crystal claw fell to the floor with a clang.

Link picked the claw up and kept it. It was excellent material.

"Wow, Nana, that was great. What kind of dagger is that?" Skinorse could immediately tell that the dagger was special. Just watching it cut the crystal claws alone made him very moved. One had to know that the crystal claws were extremely hard and he could not even put a scratch on it.

"I made it," Link replied instead.

Skinorse was instantly filled with a sense of jealousy. Link was a Magician famous throughout the continent. Any dagger he made would definitely not be ordinary.

However, this dagger was really powerful.

Link instructed, "Let's slow down. Make sure to look carefully where you're walking. There will be many traps where you least expect them, and, although you would not normally step on them, you might be led towards it when fighting with the Assassins."

This was the most dangerous part.

"Understood," Skinorse replied, becoming extremely alert.

The group continued on meeting three more Specter Assassins along the way. This time, Skinorse was prepared for them, and together with Link and Nana, easily dealt with them.

They followed the curving passageway for another 450 feet before encountering a spiral staircase leading downwards.

Seeing the many magical doors that flanked the spiral staircase made the group nervous. There was one door every ten stairs. Looking down, there were 500 stairs, meaning there would be 50 doors.

At the end of the stairs was a dead end. There was simply no exit.

Meaning to say, if there were an exit, it would be found among one of these doors. However, who could say which door led to the exit and which led to a dead end? Worse still, which door would lead them into danger, and how were they to open these doors? They would need to try every door.

Even Link felt a headache coming after seeing this.

"Life Stealing Ten Thousand Door Array." This was the most painful part of the mission "The Night King's Sadness."

It was naive to think that the 50 doors was all there was to the Life Stealing Ten Thousand Door Array!

Here, players would experience what it meant to be mind-boggled to the point of desperation.

Chapter 343

Unbelievably Strange

Cave.

"Lord, it's a dead end?" Skinorse gaped at the spiraling steps.

The first Magic Door was in the near distance. He walked up and tried with his dagger. There was a sharp scraping sound, and a faint scratch appeared on the smooth Magic Door. It faded slowly and disappeared completely after three seconds.

"This door isn't very sturdy. I can destroy them easily, but there are too many." He estimated that he could force through five doors, ten doors, and even 20 doors but 50 would exhaust him.

Link had a headache too.

The reason was simple. The space in the spiral steps was very unusual and was finely folded multiple times. Only one of these doors was the true exit, but its position wasn't set. It could randomly appear as one of the 50.

In the previous game, Link had tried more than 100 times. Every door had once been the exit, but as a player, they could only gamble their luck.

They had to break through door after door and go in to check until they found the correct exit. If one was lucky, the first would be the exit. If one was unlucky, it could end up being door 50. That would be honestly depressing. Some players were even stuck in this place for an entire week.

Link was quite lucky in the other world. Paired with some tricks, he could usually find the right exit within five tries. However, that was a game, and this was reality. Link didn't know if his tricks would work.

Of course, the most important task now was to open the doors.

Forcefully breaking them was possible, but these Magic Doors were all around the

pinnacle of Level-6. It was too consuming and wouldn't work in the long run. Fortunately, Link was prepared.

He took out the dark red crystal claw blade taken from the Undead Assassin earlier. After modifying it, it had become a 20-centimeter-long, two-centimeter-wide crystal stick. Holding this stick, Link walked towards the first Magic Door. He studied the wall carefully. After around one minute, he found a centimeter-long crack in the wall.

Found it. It's just like in the game! Link was overjoyed. He took out his wand and pointed at the crack lightly. "Cleansing spell!"

Faint light loomed over and lightly cleaned the crack of dust and pebbles like a duster. Finally, it revealed a small hole around two centimeters wide. It was the exact size of Link's crystal stick.

Link stuck the stick into the hole and started pouring Mana into it. At the same time, he explained, "This should be the keyhole of the Magic Door. A key made from the Undead Assassin's claw blade won't be rejected by the Magic Door's power... Wait, the position is wrong."

He pulled the crystal stick out and continued to add Mana in to investigate. After around three seconds, Link slowly pushed the stick in again. He went millimeter by millimeter, and after around three millimeters, a slight crack sounded in the hole.

"Got it." Skinorse was overjoyed when he heard the sound.

Link activated an enchantment again and modified the crystal stick bit by bit to the shape of the lock's structure. After around ten seconds, Link gently turned the stick. Buzz... buzz... buzz... The Magic Door beside the hole hummed lightly. After around ten seconds, the door transformed into light and disappeared.

"The door is open!" Melinda laughed and clapped her hands. She looked at Link with reverence.

"Hmph, you haven't seen anything." The black cat looked at the cheering Yabba woman with disdain. Then it changed its position and curled up again as if things had nothing to do with it.

"Skinorse, investigate the path!"

"Okay." The guy brandished his dagger and rushed to the front again. He walked in and, after a bit, he said, "Come in, it's safe... but it's a bit strange. I think we've been here before."

The group entered. Link glanced around and sighed. "Let's go. This door is the entrance to a looped space. It's not the exit. Let's continue forward."

The place they were at was completely identical to the entrance of the Door of Lies. This door was like a transmitter among the steps. They stepped through and returned to the entrance.

"Lord, why don't we go back?" Skinorse asked curiously.

Link pointed behind them. "Are you sure you want to go back?"

Skinorse walked to the door behind them and instantly had a fright. When they came in, there were still steps. Now, it had become a bottomless hole. He couldn't see anything in the hole while violent wind kept blowing through. It was really strong too and caught Skinorse by surprise. He lost his balance and actually floated. It seemed that the wind would suck him in.

Nana hurriedly grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

Regaining his balance, Skinorse felt that even his breaths were shaky. His legs felt like jelly, and he could barely stand.

Link tossed a rock into the hole. One second, two seconds... After more than one minute, there was a sudden boom, and a lick of fire shot out from the hole. The flame was light blue and was abnormally hot. Skinorse was a bit closer to it and his face hurt from the heat, forcing him to activate his Battle Aura to defend himself.

"That scary?" Skinorse gulped. The rock took one minute to land, there was wild wind, and there was Level-8 explosive fire in the bottom. If they retreated, they would definitely die.

"This is a one-way looped space. There is no way back."

"What's a one-way looped space?" Skinorse asked as if he wasn't in dire danger.

Before Link could reply, the black cat cut in. "Mortal, take it easy with your poor brain

and let it live a few more years. You won't understand even if I tell you."

Link shrugged and said, "You saw the general situation. We can only go in one direction and go past the places we've already been through. As for the specific theory, are you sure you want to know?"

He understood the theory and could even make something similar. Decoding this type of space wasn't that hard either, but there was a big problem.

This one-way looped space had dead ends. This meant that once it was decoded and the space collapsed, there was a high possibility that everyone inside would be brought to the dead end—the bottomless fire pit they'd just witnessed.

From what they'd seen, this dead end was abnormally horrifying, and there was little chance they would survive.

Thus, Link decided he would just follow the spatial laws obediently. He could get out anyhow.

Skinorse didn't believe him. "Tell me. I'll listen."

So Link started saying, "It's like this. The single loop doesn't actually exist. It's one-way because dead ends exist. It's a Mana transformational equation—"

After that sentence, Skinorse knew that listening to it would be torture. "Lord, I realized my mistake. I don't want to listen."

"Then let's keep walking."

Skinorse looked at the gradually disappearing Mana equation in the air and sighed, his heart still unsettled. He continued leading the way.

The group traveled around 900 feet down this familiar path when another downward spiral staircase appeared. There were fifty doors around the steps; it was identical to the scene earlier.

"We're back," Link said.

"But didn't we already open the first door? This one is closed." Skinorse felt mentally and physically exhausted. This place was too strange and was almost beyond his

ability to comprehend.

Melinda found a detail this time. She pointed at the footprints on the ground and said, "We really did come back. Look, those are our footprints."

Skinorse looked down and let out a long sigh. He'd already given up on wondering why. Since he couldn't figure it out, he would hand the brain work to the Magician.

"Lord, what do we do now? Do we continue with the second door?" Skinorse asked.

As he spoke, he felt like an idiot that didn't know anything. The black cat especially looked at him as if he was an ant. It was okay once or twice, but after being looked at like that for so long, even Skinorse was starting to doubt himself.

Link shook his head. "No, we'll still try the first door."

"But didn't you say the first door is that one-way looped space thing? If we go in, wouldn't we come back?" Skinorse didn't understand while Melinda was staring at Link too.

"The situation has changed." Link shook his head. "This door is completely new. Let me put it this way. The first door in front of us now is different from the first door we just opened. You know, doors are connection points in the space. These points can be ordered randomly... Whatever, just follow me."

Nana was completely uninterested in this. She only looked inside the cave curiously. Melinda and Skinorse didn't understand even if Link explained. The black cat didn't need him to explain, so his explanation was meaningless.

As for why they would still open the first door, this was a trick he'd learned from the experience in the game. It may be a preference of the one-way single loop's designer. There was a strange pattern to the position of the true exit.

If the first door opened was a one-way single loop door, there was a very high possibility that the true door after coming back would follow Fibonacci's numbering.

If the door was number one, the second time, it could be one, but it could also be two, three, five, eight, thirteen, and so on. If he tried according to this method, he would definitely find the exit within six tries.

Link had played the Night King's Sadness more than 100 times in the game, and this pattern was never wrong.

He found the keyhole in the first door again and stuck the already-created key in. He twisted, and with a crack, the Magic Door disappeared again. Skinorse was the first to enter again.

After entering, he sighed sadly. "Lord, we're back again."

"Then continue!" Link didn't feel dejected at all. As long as the second try was another one-way single loop instead of some strange space, it meant they were right.

They walked to the entrance of the spiral steps again. This time, Link went to open the second Magic Door.

They were all familiar now. Link quickly adjusted the key's shape, twisted the key, and the Magic Door disappeared with a buzz. The group walked in again.

Once they did so, Skinorse sighed again. "Back again."

Link looked carefully and shook his head. "No, it's not the same. Look behind us."

Everyone turned around and discovered that it wasn't the steps they'd entered from or the fireless pit behind them. Instead, it was a bright tunnel.

The walls on either side had become extremely smooth, clearly polished with care. Every 30 feet, there would be a magic light on the wall. It could be seen that there was a bright hall at the end of the tunnel. The scene in the hall could be described as resplendent.

"The exit?!" Skinorse was overjoyed and almost ran over instantly.

"Wait, be careful!" Link called out. When Skinorse stood still in confusion, Link picked up a rock and tossed it towards the exit. The moment the rock passed through the Magic Door, there was a soft noise, and the rock was sliced into dozens of pieces. Each piece was less than one millimeter thick.

Skinorse paled immediately. He couldn't see anything in the tunnel, but such a fatal trap was hidden in it. It was terrifying!

"It's a Spatial Slicer. Look carefully. Do you see anything?" Link asked in warning.

Skinorse calmed down and investigated for a few minutes before finally nodding. "It's a bit different, but it's too well-hidden."

When they'd found the exit just then, he was ecstatic and wouldn't notice such a small mark. If Link hadn't called out to him and ran over happily, he wouldn't be Skinorse now. He would be pieces of Skinorse.

"How do we decode this—"

Before Skinorse could finish, a giant explosion sounded in the tunnel. Then the exit that they'd found with so much difficulty collapsed and disappeared. It revealed a broken tunnel—the position of the Door of Lies.

A black shadow shrouded in black mist, and bloody eyes stood in the tunnel, roaring angrily, "Lies! They're all lies! Damn Magic Door! It's lying to me!"

When he saw Link's group, the anger vanished. He burst into laughter. "Hahaha, seems like I've come at the right time!"

Everyone blanched and gaped at each other. Skinorse wanted to kill this bastard. They'd finally found the exit, but it disappeared just like that.

However, reality was cruel, and this demon was very powerful. Even Link couldn't defeat him, let alone Skinorse!

"A Level-9 demon," Link muttered. "He's a fallen angel and is very powerful. We're not his match. Retreat."

Chapter 344

“My Love, Did You Return?”

"Run?"

When the dark figure laid its eyes upon Link, it let out a hollow laugh. "Run! Run if you can! I love hunting my prey! Kukukuhahaha!"

Skinorse immediately moved in front of Link to block him, facing off against this fellow shrouded in black mists. His heart was thumping, and he whispered to Link, "Lord, I feel like the moment we move, we'll be killed."

Link was a Level-7 expert and was definitely one of the strongest among the human race. Facing off against an otherworldly demon, that however meant nothing. He could be killed in an instant.

The difference in power was so great that it could not be made up with Battle Art or tricks.

The demon's hearing was excellent, and it was also in no hurry to attack. Laughing, it mocked, "At least you're clear on your situation, smart man. However, that's still not going to save you. DIE!"

Suddenly, the demon commander attacked.

Skinorse watched as the demon commander raised a finger and a streak of black light appeared in the air, flying towards his forehead.

If it hit, Skinorse's head would definitely explode, and he would die.

Fortunately, Link was as fast as the demon commander. The moment the demon commander stopped talking, Link noticed the Mana fluctuations coming from him. In that instant, Link had prepared his defenses.

A dimensional ball was flung over by Link, meeting the streak of black light in mid-air. Bang! As the two collided, they exploded just hairs away from Skinorse's body.

Link did not dare to hold anything back. In that instant, he expended 5000 Mana to cast the Spatial Shackles spell, causing it to reach the peak of Level-8 and approach the strength of Level-9.

However, a skill flashed by in that exact instant.

This skill looked completely pitch black, as black as ink. On the surface, it looked somewhat translucent. The moment it collided with the Spatial Shackles, Link felt the shackles shake violently. Moments later, the Mana within it was disrupted and burst into chaos, collapsing the spell.

The Spatial Shackles spell which cost 5000 Mana could not even block the demon's casual attack for one second.

This was the strength of a true Level-9 demon!

Furthermore, this demon was a fallen angel and was one of the strongest. Its total strength placed it among the top three demons, the Three Great Gold Demons.

Lord of the Deep, Nozama, was a mixed blood demon. Half of his blood came from a fallen angel. It was because of this that Celine's demon form possessed black wings.

Link already knew that he could not hold anything back nor did he have time to tangle with the demon. The only thing he could do was try his best to escape.

Thus, as he released the spatial skill, he was also multitasking on other things.

The moment the spatial skill was broken by the demon, Link's mind was racing through multiple courses of action.

His black eyes lit up with threads of cold white light. This would only happen when a calm person pushed their soul to the limit, causing it to emit soul light.

Rustle. The Demon Slayer Whip appeared, and red colored light flashed. The whip lashed out and curved back to hit towards the back of the fallen angel's head.

This was not all!

Multitasking two things was not Link's limit. While simultaneously controlling these two spells, Link prepared one more skill: Dimensional Jump.

As the Spatial Shackles and the Demon Slayer Whip appeared, a white column of light enveloped him and his team members.

One second later, the Spatial Shackles was destroyed. Nonetheless, that was enough to give Skinorse some time to react.

His Battle Aura exploded out, drawing his dagger and holding it in front of himself.

Clang! A sharp sound rang out. The Demon Slayer Whip was destroyed by the fallen angel. Against a Level-8 attack, this expert merely needed to raise his hand and flick a finger to destroy Link's attacks.

However, that gap was enough.

The next instant—whoosh, a sound rang out. Link, Skinorse, Nana and the rest of them disappeared. The fallen angel's attack arrived the moment they disappeared, but it was nevertheless too late and only hit air.

"That's fast! HA, they're going to be worthy prey!" The fallen angel was excited. He could already detect Link and the rest, in another passage a few hundred feet ahead. He rushed forward.

Meanwhile...

Link had already planned out where to teleport them to. He could not teleport them out of the cave. The outside was definitely surrounded by demons already. They could only proceed further into the cave.

As the teleportation ended and the group of them appeared, Skinorse coughed up a mouthful of blood. Both of his arms were trembling like mad, and he struggled to maintain a firm grip on his daggers.

Just before the teleportation activated, he had clashed once with the fallen angel's attack. Just that one attack which had already been diffused by Link's spell caused his arms to hurt as though seriously injured. The shock of the impact went all the way to his chest, and his internal organs were rattling.

"Level-9 demons are so powerful! What a bitch!" Skinorse laughed bitterly.

"Stop whining, mortal. It's fortunate enough that you're still alive." The black cat had

at this point stuck out its head. It had a never-before-seen serious expression on its round face. It turned to look at Link and asked, "Hey, do you have any idea how to escape?"

It knew that it could no longer sit around without caring. Link had once said that if he died, it would die too.

Link took a deep breath. His head throbbed, but he could still go on.

"I'm fine. I've got a plan to escape. Just follow my lead."

He inserted the key into the keyhole of the first magic door and turned. The door disappeared. It was opened! Once again, it led into an empty space.

Link could feel the aura of the fallen angel nearby. After pausing for a second, he instructed, "Go in, go in!"

They ran in through the magic door and once again found themselves at the Door of Lies.

At this point, the fallen angel arrived at the spiral staircase. He looked down and saw the spiral staircase surrounded by numerous magic doors as well as the footprints on the floor. He immediately appeared outside of the first magic door and drew out a curved black knife, slashing at the magic door.

Dense energy rushed into the knife, causing the knife to glow with black energy. Wham! The magic door was blasted open.

Behind the door was a wide space filled with earth puppets. Link and the rest were nowhere in sight.

"Damn it! It's a dimensional spell!" The commander immediately knew what he had gotten himself into.

However, he once again felt for his prey's auras and realized that they were back at the Door of Lies.

He immediately turned back to give chase.

After passing through a passage, he caught sight of Link's party. More accurately, he

caught sight of a group of figures surrounded by a column of white light. "Don't run!"

The fallen angel dashed over in an attempt to stop them from disappearing.

However, Link had already estimated the time he would take. They vanished just as the fallen commander reached them and once again appeared at the spiral staircase.

The first door that had been destroyed appeared again.

Inserting the crystal key, Link turned it again, and the door opened. This time, they were lucky. There was no empty space or earth puppets. It was just a one-way looped space.

This was another special feature of this magical array. Different ways of opening the door would lead to different portals. Using the key to open the door would have a much higher likelihood of reaching the true exit as compared to smashing it down.

Link waited patiently. After about three seconds, when he could feel the fallen commander approaching, he instructed, "Enter!"

Whoosh. Once again, they reappeared at the Door of Lies.

The fallen angel learned from his previous mistake. Instead of smashing down the door, he turned back, heading for the Door of Lies. However, the moment he laid eyes on Link's party, they once again disappeared in a flash of white light.

He felt intense anger rising up from the depths of his heart. He felt like he was being led around by the nose by Link.

"Stop right there! I dare you to run again!" The fallen angel's voice boomed like thunder, reverberating throughout the mountain.

Link ignored him.

This time, he arrived at the second magic door, and as usual, inserted the key into the keyhole and turned. The door opened, and once again, it was an empty space. However, Link had the feeling that on the third try, the true exit would once again reveal itself.

After waiting for the fallen angel to rush over to them, he instructed the rest to enter

the door.

The fallen angel immediately turned around and, without any hesitation, dashed towards the Door of Lies. He knew that any magical spell would consume Mana, and that was especially so for a big spell like group teleportation. He didn't believe that Link could use it often.

When Link arrived at the Door of Lies, he looked backwards. As expected, the tunnel appeared.

He had 4600 Mana points remaining as well as 700 Omni points. That was more than enough to use Dimensional Jump again. The walls of this tunnel out were also covered in lines, clear evidence of a Spatial Slicer Trap. Link didn't disrupt the trap but simply used teleportation instead.

Whoosh. They disappeared, and the next time they reappeared, they were in the inner region of the tunnel.

"Come on, let's go," Link urged. He looked back and saw the fallen angel rushing towards the tunnel entrance. When the fallen angel caught sight of Link, his bloodshot eyes turned even redder.

"Brat, you're not running this time? Have you run out of Mana?" He stared at Link, walking forward with big strides.

Link watched as the fallen angel approached Spatial Slicer Trap. Then, in order to distract him from noticing, Link suddenly turned around and taunted the fallen angel, "Look at your wings. Are you a bird? Or a person? Or maybe a bird person?"

The fallen angel's eyes became more bloodshot. "Hmph, your self-confidence is puzzling."

He strode forward, entering the tunnel.

Slice. All of a sudden, the fallen angel's body was sliced by the Spatial Slicer trap.

Link watched as the black mist around the fallen angel's body suddenly contract, before dissipating. The red color in the fallen angel's bloodshot eyes also lightened.

No matter how strong an expert was, as long as he was caught off-guard, even a normal

knife would be able to cut him. There was no need to talk about the Spatial Slicer Skill, which was famous for cutting through anything.

The fallen angel was distracted by Link's taunts and got himself injured by the Spatial Slicer Trap. If not for his quick reactions, jumping back the moment he noticed the trap, as well as his strong demonic life force, he would have been cut into slices of meat by now.

Even if he didn't die, his injuries would not be light.

He retreated to the entrance of the tunnel with black blood dripping off his body. His hollow voice sounded out. "Magician, well done, you tricked me. But don't think you've won! You're still going to die today!"

The fallen angel suddenly knelt onto the ground. Instantly, blue flames emerged on his body, surrounding him and burning every inch of flesh on his body.

The black cat immediately called out, "He's using Soul Recovery! Let's go!"

Soul Recovery

Angel Bloodline Ability

Effect: Burns a portion of soul energy to heal any injury.

(Note: Cause a permanent decrease in angel's power.)

Link knew the side-effects of this spell used by angels. However, a Level-9 demon, even after it had its power reduced, was still extremely dangerous.

He immediately turned and ran. As the group of them rushed through the tunnel, emerging into a big hall, the door to the tunnel closed. The fallen angel inside the tunnel disappeared from view.

Skinorse laughed in delight. "Ha! He's gone. Now he won't be able to find us."

In order to escape through this space, they had expended a lot of energy. Skinorse did not think that the fallen angel, being the coward he was, would dare to open each of the 50 doors to find the tunnel again.

Melinda also exclaimed, "God of Light, we managed to escape from that demon!"

The black cat's voice shook them out of their excitement. It coolly said, "This may not necessarily be a good thing. Look ahead. This place belongs to somebody."

They were in a big, resplendent looking hall. The hall was very wide and was about 300 feet long, covered in rich decorations which were almost all made of gold.

In the center of the hall, there were many lifelike gold sculptures with strange expressions on their faces. Most of these expressions were twisted in fear, giving people the impression that they were fleeing for their lives before falling to a magic spell that turned them into gold.

At the very most center of the hall, there was a golden throne. The throne was made of pure gold, and on it were carved lines and words of epic stories. On the throne sat a man.

He wore a gold-colored mantle, as well as an eye-catching crown. However, his body was very thin, and he looked like a bag of bones. Even his skin was a dull gray.

"That is an undead!" Skinorse said under his breath.

The undead had its head lowered. One hand supported its forehead, while the other was busy holding a piece of gold in the shape of a rose.

Upon hearing the disturbance, the man's body didn't move, but a deep, magnetic voice called out, "My love, did you return?"

Chapter 345

Always a Reason to Hate the Pitiful

The undead on the throne slowly raised his head. It was a very gaunt face with the cheeks, and eye sockets were deeply sunken in. It was practically bones wrapped in skin.

His eyes glowed faintly. From within, one could see clear anticipation as if just as he said, he was waiting for his so-called "love" to return.

But Link's group obviously wasn't his true love.

"This doesn't seem good," Skinorse muttered. "This guy will probably turn us into statues."

The black cat gave him a look of scorn. Not bothering to pay attention to him, it turned to Link and said, "This guy is like you. He's a spatial Magician so be careful."

Link smiled thinly. The earlier experiences told him that the situation was basically identical to the previous game. This Night King was probably similar to the game as well.

He'd played against this Night King more than 100 times and was extremely familiar with it.

To be honest, the Night King was very strong. He had reached Level-8, but he was a Magician. A Magician must, first and foremost, be calm as water and be unaffected by the outside world. However, the Night King lacked this. Therefore, in Link's eyes, he was easily defeated.

"Actually, we might not need to fight him."

As he spoke, Link took a dozen steps forward. He walked to the Night King and bowed politely. Then he pointed at the huge painting of a woman on the right wall and said, "Your Majesty, we are here to bring you news of your love."

The woman in the painting was around 30 feet tall. The painting was of a beautiful woman dressed in a palace court dress. She was around 30 years old and had creamy skin. Her eyes were like the purest of deep sapphires. Her brows were curved as if she was smiling, but there was no warmth in her eyes.

She also held a wand, and there was a deep red Thorium pendant around her neck. The markings on the pendant indicated that it was magic gear. This also meant that the woman was a Magician. It could be seen from the shape of the wand that she was very skilled. She was at least at Level-6, despite seeming to only be around 30 years old.

A woman like this couldn't be nameless in history. In reality, Link had played the Night King's Sadness more than 100 times and knew everything about each figure that appeared.

The Night King was the king of a wealthy northern kingdom 800 years ago. He was also a Magician and was extremely skilled in spatial magic. He married an equally skilled Magician—the woman in the painting. Her name was Vivian. She'd become a Master Magician at a young age and was loved greatly by the Night King.

It could be said that the Night King had everything a mortal desired. He had wealth, power, and love. His life was practically perfect.

The first year of their marriage, they loved each other dearly. The second year, the Night King sank into a spatial magic mystery. He started studying it day and night and neglected his wife.

While he studied magic, Vivian and a knight named Lancelot took care of the kingdom. They often discussed political affairs together.

At first, they were very polite, of course, and usually discussed in the library. But before long, they felt that the library was too small, and the chairs weren't comfortable. They started discussing in bed.

One day a year later, the Night King discovered by chance that his wife was having an affair with his most trusted knight. He caught them red-handed.

Utterly betrayed, the Night King furiously pulverized Lancelot, still lying on his wife, with spatial magic. As for Vivian, he locked her in a Mage Tower, and she began living in imprisonment.

However, Vivian was also a Master Magician. Half a year later, she escaped from the prison and disappeared.

The Night King suddenly regretted his actions. He thought he'd been too harsh and sent many people to search for his wife but to no avail.

To find his wife and beg for her forgiveness became the Night King's undying wish. However, the second half of his life became an utter tragedy.

Hearing Link's words, the Night King's silver eyes flashed faintly. The calm voice suddenly became urgent. "Ah, you brought me news of Vivian? Tell me, where is she?"

Before this, Link had his hands behind his back. Now, he reached out with his palm up. There was a pendant in his hand that was identical to the one on Vivian's neck in the painting.

Link had created this 30 seconds ago. The magical pendant was only Level-4 and was as easy as breathing for a Level-8 Master Magician and enchanter like Link.

Seeing this pendant, the Night King became even more excited. He immediately stood up from the throne and walked down, step by step. His eyes were trained on the pendant in Link's hand. "This is definitely Vivian's magical pendant. How did you get it? Did she tell you to send me a message?"

Link's other hand was behind his back, holding the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand. "Yes," he said. "She told me to tell you that she's forgiven you but she doesn't have any feelings for you anymore. She implores you to let her go and give her freedom!"

These words were a blow to the Night King. He stumbled and could barely remain standing. "Oh, that is definitely something she would say. My love, are you really so determined? Has nothing I've done been enough to make you change your mind?"

The Night King's tone was dejected, helpless, and filled with immense pain. His emotions were genuine.

Behind him, Skinorse muttered, "I was wondering why he would make something like the Door of Lies. I can't believe he's a pitiful guy who was betrayed by his woman."

Melinda started dabbing at her tears. "He's so pitiful."

Nana was still curious. "Why? Why does he have to be with that Vivian? He seems to be living well by himself."

The black cat pursed his lips. He jumped out from Nana's collar and expertly took out the dried fish from Nana's bag that Link had prepared. Eating, he said, "Mortals' love is just overdramatic."

The Night King obviously didn't hear Skinorse and the others talking. After recovering a bit, his features grew menacing. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Vivian, you are so cruel! You betrayed me first, but nothing I've done can win your forgiveness? I should have killed you. If I killed you, you wouldn't have had the chance to break my heart!"

As he muttered to himself, he suddenly looked up at Link. "And you, messenger, I've waited for so long just for this heartbreaking message. You've sinned! I—"

Before he could finish, Link whipped out his wand and pointed at the Night King. "Restraint!"

Link had predicted that the Night King would flip out. He was naturally selfish. Vivian's affair with the knight was partly because of being neglected but also due to the Night King's selfishness. He only cared about his own feelings and rarely paid attention to Vivian. It could be seen in every detail, and as time went by, it became unbearable.

Now, Link acted first and gained the important advantage.

Poof. The spatial sphere burst open and restrained the Night King.

"I'm sorry. Spatial Rend!" Link poured in Mana without hesitation.

Boom, boom, boom. Rings of ripples appeared. Within the spatial sphere, the frequency changed at an unimaginable speed. The chaotic force field was like a flood, continuously washing over the Night King.

Link's speed of casting spells was honestly too fast. In addition, he was at the same level as the Night King and had acted first. His actions were close to a sneak attack and the Night King basically had no chance.

After half a second, the light in the Night King's eyes dimmed. After another half second, his body collapsed under the Spatial Rend and became fine white powder.

He was dead.

This was a battle between Magicians. Whoever snatched the chance could act at once and quickly end the battle. Link, especially, was a Master Battle Mage. He could easily defeat a king like the Night King who fooled around with love when he was bored.

The battle ended within the half second. It was so fast that the others couldn't even react.

"Wow, killing people without any warning." Skinorse felt like he'd learned a lesson. There would always be a reason to hate the pitiful. Hearing the Night King's words, he deserved this ending.

Melinda had shed tears for the Night King, but after hearing his words, the sympathy was gone instantly. Her eyes glowed with worship when she saw how Link killed the opponent like lightning. "Master Link is too awesome."

As for the black cat, he was too busy eating dried fish to talk.

After the Night King's death, the entire space started to change. There were rings and rings of ripples in the air. Many places even cracked like glass.

Link immediately retreated to the group and said quietly, "This is all a folded space supported by the Night King. Now that he's dead, it will collapse and reform. We need to hurry out!"

"But where can we go?" Skinorse saw that the surrounding scenery was all twisted strangely. Cracks would streak by like black lightning. Everything in the path of the cracks was destroyed. It was terrifying.

"Ah!" Melinda screamed because a black crack happened to appear right beside her. It was only ten millimeters away, and the Yabba almost had a mental breakdown from the destructive aura.

"Follow me!" Link called. Mana surged around him, and a soft buzz sounded. Rings of half-transparent ripples spread from him. The chaotic space under the ripples calmed greatly. At least, no black cracks appeared.

The group started sprinting through the room with Link.

Link ran to the top of the throne. He saw the magic book on the left side. Glancing at it, he saw the title Wonders of Space and immediately picked it up. There was also a statue of a knight on the right side of the throne made of neither gold nor metal. Cheering inwardly, he quickly collected it.

Then he ran to the back of the throne. There was a small six-foot-wide space there with a magic seal on the ground. There was chaos everywhere except here. Light flowed through the magic seal, showing that it was operating normally.

"This is the magic seal the Night King left for himself to escape. Go in and stand straight."

After everyone got in, Link also ran in and activated the magic seal.

Buzz. The white light for teleportation lit up. The group was enveloped by the glow and started fading. They were about to leave.

But just then, a black shadow charged through the door and roared, "Where are you? Don't think about escaping!"

It was the fallen angel.

As the folded space collapsed, the doors in the spiral steps naturally became ineffective as well. He took the chance the rush in but... he shouldn't have come at this time. Really.

Whoosh! A spatial crack struck him like lightning. Caught by surprise, the fallen angel was struck directly, and his arm fell off cleanly.

"Ah!" he cried out in pain, falling to the ground.

Buzz. Link didn't see his end. The transportation spell was completed, and the group disappeared from the underground palace. Half a second later, they re-appeared at the top of the Wailing Gorge.

Ten Winged Howlers were patrolling in the sky beside them. When they saw the group, they froze before immediately flying over.

"Go!" Link yelled.

"How? There are so many demons!" Skinorse cried in shock.

Link took out the knight statue he'd taken from the Night King's throne. This was the ride he'd gotten more than 100 times in the game—the Nightingale Statue!

For their current situation, this statue was a lifesaving Divine Gear!

Chapter 346

The Magician Who Stole Away the Princess

After escaping from the underground palace, Link had 2300 Mana points remaining. It wasn't a lot, but he drank a Perfect Mana Potion and activated the robe's Clear Thoughts effect. His Mana immediately became 4300 points and continued to increase.

At this time, the closest Winged Howlers were about 3000 feet away. Based on their speed, it would only take them seconds to arrive.

Link immediately channeled Mana into the Nightingale's statue, expending 1500 Mana points in one go.

The statue lit up, revealing numerous runes carved on its surface like an intricate spider web. Then, the spider web started shining very brightly, until it almost became blinding. It looked as though the statue was going to fall apart.

Suddenly, it really exploded into pieces!

Link threw the statue towards the ground in front of him. Ka-cha! The statue immediately started expanding. As it expanded, it turned into many small cubes, which rapidly floated about and joined together to form a black stallion that was about nine feet tall.

This was a practical usage of the Spatial Folding skill. It was very mystical.

This horse was completely black, and it caused flames to emerge as it stamped its feet, distorting the air around its body. Its skin was tough like a sculpture, but its muscles were flexible, containing explosive strength.

On its broad back were two saddles. The Night King had constructed this horse with the intent to ride around the world with his wife, Vivian. Unfortunately, that could only remain a dream now. The horse now belonged to Link.

"Hurry, get on it!"

Although there were only two saddles, this horse was created for traveling and was thus very broad. It had no problems carrying four people.

As the party climbed onto the horse, Link got into the front saddle. In order to protect Link, Nana sat directly behind him. Melinda sat in the second saddle with Skinorse behind her to prevent her from falling.

By now, the Winged Howlers were only 600 feet away. The front-most Howler had drawn out its sword, blazing with thick black Battle Aura. It was definitely going to attack.

"Lord!" Skinorse shouted. His muscles were already tensed, and he was ready to duck aside if necessary.

"Stay calm!" Link pressed down on a rune in front of the saddle, channeling Mana into it. Whoosh. The Nightingale Horse trotted forward, digging its hooves into the mountain rock.

Simultaneously, a one-directional magic barrier appeared around them, protecting them from falling off the horse.

"Here we go!" Link increased the Mana input to about ten Mana points per second. It was not considered a lot, but the effect was very visible.

Whoosh. Suddenly, the Nightingale bolted forward, flying across the mountain rock.

Almost at the same time, the Winged Howler's Battle Aura came slashing over, cutting towards the Nightingale.

"Constrict!" Link pointed his magic wand, and a dimensional ball flew out, exploding and blocking the Howler's attack.

The next instant, the Nightingale ran off into the distance.

Its speed was ridiculously fast. On top of the horse, the party could only see a white mist surrounding their barrier. Outside the mist, the scenery passed by in a blur, while behind them, only a dust cloud could be seen. From afar, they looked like an earth dragon rushing across the land.

"How fast are we going?"

Skinorse felt his heart thumping. He realized that the flying demons were getting further and further from them. What's more, the speed that they were pulling away was incredible—over 300 feet in one second!

If anyone were to tell him that someone on the ground could travel faster than someone flying, Skinorse would never have believed them. However, he was now experiencing that first-hand.

"We're now going at 1300 feet per second," Nana reported. It was a relatively accurate number.

Melinda was shocked. "This thing is actually faster than our assault airships! It's incredible!"

Link's expression was serious compared to the rest. He was left with only 1800 Mana points. Adding the Flame Controller Robe's Mana recovery ability, he estimated that he would only last three more minutes.

Three minutes later, his Mana would run out, and he would need to use Omni Points to raise his maximum Mana limit in order to sustain Nightingale's running.

He currently had 700 Omni Points. If he spent them all on increasing his maximum Mana, he would gain enough Mana to power Nightingale for another ten minutes. That would be enough to shake off all the demons. However, that was in an ideal scenario. There was one other major problem.

That was the durability of Nightingale.

Nightingale's size was large. Running at high speeds across the earth's surface, the damage to its components was many times higher than flying up in the air.

In the game, the durability of Nightingale, the artificial stallion, was always a point of headaches for players. After every use, it would require repairs. At most, it could only travel for 100 miles before stopping for repairs. Otherwise, it would directly explode while running.

That would be an absolute disaster resulting in many deaths.

To make matters worse, the Night King was a king. Naturally, he was rich and would not consider the cost of materials when constructing the Nightingale. However, for

players, that would mean 2000 gold per repair due to the expensive materials used. That was simply burning money.

Therefore, most gamers would never opt to use Nightingale to travel in this manner. The Nightingale was often used for traveling slowly instead. It was very good for showing off, especially for dates. After bringing a girl out on a ride on Nightingale, it was almost guaranteed that you would succeed in chasing her.

Right now, after running for about a minute, Link could feel many small cracks starting to form on Nightingale's four legs. This was even more inefficient than within the game. Link predicted that it would only last five minutes before becoming useless.

Looking back, Link noticed that the Winged Howlers were now little black dots in the distance. Even though there was already over half a mile between them, they showed no signs of giving up.

There was no way for Link to engage in a battle of attrition against the demons.

All this time, they had been traveling along the upper region of the Wailing Gorge. At this point, the road had reached a dead end. Ahead of them lay a 3000-foot-tall cliff.

"Lord, there's no more road up ahead. Can this thing fly?" Skinorse and the women asked.

Link did not reply. He was busy thinking about their next step. Suddenly, he had a flash of inspiration. Seconds later, he controlled Nightingale to rush to the side of the cliff and jump right off!

Nightingale's speed was truly fast. Jumping like this, it was just like a cannonball, piercing downwards through the wind.

The cliff was 3000 feet high. It would take them just over ten seconds to reach the ground. At the base of the cliff were many rocks jutting out, which would turn them all into meat paste if they could not find some way to fly.

"Lord, this thing's protective barrier is sturdy enough, right?" Skinorse was shivering as he asked this.

He had traveled all over the world, but this was his first time experiencing something so exciting. After rushing forward at the speed of 1200 feet per second, he had now

jumped off a 2700 feet cliff. This was truly living life on the edge!

"Don't think too much. Let me tell you, this protective barrier is only meant to block the wind. Going down like this, we would definitely all die, with the exception of Nana," the black cat interrupted. Of course, the black cat was not the least bit worried. He knew that Link had some plan.

Link naturally had a plan. After Nightingale had descended 1200 feet downwards, the cliff behind them blocked them from the line of sight of the Winged Howlers.

Right at that moment.

"200 Omni Points, raise maximum Mana limit."

Instantly, there was a flowing sensation from within his body. Link's maximum Mana was raised to 20500 points, and the current Mana he had was 2600 points. He didn't hesitate to use Dimensional Jump in midair.

Whoosh. Nightingale, along with the party on its back disappeared into thin air. One breath later, they appeared on a spot half a mile away.

This region was probably out of the Wailing Gorge's area. The trees looked more lush. The position Link selected to teleport to was right underneath a big tree.

Link brushed his hand over the magical lines on Nightingale, keeping it. Then, he began to cast Traceless Spells.

"Alright, we're safe now. Let's continue onwards."

...

Back at the cliff, the Winged Howlers had rushed to the cliff's edge.

"They're gone."

"Did they fall to death?"

"No way. There's not a single mark on the ground. It's definitely the Magician. They've teleported away!"

"Then how are we supposed to find them?"

There was a forest up ahead without red monkeys guarding them. If Link and his party ran into the forest and used spells to hide their tracks, then they would essentially be like a fish that found the ocean. They would be able to hide anywhere they wanted.

As the demons stood around helplessly, a black figure flew over. It was the demon commander.

The demon commander was now in a mess. Its black aura was now much thinner than before, and it was missing one arm. It also flew much slower now, not much faster than ordinary birds.

He slowly landed on the ground, staggering forward and nearly falling down. Looking at the forest up ahead, he helplessly sighed. "Go back and report that there's been a change in the situation. The Magician, Link, has taken a Yabba person and broke through the barricade. They are approaching Orida Fortress."

However, after he had spoken finish, the Winged Howlers stood there without moving.

"Commander, are you alright?" At this moment, one of the Howlers asked. It was the one that had been beaten up by him previously.

The fallen angel naturally understood his intention. He laughed coldly, and a knife appeared in his hand, surrounded by black lightning. "Gori, are you perhaps thinking that you can defeat me now?"

"Oh, no no, I had no such intentions. I just wanted to know how you were doing... I'm going to report," Gori replied. Flapping his wings, the Howler flew off into the skies, heading towards the northwest.

The fallen angel looked at the forest and commanded, "The rest of you, continue searching. The enemy's teleportation distance is small. He is definitely still around the area.

"Yes, Commander!" The rest of the Winged Howlers spread out to search.

Finally, there was only him left on the mountain cliff. He could no longer hold it back, and suddenly, he puked out a mouthful of blood, crumbling onto the floor.

He had escaped from the trap earlier, but amidst the collapse of the dimensional space earlier, he had been heavily injured.

"This is all because of the Magician that stole away the princess? Haha, he certainly possesses the threat of a realm lord. He's already a Level-8 Magician. I need to report this news to my lord."

The Dark Elves had summoned them, but they were only in a collaborative relationship with the elves. The one they truly obeyed was the Lord of the Deep, Nozama.

Chapter 347

Mortal, You Lack Patience

South Hengduan Mountain Range, 120 miles outside the Orida Fortress

The group was resting inside an abandoned sentinel's cabin. There was a bonfire in the middle and Skinorse, and the Yabba were grilling the rabbit they'd hunted. Nana was responsible for keeping guard while Link was in the corner of the room, learning magic from the black cat.

"Alright, your brain is a bit better than I'd expected," the black cat said. "Now, you've successfully grasped this magic seal. Unfortunately, you still can't save Firuman."

Link thought the black cat was only talking about the world's crack and said, "Don't worry. I'll mend it somehow."

The cat shrugged. "Perhaps."

Link ignored the cat after that. He started flipping through the notes he'd taken page by page, checking over them. When he confirmed that there was no problem, he closed the notes and wrote on the title, "Soul Slalom."

These notes described in detail the process of casting this powerful spell. If a Magician had enough magic knowledge, anyone who received this book should be able to cast the spell after studying it for a while.

Link didn't only learn. He was still cautious of the black cat and verified the spell during the learning process. He was sure that this spell was effective.

The Dark Serpent's godly power was a large scale sucking of souls, while Link's Soul Slalom spell agglomerated a large amount of Mana. It then created a powerful soul-natured storm to forcefully scatter this attractive force.

According to Link's calculations, he needed to use up 50000 Mana Points in one second to achieve this effect. He estimated that 100 Magicians were needed to create a magic circle for this.

It was easy to introduce, but the theory was actually very deep, and there were many details in the casting process. It was beyond all the magic Link had ever learned before.

There were two reasons why Link could grasp it in such a short time. First of all, the black cat explained it in a way that was easy to understand. Second of all, Link's great accumulation of knowledge was also helpful. For some reason, Link felt that his brain worked a bit better now, especially after deducing the spatial thesis with the Red Dragon Queen.

For example, he could multitask with three tasks earlier. He could do this before too, but it had never gone this smoothly.

Maybe I made some breakthrough without realizing? That was the only explanation he could think of.

"Lord, here." Skinorse offered him one of the rabbit's hind legs that had finished grilling.

Link accepted it. As he ate, he said, "We've already gone six days, and my Mana is completely recovered. When we're done eating, I'll use the Storm Eagle, and we'll fly back."

There were around 120 miles. With his current Mana count, they could pretty much fly past.

"Okay." After this trip, Skinorse had become completely submissive to Link.

After that, the small room fell quiet. Everyone ate without speaking while the bonfire in the middle of the room occasionally crackled and popped. Outside, there was the occasional call of birds.

Even the black cat Elodim was quiet. It curled up beside Nana and battled with a blue nightfin fish. It didn't even let the bones go, and crunches sounded as it chewed.

Everyone had become used to this black cat. It had been obedient while on the road and didn't do anything abnormal. Link had relaxed his guard around the cat too.

They were all tense after passing through the Hengduan Mountain Range and facing all the dangers. Here, they were tired and enjoyed the piece of peace.

At this moment, no one knew what would happen later. Skinorse and Melinda had completely relaxed. Even Link felt comfortable and relaxed.

Years later, Melinda, already past her middle ages, would always shake her head and sigh when recalling this part of her life, involuntarily feeling tremors. When others would ask her, she would refuse to say what happened, only saying, "It was too scary. I never want to think about it."

After a while, Link finished the rabbit leg. He took out a clean rag to wipe his hands. Seeing that the others were still eating, he decided to take out the book *Talisman Enchanting* to kill time.

But halfway through the motion, he stopped. Something felt wrong.

He looked around, and his gaze fell on the black cat. It wasn't beside Nana anymore. Instead, it was at the small window ten feet away. It was still chewing on fish, but it subtly crept towards the window as it chewed.

"Elodim, what are you doing?" Nana also looked over from beside the door. She didn't think anything was off and walked towards the cat, saying, "Little guy, come back."

Unexpectedly, Elodim ignored her. It pounced and leapt onto the windowsill. Nana moved to chase it.

"Nana, don't move!" Link called immediately. For some reason, he smelled an evil aura. While he called, he trained his eyes on Elodim's eyes. "Are you preparing to escape?" he asked quietly.

"Meow, isn't it obvious?" A thin smile appeared on the black cat's round face.

"You know that you can't escape with your power... unless you received strength. The world is cracked, and the demons aren't the only ones strengthened. You're stronger too!"

"Am I? Am I not? Hehe, Link, you're the smartest mortal I've met, but sadly, you're still a mortal. The biggest difference between mortals and gods is patience. I endured for so long just for one mishap from you." With that, the black cat prepared to escape from the window. Nana felt something was wrong and sped up to catch it.

Nana's speed was supernatural. If she sped up, pretty much no one could escape from

her, but this time, she failed. The black cat flashed and successfully escaped from Nana's clutches. Its speed was unimaginable.

It disappeared after the flash, but a bright voice traveled back. "Link, I'm sorry. The world's crack is getting wider and wider, and the laws restraining me have become flawed too. Indeed, I've recovered a bit of my strength—just a bit, but it's enough for me to escape. As for you all... I can only say that Link, you've caused so much trouble. I don't even have to do anything other than to leave some tiny marks, hahaha."

The cat's departure seemed to take away some sort of shield. Link suddenly felt terror in his heart. This was fatal danger!

He quickly understood why he had felt so calm earlier. It wasn't that there truly was no danger. Instead, the black cat had used some secret spell to block his perceptions. And now, it went without saying that he was definitely surrounded by demons.

Link immediately wanted to use the Dimensional Jump, but as soon as he moved the Mana and tried to construct a Mana structure, it collapsed by itself. This space was locked.

They had hid here and there while on the road and weren't very fast. If the black cat revealed their tracks, they must be surrounded by layers of demons now.

At this moment, Isendilan's last words sounded in Link's ears. He'd said, "Magician, one day, you'll die in the hands of that cat too."

Link didn't think that this day would come so soon.

I'm only a mortal after all. I can't be the match of a god, even an exiled god. This lesson hurt.

Skinorse was an experienced scout too, and he immediately called, "Lord, let's go!"

"No!" Link took out his notes, Soul Slalom, and handed it to Skinorse. "Take it back and give it to the Magicians in the Orida Fortress. You must bring it back!"

Link made a decision in that moment. The enemy had surrounded them with such fine preparations, and someone had to stay here. That was okay, but the information had to be brought back to the Orida Fortress.

"Lord..." Skinorse knew the meaning behind Link's words.

"Take it!" Link ordered.

Skinorse had no choice but to accept the notes and hide them on him.

Beside them, Melinda felt something, and her face paled drastically. She was just a regular Yabba woman. It was understandable for her to panic at this time.

As expected, Link then said, "Melinda, your injury isn't completely healed. Do you see that cellar? Hide into it immediately and don't come out no matter what!"

"I can fight! I'm a soldier!" Melinda pursed her little lips. She was about to cry, but she gripped her musket tightly.

Link shook his head. "This isn't a fair fight, and there's nothing glorious about it! Don't waste your life!"

On the side, Nana had already opened the cellar. It was a small thing used for storing food. A grown human couldn't fit, but it was no problem for the Yabba.

Melinda couldn't do anything but grab her musket and climb into the cellar, tears rolling down.

After covering the cellar's entrance, Link immediately erased all signs of her existence. When that was done, Link finally told Skinorse, "Nana and I will distract the demons. Their main target should be me. Hide here and wait for the chance to run."

Skinorse wasn't that good at fighting, but he was the best at espionage. If someone distracted the enemy, he should be able to escape successfully.

The wandering vigilante nodded his head seriously. Gray battle aura appeared around him. He moved a bit and hid into the shadows of the room. He quickly disappeared after that.

After that, Link walked to the door of the sentinel's cabin. He took out the Nightingale Statue. He'd modified this ride already. It made a big commotion while galloping and was extremely fast. It could definitely attract the demons. Link believed the demons already knew their situation. As long as he made a big enough scene, Skinorse would have the chance to escape.

When the Nightmare Ride appeared outside the room, Link saw the first demon. It wasn't a stranger; it was Misamier, the deputy officer of Nozama, Lord of the Deep.

She licked her red lips and smiled seductively. Her long whip danced in the air, producing crisp cracks. The strong waves coming from her were at the pinnacle of Level-9.

"Magician, we meet again," she said with a smile.

Chapter 348

Link, Is This Really It?

In the forest behind the sentinel's cabin

The succubus demon Misamier was the first to emerge, but she was not the last.

From up in the sky came the sound of wings flapping. It was the Winged Howlers. Judging from the sound, they were about 150 feet high and 300 feet away. Link also caught sight of the fallen angel.

That fellow had apparently not died, but at least he looked a lot weaker than he did before. Even if he was missing one arm and looked extremely pitiful, he still possessed the strength of over Level-8.

Currently, he was holding a rune stone which had silvery lines streaking across its surface. These lines extended out from the stone like a spider web, reaching out for about 90 feet before vanishing.

He looked at Link, saying, "The Gredo Rune Stone. Do you recognize this, Magician?"

Three hundred years ago, a Spatial Magician known as Gredo created this rune stone. This rune stone was not particularly useful for low-level Magicians, its only function was to lock down space. Within this space, all spatial magic skills became useless. It was a very effective counter against Link.

Of course, using the rune stone came at a great cost. It required a Level-8 expert to continuously input Mana to operate it. Furthermore, it could only be used continuously for 20 minutes.

After 20 minutes, the rune stone would begin to crumble.

Being a Spatial Magician himself, Link naturally was familiar with these types of rune stones, as well as the method to break through them.

"Hah, you overestimate me," Link laughed.

The demons were indeed numerous, but Link still had some moves he hadn't used. Right now, his Mana was full, reaching an amount of 19000 points. The Flame Controller Robe's Clear Thoughts activity was activated. Furthermore, he had 500 more Omni Points.

This was a huge amount of Omni Points, enough for Link to purchase a Level-10 Legendary spell. More importantly, Link still had the Mana to cast it.

Actually, the spell cards had appeared in Link's vision. Various glowing Legendary cards revolved around him, waiting for him to make a selection.

At this point, an archaic voice sounded out from the forest behind him. "Link, I think you're mistaken. We don't just look highly upon you; we also want to kill you."

As this voice sounded out, a massive, pitch-black snake slithered out. On the snake's head sat a white-haired old man in a black robe.

It was obvious in one glance that this old man's limbs were missing. This made his body look very small.

Looking at this man, Link sighed. "Aymons, I didn't expect to see you here."

"Because it's you, I had to come," Aymons sighed. This time, he had to make sure to thoroughly kill Link.

They had activated numerous demons as well as the magic tool, the Dark Serpent. There was no Magician in the world with the ability to escape this ambush. It was not even a possibility.

This formation was truly frightening!

Link sighed again, slowly. He had a helpless expression on his face. "Being a logical Mage, I know I don't stand a chance to fight. I also don't wish to pointlessly struggle. Aymons, what say I choose to surrender? I'll join the Dark Elves. Is that acceptable?"

Aymons's eyebrows twitched. It was a great suggestion. Although the Dark Elves seemed to be prospering, in truth, they were facing many internal problems. One of their greatest problems was the demons.

They had summoned too many demons. However, they had no choice if they wanted

to deal with the invading Yabbas from the west and the combined army of humans and High Elves. Without the support of the demons, the Dark Elves will undoubtedly perish.

Originally, they had no need to offend the Yabbas. However, the Dark Elves had another consideration. The Dark Serpent could only stay on earth for a limited time.

This pressured the Dark Elves to rapidly grow their military strength such that when they attacked in the future, they would be able to swiftly achieve victory instead of engaging in a long, drawn-out battle against the humans.

They, therefore, required the technology from the Yabbas – the airships and the magic cannons.

As of now, the Dark Elves were like a blazing flame. However, after the flames died out, it was likely that they would be exterminated.

If Link joined the Dark Elves, it would definitely be a great help to the elves' development. Although Aymons didn't truly believe that Link would surrender, he was truly moved by the idea.

Even though the possibility was not large, he intended to test Link out. However, before he could, Misamier spoke, "I'm afraid that's not possible. Our Lord of the Deep, Nozama, is determined to have your head!"

Misamier had stolen the lead on Aymons. Aymons wasn't pleased, but in front of a huge enemy, he couldn't show his displeasure with Misamier and could only swallow it back in.

Clang! Link unexpectedly threw the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand towards Misamier, where it landed on the floor.

Link spread his arms wide and said, "Well then, Misamier, give me a clean death. You're the commanding officer of this attacking force, aren't you? Go on, decide how I die."

Then, Link closed his eyes.

"What...?" All the demons were stunned.

Their mission was suddenly a lot simpler than they expected. Before moving out this

time, everyone including Aymons, Misamier, as well as the fallen angel had assumed that Link would fight to the death. In fact, they were prepared for hidden cards that Link might have yet to play.

Therefore, they had mobilized their troops as though they were facing a huge army, paying attention to every little detail and contingency to ensure their plan was a success. However, in the end, their opponent actually surrendered without a fight!

This feeling was similar to that of a vagabond who would see a beautiful queen and try his best to meet her, only to discover that on their fateful first meeting, she immediately spreads her legs to invite him in.

However, they had no doubt about Link's surrender. After all, he had already thrown his wand to his opponent. That was essentially giving up all his defenses.

A Magician throwing down his wand was like a Warrior throwing down his sword. It was unbelievable.

Misamier grasped the wand Link had thrown over and was surprised.

She had suspected that the wand was fake and picked it up to inspect it. The wand was a fiery red color, slightly translucent, and the workmanship was exquisite and flawless. The wand was emitting a fiery red light and seemed to contain boundless energy. Within the light, the occasional spark of lightning could even be seen.

All of these showed that the wand Link had thrown out was indeed a Legendary wand of the highest grade.

However, Misamier was ultimately not a Magician and could not be certain about the wand. She handed the wand to Aymons, saying, "Magician, check if this is real."

Aymons was a Master Magician and naturally knew without having to check carefully whether the wand was real. He nodded his head, saying, "The wand is real. It seems like he's really not planning to resist anymore. Since that is the case, you should just give him a quick death."

Aymons felt that it was a real pity.

In his opinion, since the opponent had already cast aside all his defenses, then his surrender earlier must have been true. To lose such a potential Magician for the Dark

Elves was a real pity!

However, Misamier had already declared that Nozama wanted Link's life. It was not worth it for Aymons to oppose Nozama over just one Magician. If he did, the demons who were now allied with the elves would immediately turn against them.

When one was riding a tiger, it was hard to get off. That was the situation Aymons now found himself in.

Misamier agreed, shrugging her shoulders. She walked over to Link. Then, 90 feet away from Link, she stopped. "Your magic puppet is too powerful. Order it to self-destruct!"

In the Necropolis in the South, she had witnessed the power of magic puppets and knew how difficult they were to deal with.

"Nana, self-destruct," Link instructed, staring at Nana without blinking.

"Understood." Nana's voice was as clear as before. She drew The Last Nightmare with her master hand and slashed herself through the neck, cutting through half of the white flesh. Crash. Nana's body crumpled to the ground, unmoving. Her eyes closed and her sword fell to the ground.

She looked like she truly died.

"Ha, kid, it seems you're really prepared to die. Let me give you a quick death!"

Misamier kept her whip and drew a dagger from a sheath on her leg. The dagger was emanating a thick black aura. Misamier walked cautiously towards Link, one step at a time.

Link stood on the spot, not moving, eyes closed. The dense Mana on his body showed no signs of any fluctuations. It seemed as though he was truly prepared for death.

Inside the sentinel's cabin, Skinorse could not understand what Link was thinking.

He had thought that Link was pretending to surrender in order to sow discord between the elves and the demons in order to create an opportunity for a counter attack. Then, he had thrown his wand and had Nana self-destruct. Skinorse truly could not understand what was going on.

"Is the lord truly surrendering? Although the situation is such that I would have no idea what to do to escape, the lord doesn't seem the type to easily surrender."

Skinorse could not understand. In his heart, Link was the type of person who would fight to the last man even if there wasn't a chance. Could he have been mistaken?

Furthermore, if Link really was going to surrender, why would he instruct Skinorse to make sure to bring the news back?

In the cellar, Melinda could also hear the commotion outside. When she heard that Link was going to surrender, she started trembling in fear. Later, when she heard Nana self-destruct, she felt like she was going to faint. This was truly too terrifying.

The cellar was cold and damp, and the wound on her leg had not healed. She panicked and truly fainted.

In a bunch of trees, a short distance away, the black cat Elodim was also watching the situation in secret. He was also confused.

"Link, are you really going to go down like this? And here I thought I would get to watch a good show..."

He had thought that he would get to watch an earth-shaking battle. In the end, it turned out like this.

How boring. Truly boring.

Chapter 349

Abstruse Meaning—The Thunder God's Descent

Misamier was good at the whip and also good with the dagger.

As she walked towards Link, her thin waist swayed, and her chest stuck out. The dagger in her hand glittered brightly just like her smile. "Link, it won't hurt at all, and I'll only do it once."

Link still closed his eyes and didn't move. His ears focused on the actions around him while in his vision, he'd already chosen a magic card wrapped in frost-white lightning.

Abstruse Meaning—The Thunder God's Descent!

Level-10 Lightning Law Spell

Cost: 19500 Mana Points

Description: gathers an immense amount of Mana to activate the abstruse meaning of lightning. The spell caster will transform into the physical incarnate of lightning and thunder, using their destructive power as a weapon for ten seconds.

(Note: all spells under the lightning and thunder will be destroyed.)

Link chose this spell for two reasons.

Firstly, this spell was a guidance type of Legendary Spell. Rather than being straightforward, it was a flexible spell. Secondly, it didn't cost the least amount of Mana amongst the Level-10 offensive spells, but it was still close to top three. Taking its force into consideration, it was the most cost-effective.

When Misamier was around 90 feet away from him, Link chose the card. Purchase the spell.

One hundred Omni Points were used up instantly. The card glowed and then broke into countless tiny lightning snakes. These snakes wriggled in all directions and finally

disappeared in the air.

At the same time, Link felt strength surge deep in his soul. It was subtle but with a feeling that it could destroy everything. For a moment, Link felt that he was a god standing amongst the clouds with a sword of lightning in his hand. He looked down on all organisms. If he saw someone who dared to not submit to him, he would bring the lightning bolt down like God's punishment.

This was the power of a Legendary Spell. It was the start of something that transcended the ordinary!

Mortal Spells required a Mana structure and the aid of a wand. Elemental Spells required time to gather the elements. Legendary Spells didn't need any of this.

It only needed the spell caster's comprehension of the laws and the grasp and understanding of the world's truth. It was possible to wield horrifying power with a thought and destroy the skies and earth.

This did not mean that Legendary Spells were easier. In reality, they were unimaginably obscure. The spell casting process seemed simpler but only because it had surpassed the restraints of the world's laws.

This breakthrough process was already impossibly difficult. Only a handful of the billions of organisms in the world throughout history had done so successfully.

Link had another special point. In the game, he was a Legendary Magician with rich experience in the casting of Legendary Spells. Thus, he could perfectly control the Thunder God's Descent at this moment.

After receiving this spell, Link had 400 Omni Points left. Without hesitation, he put all of them into pushing his Mana to the max. Now, his upper limit for Mana became 24500, and he had 23500 Mana Points.

For a human, this was horrifying power.

Now, Misamier was 60 feet away.

For some reason, Aymons started feeling unsettled. "Stop wasting time," he urged. "End him quickly."

The fallen angel also said, "Hurry. I'm running out of Mana."

Misamier pouted and put on a mock hurt expression. "Fine. Ending a genius Magician isn't a small thing. I just wanted to make it more formal."

As soon as she finished speaking, Link's eyes fly open. His eyes were no longer black. Instead, they were white as frost. Around his pupils, threads of gray-white lightning flashed and cracked constantly.

A moment later, the lightning spread from Link's eyes to his entire body before going into the surrounding air.

Strangely, the lightning didn't spread very quickly. Everyone could clearly see the entire process. But even though they saw it clearly, they just couldn't react. It was as if, at that moment, time itself was twisted by some mysterious force.

"No, it's a Law Spell!" Aymons was the first to call out. He recognized it at once. In addition to having a rich knowledge of magic, he also grasped the Dark Serpent. With the help of the Divine Gear, his outlook widened greatly.

"Misamier, retreat!" the fallen angel also yelled.

Misamier wasn't a layman either. In the Abyss, she had Legendary power and was only at the pinnacle of Level-9 now because of the restraints from Firuman's laws.

Seeing this situation, her first thought was to rush an attack. However, this idea was extinguished instantly. Link was honestly too fast, and Misamier immediately realized that she didn't have a chance. Thus, she went on the defensive.

She poured out all her power so crazily that in an instant, she felt her body starting to weaken and wither. She couldn't worry about this now though. With the help of her bloodline talent, all the power surged into her wings. She wrapped the wings around her, forming a dark red circular shield.

Carmine Fortress

Level-9 Bloodline Spell (Master Level)

Description: this spell is an inheritance talent of the succubae. Of all high-level demon inheritance talents, the Carmine Fortress' defensive ability is within the top ten. It is

what the succubae rely on for survival in the Abyss.

(Note: this spell involves the strength of the laws.)

The moment the shield was created, the lightning bolt arrived.

Frosty white lightning wrapped around Link's entirety. His body, eyes, nose, lips, and skin all had a similar glow. At this moment, he was practically the incarnate of lightning.

"Ah!" He couldn't help but open his mouth and roar. Reaching out, power rushed from his arms. Lightning streaked across the sky and cracked with an explosive sound that filled the air.

The world lit up with a flash!

Boom! Lightning struck Misamier's Carmine Fortress directly. Bang! With a crisp bang, Misamier fell backwards. In the air, her body lost balance from the lightning and the blood-colored shield around her shattered. Her wings were burnt. Like a broken kite, she crashed onto the ground and went still. A cloud of black smoke rose up from her body. The air was filled with the acrid smell of plasma.

"Go, Dark Serpent!"

Aymons didn't care about Misamier. He reacted by immediately turning the Dark Serpent Divine Gear from a snake into a long whip. The whip cracked toward Link's head according to his thoughts.

Link had an eye out for him too. He clenched his left hand, and a thick bolt of lightning rushed towards the Dark Serpent.

Power crashed unbridled inside Link's body, pouring out without any restraint. This freedom felt so good Link couldn't help but roar again!

As he roared, lightning spewed from his mouth. He was the incarnate of lightning and thunder.

Crackle, crackle. A thick bolt of lightning more than three feet wide collided against the Dark Serpent. The Legendary Spell and Divine Gear clashed directly once again.

Whoosh! Power exploded, and lightning flew in all directions. The ring of shockwaves radiated in all directions.

The Winged Howlers in the air were hit by this force and dropped like dead birds. The surrounding trees were hit by this force and instantly fell in a radiative shape. The ones on the ground—Nana, Misamier, Skinorse hiding in the sentinel's cabin, and the room itself—were all tossed into the air.

In that moment, the mountains within a 300-foot-radius were all reduced to ruins.

In the endless chaos, a black cat hidden amongst the trees was caught by surprise. It was hit by a fallen tree, and while it was dazed, another tree fell down, trapping it to the ground.

"Meow!"

A pained cry tore from its lungs. Squashed by the tree, the black cat pushed up with its limbs, and its tail stood up straight. It managed for two seconds before collapsing. Then it stopped moving. Blood pooled around its body.

Was it dead? No one cared at the moment.

Aymons laughed maniacally. "Link, even your talent isn't a match for the Dark Serpent!"

The thick electric snake was still in the air. Across from it was the snake-headed whip shrouded in darkness. The Divine Gear was forcing the lightning back bit by bit. This was because they were in Firuman. In the World of Firuman, Divine Gears were restricted. But even so, it was still much more powerful than Link's Legendary power.

The seconds ticked by. The snake whip was about to defeat Link's Abstruse Meaning of Thunder.

He didn't seem to care though. He reached out with another hand and roared again. Another bolt of lightning flew out, hitting the fallen angel sealing the space with runes 300 feet away.

The fallen angel was only at the pinnacle of Level-8. How could it fight against Legendary power?

Lightning snaked around him, and he fell to his knees. Then he crashed into the ground, his entire body turning to crisp. He was burnt by the lightning, and the spatial lock was removed as well.

"Trying to escape?" Aymons immediately realized what Link was planning and increased the strength of the Divine Gear.

He didn't believe the other dared to use a Burst Spell to escape during such an intense fight. Even if he didn't mess up while casting the spell, the chaotic laws at the moment could confuse him in space.

Crackle, boom!

The Divine Gear and lightning were still battling. The Divine Gear had already pushed the lightning to three feet away from Link. From the look of things, Link couldn't hold on for much longer.

With his physical strength as a Magician, he would be dead as soon as his lightning spell was defeated and the Dark Serpent hit him. There was no possibility of survival.

"You're dead, Link, you're dead. You have no hope at all!" Aymons voice was practically crazed. The fighting had erupted suddenly, and they surrounded Link, but the tides had almost turned.

Now, he really needed to defeat this frightening Magician. He couldn't give the man a chance to breathe. He was scared the Magician could come up with a spell to turn the tides; he was scared of this Magician.

He was scared, so he must destroy Link!

"Die! Die!"

At this moment, Link was the only thing in Aymons' eyes. He didn't realize that a pale hand reached out from the ruins in the near distance. The hand grappled and pushed aside the pebbles and weeds. Then a girl with a ponytail and big clear eyes climbed out of the ruins.

It was Nana.

The wound on her neck was completely gone, and her skin was flawless as if she'd

never been hurt. This was the effect of the Red Dragon's Essence of Life.

She stood up. Seeing Aymons, she quietly took out the Breakpoint Dagger.

Chapter 350

The Cost of Recklessness

In the forest

Boom! Boom! Explosions sounded out one after another as the lightning flashed and blasted out in all directions. Link's legendary magic spell continuously clashed with the Divine Gear.

The Dark Serpent was already just a few feet away from Link.

At this moment, 15 seconds had already passed. There were only five seconds left before Link's legendary spell ended. After that, Link would have no method to deal with the Dark Serpent.

However, what made Aymons anxious was that he had noticed that Link's expression hadn't changed from before. After slaying the fallen angel, Link constantly attacked more enemies with the one hand while blocking the attacks from the Dark Serpent with another.

Boom! The Winged Howlers that were shot down from the sky simply had no chance to fly back up. Any demon who was within 450 feet of Link would be bombarded by the lightning.

The power of the lightning was simply too incredible. Even Level-8 demons stood no chance against it, and every single one of the Winged Howlers that was hit was eventually burnt to a pile of ashes.

Very quickly, only ten Winged Howlers were left of the initial 50 that came, and none of them dared to get close. They maintained their distance far away from Link, afraid that they too would be struck by the lightning.

Unfortunately for Link, when Misamier escaped, she landed behind a large rock where she was then carried out of Link's kill zone by another Winged Howler.

"Link, you will pay for this recklessness!" Aymons bellowed.

Facing the Divine Gear and daring to split his attention, Link was truly being very reckless.

Aymons increased the output of the Divine Gear. Roaaar! In an instant, the Dark Serpent Whip closed in about one foot and was only about two more feet from Link. It looked like it was about to break through his defenses and strike his body.

If it hit, even if it just barely scraped Link's body, he would immediately be killed, his body disintegrated, and his soul dispersed.

Aymons just needed one more push to succeed.

However, it was at this moment that he noticed a silhouette in the corner of his eye. The moment this figure appeared, his heart constricted, and a sense of immense danger welled up within him. He didn't dare to waste time consider and immediately retracted the Dark Serpent, dodging to the side.

Whoosh. The sudden strike hit nothing but air.

Aymons's reaction was truly fast. Seeing his chance, he immediately activated the Divine Gear's protection. Whoosh! His body was surrounded by a dark glowing barrier.

Almost in the same instant that the barrier materialized, Aymons saw the figure clearly. It was Link's magic puppet, Nana!

Nana held a dagger in her hand and was stabbing into the barrier. What made Aymons afraid was that the barrier created by the Divine Gear was actually unable to block the dagger. Inch by inch, the dagger edged towards his forehead.

Aymons could not understand what was happening. Wasn't the Dark Serpent a Divine Gear? Earlier, when he was blocked by Link's legendary magic spell, he could believe that it was a restriction on the Divine Gear by the laws of the world of Firuman. However, right now, what was going on?!

If a normal looking dagger could penetrate the Divine Gear's defenses, wouldn't that mean that the magic puppet was abnormally strong?

Watching the dagger approach his head, Aymons didn't dare to dally any longer. He immediately controlled the Dark Serpent to attack Nana.

Boom, boom! The Dark Serpent was blocked! It was Link's lightning!

The lightning branched out, flashing through the air and forming a net of lightning and destruction. Under attack by the lightning web, the Dark Serpent's attack speed was sharply reduced.

At this rate, the dagger would hit his forehead first.

Even with the Divine Gear, I'm being pushed back by this Magician? Aymons couldn't believe it. However, in the face of the imminent danger, he had no choice to believe it. Without daring to hold anything back, he activated a teleportation spell powered by the Divine Gear. His body was surrounded by a white light.

Previously, when Auselia controlled the Divine Gear, she could only use its extreme speed and barrier abilities. In Aymons's hands, the Divine Gear could exhibit even greater power in attack and defense. Furthermore, this teleportation spell could achieve a range of up to 25 miles and could be activated instantaneously. It was essentially unstoppable.

The next instant, Aymons disappeared.

As he disappeared, a voice remained that said, "Link, don't be happy too quickly. You will soon experience the true power of the Divine Gear!"

After the voice vanished, Link's legendary magic spell also came to an end. The lightning flashing across his body also dimmed. Meanwhile, his Flame Controller's Robe had become torn and tattered, just like an old piece of rag. His eyes were dark. He had only 4000 Mana points remaining, and he could feel his head splitting as though someone had used a hammer to bash his head. It hurt so bad that Link couldn't concentrate to cast any spell. In fact, it took all Link had just to remain standing.

Link instinctively knew that this was a weakness that came from overexertion.

In his previous life, while playing the game, Link had meticulously trained his character into a Legendary Magician. Every time he leveled up, not only did he raise his magic, but he also raised his body's tenacity. This was just like the characters in the game increasing their hp.

However, right now in reality, his body was just slightly stronger than an average human. It was about the same standard as a Level-1 Warrior. With this kind of body,

there was no way for him to withstand the might of lightning. If not for the Mana protecting his body, he would have long been burnt to a pile of ashes.

Something flashed in his vision. Link squinted his eyes to look. It was a system notification.

Player has forcefully activated a Legendary Magic Spell and is now in a state of "Soul Weakness."

This status will be in effect for 720 hours. Under this status, the player's ability to cast spells is drastically reduced.

Link was speechless. Earlier, when he had purchased the Legendary spell, this wasn't stated. This unexpected side effect was truly perilous.

He couldn't help but curse in his heart. Thank goodness Aymons is gone. If he had stayed for just a few more seconds, it would be really troublesome.

Looking around, there were still over ten Winged Howlers around. Because of Link's earlier display of power, even though he looked extremely weak right now, none of them dared to approach him, instead choosing to observe from afar.

These demons would definitely pose a problem once they realized that Link was in a weakened state. Just Nana alone would be insufficient to defend against them.

Among these demons, six were Level-7, and five were Level-8. This was an enormous force that Nana would clearly be unable to handle alone.

Link turned to look at the ruined sentinel's cabin. He could feel Melinda's aura which, although faint, was still there. Skinorse, though, was gone. Nearby, he could see the tracks where Skinorse had snuck away during the mess.

Skinorse had made use of the chaos to escape with Link's message.

This made Link feel relieved. Right now, what he had to do was to attract the Winged Howler's attention to distract them from Skinorse, giving Skinorse enough time to safely escape.

Link took a deep breath, trying to suppress the discomfort he felt. Step by step, he walked towards the Nightingale.

The stallion had been blown away by the shockwaves from the clash earlier. Fortunately, it wasn't damaged but only collapsed onto the ground. Link staggered over, ignoring his splitting headache, sending Mana into the Nightingale.

However, Link's condition was much worse than he had anticipated. Just the simple act of sending out Mana caused his head to split and his vision to turn black. He very nearly fainted.

After Link inputted Mana, the Nightingale started moving. It climbed up to a standing position. Link took the chance to settle himself onto the saddle.

Controlling Nightingale, Link turned to face Misamier. He needed to kill this powerful demon. Nana stuck close by his side, Breakpoint Dagger grasped tightly in her hand.

Watching him approach, the Winged Howlers surrounding Misamier immediately dispersed, flying into the air. They were terrified of Link.

Misamier lay unmoving on the floor. However, she was clearly not dead. Link could detect her breathing and noticed that she was still grasping tightly onto the Burning Wrath of Heaven's staff.

Thirty feet away from Misamier, Link stopped Nightingale. Then, biting his lip, he determinedly used the Magician's Hand spell to snatch the Burning Wrath of Heavens wand from Misamier's hand.

After obtaining the wand, Link instructed Nana, "Kill her!"

Nana walked forward, preparing to attack. Suddenly, the Winged Howlers started moving, seemingly prepared to come up to defend Misamier.

Link's heart tightened, however, his face remained calm. Straightening his back, maintaining a serious expression, he looked coldly at the Wing Howlers, smirking. "Haven't had enough of my lightning yet?"

Immediately, the Winged Howlers started backing up. Nana took the opportunity to close in to Misamier, planning to cut off her head.

Ting. Nana's attack was suddenly blocked by Misamier.

Misamier clutched a small dagger in her hand and managed to block Nana's attack.

Somehow, she managed to avoid hitting the sharp edge of the Breakpoint Dagger. In order to block this attack, she exerted all her remaining strength. Currently, her body, clad completely in black, was trembling.

However, a Level-9 expert was no weakling. Even as Nana attacked a second time, her attack was once again blocked by Misamier.

"He's extremely weak now! Don't waste time, attack and kill him!" Misamier screeched. She had seen through Link's facade.

Link clenched his teeth and said, "Let's go!"

With that said, he poured even more Mana into the Nightingale. Whoosh. Nightingale burst off, dashing southwards. Nana did not get onto the horse but dashed alongside the Nightingale, easily managing to keep up.

"When you catch him, immediately kill him. Don't let him run again," Misamier said weakly.

However, hearing her instructions, the Winged Howlers did not move. They glanced at each other, hesitating.

This Magician is far too crafty. Earlier, he even managed to trick Misamier. If he has any more tricks left to play, then what seemed like an escape might instead be an attempt to split them up.

Based on the opponent's speed, wouldn't they be toyed with to death?

Besides, Nana was accompanying Link. Earlier, she had very nearly slain Aymons. With someone as terrifying as her around, wouldn't they simply be courting death if they chased Link?

Misamier was not surprised by this. She once again shouted, "This is the Lord of the Deep's orders. Whoever kills him will be greatly rewarded by the Lord of the Deep. Anyone who dares to retreat will be known by the Lord, and they can just wait for their punishment."

After looking at each other for a bit, the Winged Howlers decided to pursue Link.

Misamier lay on the ground for another half a minute, recovering her strength. Then,

she slowly crawled up, heading in Link's direction.

At first, she struggled to walk. A minute later, she managed to jog slowly. Two minutes later, she started running faster, exhibiting the strength of a Level-6 expert. Her recovery speed was truly impressive!

Of course, this was just on the surface.

Misamier herself knew that with her injuries, running would not be much of a problem but to recover her battle strength would require at least five days.

Nonetheless, while she was weak, her opponent was definitely weaker than her.

Link, this time, your life will be mine!



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